Tenor Volume 1
Revised Edition

Return To
Rich Hinkelman

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

A collection of songs from the musical stage, categorized by voice type. The selections are presented in their authentic settings, excerpted from the original vocal scores.

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Foreword

The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology is the most comprehensive series of its kind ever to appear in print. Its unique perspective is in looking at the field of musical theatre in terms of vocal literature. One of the prime parameters in choosing the songs for this series was that they should all be, in some way, particularly vocally gratifying.

Many of the songs included here are very familiar to us, yet we seldom see them printed as they were originally written and performed. The long tradition in sheet music throughout this century has been to adapt a song in several ways to conform to a format which makes it accessible to the average pianist. This type of arrangement is what one finds in vocal selections, or in any piano/vocal collection of show music. These sheet arrangements serve their purpose very well, but aren't really the best performing editions for a singer. In contrast, the selections in this series have been excerpted from the original vocal scores. One of the many benefits of this is a much more satisfying piano accompaniment. In addition, many songs here have never been available separately from the full vocal scores.

In some cases, a song has required some adaptation in order to be excerpted from a show's vocal score. The practice of performing arias as removed from their operatic context gives many precedents for making such adjustments. In many ways, one could view this anthology as a "performing edition." Significant editorial adjustments are indicated by footnotes in some instances.

The original keys of this literature (which are used here) can give important information to a singer about the nature of a song and how it should sound, and in most cases they will work very well for most singers. But, unlike opera, these original keys do not necessarily need to be reverently maintained. With some musical theatre literature, a singer should not rule out transposing a song up or down for vocal comfort.

There is certainly no codified system for classifying theatre music as to voice type. With some roles the classification is obvious. With others there is a good deal of ambiguity. As a result, a particular singer might find suitable literature in this anthology in both volumes of his/her gender.

Any performer of these songs will benefit greatly by a careful study of the show and role from which any given song is taken. This type of approach is taken for granted with an actor preparing a monologue or an opera singer preparing an aria. But because much theatre music has been the popular music of its time, we sometimes easily lose awareness of its dramatic context.

The selections in **The Singer's Musical Theatre Anthology** will certainly be significant additions to a singer's repertory, but no anthology can include every wonderful song. There is a vast body of literature, some of it virtually unknown, waiting to be discovered and brought to life.

The Revised Edition adds four attractive songs to Tenor Volume 1: "King Herod's Song," "A Wand'ring Minstrel I," "Seeing Is Believing" and "Johanna." The last was previously in the Baritone/Bass Volume 1 because the range of the song suits a lyric baritone. However, since Anthony is a tenor role, I've been persuaded this is the more appropriate volume for "Johanna," despite its rather low tessitura.

Richard Walters, editor

THE SINGER'S MUSICAL THEATRE ANTHOLOGY

Tenor

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ABOUT THE SHOWS

The material in this section is by Stanley Green, Richard Walters, and Robert Viagas, some of which was previously published elsewhere.

ALLEGRO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 10/10/47, New York; a run of 315 performances

Allegro was the third Rodgers and Hammerstein musical on Broadway and the first with a story that had not been based on a previous source. It was a particularly ambitious undertaking, with its theme of the corrupting effect of big institutions told through the life of a doctor, Joseph Taylor, Jr. (John Battles), from his birth in a small American town to his thirty-fifth year. Joe grows up, goes to school, marries a local belle (Roberta Jonay), joins the staff of a large Chicago hospital that panders to wealthy patients, discovers that his wife is unfaithful, and, in the end, returns to his home town with his adoring nurse (Lisa Kirk) to dedicate himself to healing the sick and helping the needy. One innovation in the musical was the use of a Greek chorus to comment on the action and sing directly to the actors and the audience.

ASPECTS OF LOVE

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Don Black and Charles Hart
BOOK: Andrew Lloyd Webber
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: 4/8/90, New York; a run of 377 performances

The musical is based on an autobiographical novel by David Garnett, a nephew of Virginia Woolf's. While certainly not an outright failure by most standards, *Aspects* remains (as of 2/00) the least successful of Andrew Lloyd Webber's musicals on Broadway. The show had an intimate production style, with orchestrations that threw out the brass in favor of a chamber music sound. The show follows a group of characters over nearly two decades of interweaving relationships. The story begins with a 17-year-old boy who conceives an infatuation with an actress in her mid-20s. The actress already has an older lover, and he has a daughter, and along the way almost everyone winds up in love with, or broken-hearted by, all the others. The plot is emotionally complex, as are the characters and their relationships. Early in the show, when it appears that the young man has successfully persuaded his goddess to run away with him for a tryst, he sings the triumphant "Seeing Is Believing."

THE BOYS FROM SYRACUSE

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
BOOK: George Abbott
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: George Balanchine
OPENED: 11/23/38, New York; a run of 235 performances

The idea for *The Boys from Syracuse* began when Rodgers and Hart, while working on another show, were discussing the fact that no one had yet done a musical based on a play by Shakespeare. Their obvious choice was *The Comedy of Errors* chiefly because Lorenz Hart's brother Teddy Hart was always being confused with another comic actor, Jimmy Savo. Set in Ephesus in ancient Asia Minor, the ribald tale concerns the efforts of two boys from Syracuse, Antipholus and his servant Dromio (Eddie Albert and Jimmy Savo) to find their long-lost twins, also named Antipholus and Dromio (Ronald Graham and Teddy Hart). Complications arise when the wives of the Ephesians, Adriana (Muriel Angelus) and her servant Luce (Wynn Murray), mistake the two strangers for their husbands. A highly successful Off-Broadway revival of *The Boys from Syracuse* was presented in 1963 and ran for 502 performances. The movie version, which RKO-Radio released in 1940, starred Allan Jones and Joe Penner (both in dual roles). It was directed by A. Edward Sutherland.

CABARET

MUSIC: John Kander
LYRICS: Fred Ebb
BOOK: Joe Masteroff
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Ron Field
OPENED: 11/20/66, New York, for a run of 1,165 performances

This moody musical captures the morally corrupt world of Berlin's demimonde just as the Nazis were coming to power. American writer Cliff Bradshaw moves in with Sally Bowles, the hedonistic star singer at a seedy night-club. Soon, he comes to see all of Germany through the dark lens of that increasingly menacing cabaret, which is ruled over by a ghostly Emcee.

CAN-CAN

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Cole Porter
BOOK: Abe Burrows
DIRECTOR: Abe Burrows
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 5/7/53, New York, a run of 892 performances

Next to *Kiss Me, Kate*, *Can-Can* was Cole Porter's most successful Broadway musical. To make sure that his script would be grounded on the true origins of the scandalous dance known as the Can-Can, librettist Abe Burrows traveled to Paris where he studied the records of the courts, the police, and the Chamber of Deputies. In Burrows' story, set in 1893, La Mome Pistache, owner of the Bal du Paradis, is distressed about the investigation of her establishment because of the Can-Can. She uses her wiles to attract the stern Judge Aristide Forestier, who has been appointed to investigate, but they eventually fall in love and Forestier himself takes over the defense and wins acquittal. The musical, originally intended for Carol Channing, starred the French actress Lilo (who sang the hit ballad, "I Love Paris"), but most of the kudos were for dancer Gwen Verson in her first major Broadway role. A film version with a much altered story was made by Twentieth Century-Fox in 1960. Walter Lang directed, and the cast was headed by Frank Sinatra, Shirley MacLaine, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan.

THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Otto Harbach
DIRECTOR: José Ruben
CHOREOGRAPHER: Albertina Rasch
OPENED: 10/15/31, New York; a run of 395 performances

Called "A Musical Romance," *The Cat and the Fiddle* is a gentle, intimate mixture of operetta and musical comedy. The story focuses on the relationship between Victor, a serious Romanian composer of operettas, and Shirley, a fun-loving composer of upbeat American jazz. Kern's clever score reflects the tension and eventual marriage of those two musical styles represented by Victor and Shirley. A movie version was made in 1934, starring Jeanette MacDonald.

CATS

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: T.S. Eliot
DIRECTOR: Trevor Nunn
CHOREOGRAPHER: Gillian Lynne
OPENED: London, 5/11/81; New York, 10/7/82; a run of 7,485 performances

Cats opened at the New London Theatre, on May 11, 1981, and, at this writing is still playing there. Charged with energy, flair and imagination, this feline fantasy has proven to be equally successful on Broadway where it is even more of an environmental experience than in the West End. With the entire Winter Garden Theatre transformed into one enormous junkyard, a theatregoer is confronted with such unexpected sights as outsized garbagy objects spilling into the audience, the elimination of the proscenium arch, and a ceiling that has been lowered and trans-formed into a twinkling canopy suggesting both cats' eyes and stars. Adapted from T.S. Eliot's collection of poems, *Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats*, the song-and-dance spectacle introduces such whimsical characters as the mysterious Mr. Mistoffolees, the patriarchal Old Deuteronomy, Skimbleshanks the Railway Cat, and Jennyanydots, the Old Gumbie Cat who sits all day and becomes active only at night. The musical's song hit, "Memory," is sung by Grizabela, the faded Glamour Cat, who, at the evening's end, ascends to the cats' heaven known as the Heaviside Layer.

CELEBRATION

MUSIC: Harvey Schmidt
LYRICS AND BOOK: Tom Jones
DIRECTOR: Tom Jones
OPENED: 1/22/69, New York

The setting is New Year's Eve, that most hopeful of holidays; the theme is of personal renewal and growth. Typically, using a minimum of characters, Schmidt and Jones tell their story with moving simplicity.

COMPANY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: George Furth
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Bennett
OPENED: 4/26/70, New York; a run of 706 performances

Company was the first of the Sondheim musicals to have been directed by Harold Prince, and more than any other musical, reflects America in the 1970s. The show is a plotless evening about five affluent couples living in a Manhattan apartment building, and their excessively protective feelings about a charming, but somewhat indifferent bachelor named Bobby. They want to fix him up and see him married, even though it's clear their own marriages are far from perfect. In the end he seems ready to take the plunge. The songs are often very sophisticated, expressing the ambivalent or caustic attitudes of fashionable New Yorkers of the time. Making a connection with another person, the show seems to say, is the key to happiness. An Off-Broadway revue of Sondheim songs also borrowed the song title as its overall title. The show was revived on Broadway in 1998.

DO RE MI

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Betty Comden and Adolph Green
BOOK AND DIRECTION: Garson Kanin
CHOREOGRAPHERS: Marc Breaux and Deedee Wood
OPENED: 12/26/60, New York; a run of 400 performances

A wild satire on the ways in which the underworld muscled in on the jukebox business, *Do Re Mi* was adapted by Kanin from his own novel. With characters reminiscent of the raffish Runyonland denizens of *Guys and Dolls*, the show offered two of Broadway's top clowns of the era: Phil Silvers as a fast-talking would-be big shot, and Nancy Walker as his long-suffering spouse. Nathan Lane and Randy Graff starred in a 1999 "Encores!" revival of the show (recorded by DRG).

FANNY

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: S.N. Behrman and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
CHOREOGRAPHER: Helen Tamiris
OPENED: 11/4/54, NewYork, a run of 888 perfomances

Marcel Pagnol's French film trilogy, *Marius*, *Fanny*, and *Cesar* were combined into one tale as the basis for *Fanny*, the musical. Marseilles is the setting for the intricate plot. It is a soaring, emotional score, well tailored for the talents of a performer such as Ezio Pinza, an opera star who headed the original cast. A film version of the Broadway *Fanny* was made in 1960, starring Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Charles Boyer; however no songs from the musical were included.

FINIAN'S RAINBOW

MUSIC: Burton Lane
BOOK: E.Y. Harburg and Fred Saidy
LYRICS: E.Y. Harburg
DIRECTOR: Bretaigne Windust
CHOREOGRAPHER: Michael Kidd
OPENED: 1/10/47, New York; a run of 725 performances

Finian's Rainbow evolved out of co-librettist E.Y. Harburg's desire to satirize an economic system that requires gold reserves to be buried in the ground at Fort Knox. This led to the idea of leprechauns and their crock of gold that, according to legend, could grant three wishes. The story takes place in Rainbow Valley, Missitucky, and involves Finian McLonergan (Albert Sharpe), an Irish immigrant, and his efforts to bury a crock of gold which, he is sure, will grow and make him rich. Also involved are Og (David Wayne), a leprechaun from whom the crock has been stolen, Finian's daughter Sharon (Ella Logan), who dreams wistfully of Glocca Morra, and Woody Mahoney (Donald Richards), a labor organizer who blames that "Old Devil Moon" for the way he feels about Sharon. In the 1968 Warner Bros. adaptation, Fred Astaire played Finian, Petula Clark was his daughter, and Tommy Steele was the leprechaun. The director was Francis Coppola.

FLOWER DRUM SONG

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joseph Fields
DIRECTOR: Gene Kelly
CHOREOGRAPHER: Carol Haney
OPENED: 12/1/58, New York; a run of 600 performances

It was librettist Joseph Fields who first secured the rights to C.Y. Lee's novel and then approached Rodgers and Hammerstein to join him as collaborators. To dramatize the conflict between traditionalist older Chinese-Americans living in San Francisco and their thoroughly Americanized offspring, the musical tells the story of Mei Li, a timid "picture bride" from China, who arrives to fulfill her contract to marry nightclub owner Sammy Fong. Sammy, however, prefers dancer Linda Low. The problem is resolved when Sammy's friend Wang Ta discovers that Mei Li really is the bride for him.

A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Burt Shevelove and Larry Gelbart
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 5/8/62, New York; a run of 555 performances

Full of sight gags, pratfalls, mistaken identity, leggy girls, and other familiar vaudeville ingredients, this was a bawdy, farcical, pellmell musical whose likes have seldom been seen on Broadway. Originally intended as a vehicle first for Phil Silvers and then for Milton Berle, *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum* opened on Broadway with Zero Mostel as Pseudolus the slave, who is forced to go through a series of mad-cap adventures before being allowed his freedom. Though the show was a hit, things had not looked very promising during the pre-Broadway tryout, and director Jerome Robbins was called in. The most important change: beginning the musical with the song "Comedy Tonight," which set the right mood for the wacky doings that followed. To come up with a script, the librettists researched all twenty-one surviving comedies by the Roman playwright Plautus (254–184 BC), then wrote an original book incorporating such typical Plautus characters as the conniving servants, the lascivious master, the domineering mistress, the officious warrior, the simple-minded hero (called Hero), and the senile old man. One situation, regarding the senile old man who is kept from entering his house because he believes it is haunted, was, in truth, originally discovered in a play titled *Mostellaria.* In 1972, Phil Silvers at last got his chance to appear as Pseudolus in a well-received revival whose run was curtailed by the star's illness. Both Mostel (as Pseudolus) and Silvers (as Marcus Lycus) were in the 1966 United Artists screen version, along with Jack Gilford and Buster Keaton. Richard Lester was the director. The Broadway revival of 1997 starred Nathan Lane as Pseudolus; the role was later played by Whoopi Goldberg, among others.

GYPSY

MUSIC: Jule Styne
LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Arthur Laurents
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Jerome Robbins
OPENED: 5/21/59, New York; a run of 702 performances

Written for Ethel Merman, who gave the performance of her career as Gypsy Rose Lee's ruthless, domineering mother, *Gypsy* is one of the great scores in the mature musical comedy tradition. The idea for the musical began with producer David Merrick, who needed to read only one chapter in Miss Lee's autobiography to convince him of its stage potential. Originally, Stephen Sondheim was to have supplied the music as well as the lyrics, but Miss Merman, who had just come from a lukewarm production on Broadway, wanted the more experienced Jule Styne. In the story, Mama Rose is determined to escape from her humdrum life by pushing the vaudeville career of her daughter June. After June runs away to get married, Mama focuses all her attention on her other daughter, the previously neglected Louise. As vaudeville declines, so do their fortunes, until an accidental booking at a burlesque theatre, and Louise's ad-libbed striptease, turns Louise into a star, the legendary Gypsy Rose Lee. Rose achieves a version of her dream, but suffers a breakdown when she realizes that she is no longer needed in her daughter's career. Several major stars have played Mama Rose. Rosalind Russell won the role in the 1962 film. Angela Lansbury toplined a successful mid 1970s revival in London and New York in the mid 1970s. Tyne Daly gave the role a new spin in 1989. Bette Midler brought the show to a wider audience in a mid 1990s TV adaptation.

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR

MUSIC: Andrew Lloyd Webber
LYRICS: Tim Rice
DIRECTOR: Tom O'Horgan
OPENED: 10/12/71, New York; a run of 711 performances

This was the show that boosted Andrew Lloyd Webber and Tim Rice to international prominence, a musical that presumed to make a Broadway musical star out of Jesus and to make the last weeks of his life sing and dance. Though *Superstar* was conceived as a theatre piece, Lloyd Webber and Rice couldn't convince producers that their "rock opera" had the slightest chance. Instead, they recorded it as a rock album, and it immediately became a smash hit, the first such "concept album" of a show in development. Concert tours of the show followed, and soon producers didn't need any more convincing that this would fly in the theatre. Despite some mixed press about the production, and some outcries and picketing from religious groups, the piece had its appeal, particularly among the young. The show broke all records in London, and pioneered the concept of a "through-sung" opera-like musical, which had its effect on shows to follow, including *Evita*, *Cats*, *Les Misérables*, *Miss Saigon* and *The Phantom of the Opera*. "King Herod's Song" turns Herod's taunting of the imprisoned Jesus into a campy vaudeville two-beat. A 1974 film followed. A Broadway revival opened in the year 2000.

KISMET

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Robert Wright and George Forrest (Based on music by Alexander Borodin)
BOOK: Charles Lederer and Luther Davis
DIRECTOR: Albert Marre
CHOREOGRAPHER: Jack Cole
OPENED: 12/3/53, New York; a run of 583 performances

The story of *Kismet* was adapted from Edward Knoblock's play, first presented in New York in 1911 as a vehicle for Otis Skinner. The music of *Kismet* was adapted from themes by Alexander Borodin first heard in such works as the "Polovetzian Dances," ("He's in Love," "Stranger in Paradise") and in "Steppes of Central Asia," ("Sands of Time"). The action of the musical occurs within a twenty-four hour period, in and around ancient Baghdad. A Public Poet (Alfred Drake) assumes the identity of Hajj the beggar and gets into all sorts of Arabian Nights adventures. His schemes get him elevated to the position of emir of Baghdad and get his beautiful daughter Marsinah (Doretta Morrow) wed to the handsome young Caliph (Richard Kiley). The film version was made by MGM in 1955, with Howard Keel as Hajj. Vincente Minnelli directed.

LOST IN THE STARS

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS AND BOOK: Maxwell Anderson
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
OPENED: 10/30/49, New York; a run of 273 performances

Kurt Weill's final Broadway musical (his second in collaboration with Maxwell Anderson) was written to convey "a message of hope that people, through a personal approach, will solve whatever racial problems that exist." In the idealistic story, adapted from Alan Paton's *Cry, the Beloved Country*, the action is set in and around Johannesburg, South Africa. Absalom Kumalo, the errant son of a black minister, Stephen Kumalo, accidentally kills a white man in a robbery attempt and is condemned to hang. The tragedy, however, leads to a sympathetic bond between Stephen and James Jarvis, the dead man's father, which gives some indication that understanding between the races can be achieved in the land of apartheid. A newer version, presented by Ely Landau's American Film theatre, was shown in 1974 with a cast headed by Brock Peters and Melba Moore.

ME AND JULIET

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Blake Edwards
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 5/28/53, New York; a run of 358 performances

Me and Juliet was Rodgers and Hammerstein's Valentine to show business, with its action—in *Kiss Me, Kate* style—taking place both backstage in a theatre and onstage during the performance of a play. Here, the tale concerns a romance between a singer in the chorus and the assistant stage manager, whose newfound bliss is seriously threatened by the jealous electrician. A comic subplot involves the stage manager and the principal dancer.

THE MIKADO

MUSIC: Arthur Sullivan
LIBRETTO: W.S. Gilbert
OPENED: March 14, 1885, London

Into the town of Titipu rushes Nanki-Poo, who introduces himself to the populace before stating his business: he seeks news of Yum-Yum, his true love. Alas, she is to be married that very afternoon to Ko-Ko, the Lord High Executioner. Ko-Ko enters to general acclaim. He has no intention of executing anyone, ever, for in truth he is next in line for the chopping block. Unfortunately for him, that day has arrived, for word comes from the Mikado, the emperor of Japan, that someone must be executed, and soon. Ko-Ko finds a willing subject in Nanki-Poo, who, contemplating suicide rather than life without Yum-Yum, agrees to be beheaded instead, under the condition that he first be allowed a month as Yum-Yum's husband. The young lovers wed, and Ko-Ko ultimately agrees to pretend the execution has taken place without actually performing it. All seems well until the Mikado himself appears, accompanied by the spinster Katisha. She's long had her sights set on Nanki-Poo, who it turns out is no troubadour, but the Mikado's son. The only way to avert her wrath is for Ko-Ko to woo her, which, reluctantly, he does, and marry her himself. In this lampoon of corruption in government, even underhanded officials can eventually bring about a happy ending.

MY FAIR LADY

MUSIC: Frederick Loewe
LYRICS AND BOOK: Alan Jay Lerner
DIRECTOR: Moss Hart
CHOREOGRAPHER: Hanya Holm
OPENED: 3/15/56, New York; a run of 2,717 performances

The most celebrated musical of the 1950s began as an idea of Hungarian film producer Gabriel Pascal, who devoted the last two years of his life trying to find writers to adapt George Bernard Shaw's play, *Pygmalion*, into a stage musical. The team of Lerner and Loewe also saw the possibilities, particularly when they realized that they could use most of the original dialogue and simply expand the action to include scenes at the Ascot Races and Embassy Ball. They were also scrupulous in maintaining the Shavian flavor in their songs, most apparent in such pieces as "Get Me to the Church on Time," "Why Can't the English?," "Show Me" and "Without You." Shaw was concerned that British society had become so stratified and segregated that different classes had developed their own separate accents. His concern was dramatized in the story of Eliza Doolittle (originated in the musical by Julie Andrews), a scruffy flower seller in London's Covent Garden, who takes speech lessons from Prof. Henry Higgins (Rex Harrison) so that she might qualify for the position of a florist in a shop. Eliza succeeds so well that she outgrows her social station and, in a development added by librettist Lerner, even makes Higgins fall in love with her. *My Fair Lady* became the longest running production in Broadway history, and remained so for nearly seven years. Three major revivals have been mounted in New York since then. In 1976, the musical ran for 377 performance with Ian Richardson and Christine Andreas as Higgins and Eliza. Harrison returned in 1981 with Nancy Ringham as his Fair Lady. Richard Chamberlain and Melissa Errico brought a radically redesigned version to Broadway in 1993. Harrison and Audrey Hepburn (whose singing was dubbed by Marni Nixon) were seen in the 1964 Warner Bros. movie version, which was directed by George Cukor.

OKLAHOMA!

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Rouben Mamoulian
CHOREOGRAPHER: Agnes de Mille
OPENED: 3/31/43, New York; a run of 2,212 performances

There are many reasons why *Oklahoma!* is a recognized landmark in the history of American musical theatre. In the initial collaboration between Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II, it not only expertly fused the major elements in the production—story, songs and dances— it also utilized dream ballets to reveal hidden desires and fears of the principals. In addition, the musical, based on Lynn Riggs' play, *Green Grow the Lilacs*, was the first with a book that honestly depicted the kind of rugged pioneers who had once tilled the land and tended the cattle. Set in Indian Territory soon after the turn of the century, *Oklahoma!* spins a simple tale mostly concerned with whether the decent Curly (Alfred Drake) or the menacing Jud (Howard Da Silva) gets to take Laurey (Joan Roberts) to the box social. Though she chooses Jud in a fit of pique, Laurey really loves Curly and they soon make plans to marry. At their wedding they join in celebrating Oklahoma's impending statehood, then—after Jud is accidentally killed in a fight with Curly—the couple rides off in their surrey with the fringe on top. With its Broadway run of five years, nine months, *Oklahoma!* established a long-run record that it held for fifteen years. It also toured the United States and Canada for over a decade. In 1979, the musical was revived on Broadway with a cast headed by Laurence Guittard and Christine Andreas, and ran for 293 performances. The film version, the first in Todd-AO, was released by Magna in 1955. Gordon MacRae, Shirley Jones and Charlotte Greenwood were in it, and the director was Fred Zinnemann.

ONCE UPON A MATTRESS

MUSIC: Mary Rodgers
BOOK: Jay Thompson, Dean Fuller and Marshall Barer
LYRICS: Marshall Barer
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Joe Layton
OPENED: 5/11/59, New York; a run of 460 performances

Based on the fairy tale "The Princess and the Pea," the musical tells the story of a domineering queen's search for a true princess suitable for marrying her son, the prince. The test involves sleeping on a pile of mattresses while detecting the uncomfortable presence of a pea at the bottom of the pile. Winnifred passes the test with the aid of a mischievous minstrel. The show is notable as the stage debut of Carol Burnett playing Winnifred. Mary Rodgers, the show's composer, is the daughter of Richard Rodgers.

PAL JOEY

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
BOOK: John O'Hara
LYRICS: Lorenz Hart
DIRECTOR: George Abbott
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Alton
OPENED: 12/25/40, New York; a run of 374 performances

With its heel for a hero, its smoky night-club atmosphere, and its true-to-life charachters, *Pal Joey* was a major breakthrough in bringing about a more adult form of musical theatre. Adapted by John O'Hara from his own *New Yorker* short stories, the show is about Joey Evans, an entertainer at a small Chicago night club, who is attracted to the innocent Linda English, but drops her in favor of a wealthy, middle-aged Vera Simpson. Vera builds a glittering night club, the Chez Joey, for her paramour but she soon grows tired of him, and Joey, at the end, is on his way to other conquests. In his only major Broadway role, Gene Kelly got the chance to sing "I Could Write a Book," and Vivienne Segal, as Vera, introduced "Bewitched." Though it had a respectable run, *Pal Joey* was considered somewhat ahead of its time when it was first produced. A 1952 Broadway revival, with Miss Segal repeating her original role and Harold Lang as Joey, received a more appreciative reception and went on to a run of 542 performances. In 1957, Columbia made a film version, with George Sidney directing, which starred Frank Sinatra, Kim Novak, and Rita Hayworth.

PIPE DREAM

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS AND BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II
DIRECTOR: Harold Clurman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Boris Runanin
OPENED: 11/30/55, New York; a run of 246 performances

A Rodgers and Hammerstein musical set in a brothel? Sounds crazy, no? But in John Steinbeck's little village of Cannery Row, they created a collection of soft-centered sinners and sent them about their business in this leisurely paced musical with little conflict. *Pipe Dream* was adapted from John Steinbeck's *Sweet Thursday*, and took a sympathetic look at the inhabitants of skid row in California's Monterey peninsula. The plot is mostly about Doc, a marine biologist, whose romance with a pretty vagrant named Suzy is abetted by Fauna, the warmhearted madam of a local brothel.

ROBERTA

MUSIC: Jerome Kern
LYRICS AND BOOK: Otto Harbach
DIRECTOR: Hassard Short
CHOREOGRAPHER: José Limón
OPENED: 11/18/33, New York; a run of 295 performances

The musical was adapted from Alice Duer Miller's novel *Gowns by Roberta*, but in the end the little plot that remained in the show seems to be a scant framework for some first rate songs. *Roberta* is probably best remembered as the source for its most famous song, "Smoke Gets in Your Eyes." Two film versions were made of the play, the first one in 1953 and starring Irene Dunne, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers.

SHENANDOAH

MUSIC: Gary Geld
LYRICS: Peter Udell
BOOK: James Lee Barrett, Peter Udell and Philip Rose (Based on a screenplay by James Lee Barrett)
DIRECTOR: Philip Rose
CHOREOGRAPHER: Robert Tucker
OPENED: 1/7/75, New York; a run of 1,050 performances

Shenandoah is a traditional musical concerned with a strong-willed Virginia widower and his determination to prevent his family from becoming involved in the Civil War. John Cullums' robust performance and the play's old-fashioned morality found favor with Broadway audiences for well over two years.

SOUTH PACIFIC

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Oscar Hammerstein II
BOOK: Oscar Hammerstein II and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 4/7/49, New York; a run of 1,925 performances

South Pacific had the second longest Broadway run of the nine musicals with songs by Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II. Director Joshua Logan first urged the partners to adapt a short story, "Fo' Dolla," contained in James Michener's book about World War II, *Tales of the South Pacific.* Rodgers and Hammerstein, however, felt that the story, about Lt. Joe Cable's tender romance with Liat, a Polynesian girl, was a bit too much like *Madame Butterfly,* and they suggested that another story in the collection, "Our Heroine," should provide the main plot. This one was about the unlikely attraction between Nellie Forbush, a naïve Navy nurse from Little Rock, and Emile de Becque, a sophisticated French planter living on a Pacific island. The tales were combined by having Cable and de Becque go on a dangerous mission together behind Japanese lines. Coming just a few years after the war, and featuring several veterans in the cast, the show was enormously resonant with 1949 audiences. But there has not so far been a major Broadway revival. Perhaps because of its daring (for the time) theme of the evils of racial prejudice, it was also the second musical to be awarded the prestigious Pulitzer Prize for Drama. This production was the first of two musicals (the other was *The Sound of Music*) in which Mary Martin, who played Nellie, was seen as a Rodgers and Hammerstein heroine. It also marked the Broadway debut of famed Metropolitan Opera basso, Ezio Pinza, who played de Becque. Mitzi Gaynor and Rossano Brazzi starred in 20th Century-Fox's 1958 film version, also directed by Logan.

STREET SCENE

MUSIC: Kurt Weill
LYRICS: Langston Hughes
BOOK: Elmer Rice
DIRECTOR: Charles Friedman
CHOREOGRAPHER: Anna Sokolow
OPENED: 1/9/47, New York; a run of 148 performances

Kurt Weill persuaded Elmer Rice to write the libretto based on his own Pulitzer Prize-winning play with poet Langston Hughes supplying the powerful and imaginative lyrics. Billed as "a dramatic musical," the blending of drama and music was very close to genuine opera. In fact, the play went on in 1966 to become part of the repertory of the New York City Opera Company. The story deals principally with the brief, star-crossed romance of Sam Kaplan (Brian Sullivan) and Rose Maurrant (Anne Jeffreys) and the tragic consequences of the infidelity of Rose's mother (Polyna Stoska). This plot loosely frames a series of vignettes, each depicting one of the colorful characters inhabiting the seedy tenement of the setting.

SUNDAY IN THE PARK WITH GEORGE

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: James Lapine
DIRECTOR: James Lapine
OPENED: 5/2/84, New York; a run of 604 performances

The centerpiece of the ambitious show is George Seurat's great painting "A Sunday Afternoon on the Island of La Grande Jatte." It is an intimate and personal musical concerned with the creative process itself, its obsessions and consequences. The song included in this volume, "Finishing the Hat," shows us George's inner conflict between his undaunted commitment to his work and his love for a woman. The second act of the show deals with the same artistic tensions (plus a few more) in a present day setting. The piece received the Pulitzer Prize for drama in 1985. An adaptation of the Broadway production (starring Mandy Patinkin and Bernadette Peters) was made for television, and has been broadcast several times.

SWEENEY TODD, THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET

MUSIC AND LYRICS: Stephen Sondheim
BOOK: Hugh Wheeler
DIRECTOR: Harold Prince
OPENED: 3/1/79, New York; a run of 557 performances

Despite the sordidness of its main plot—a half mad, vengeance-obsessed barber in Victorian London slits the throats of his customers whose corpses are then turned into meat pies by his accomplice, Mrs. Lovett—this near-operatic musical is a bold and often brilliant depiction of the cannibalizing effects of the Industrial Revolution. *Sweeney Todd* first appeared on the London stage in 1842 in a play called *A String of Pearls, or The Fiend of Fleet Street*. Other versions followed, the most recent being Christopher Bond's *Sweeney Todd*, produced in 1973, which served as the basis of the musical. Sondheim's masterwork has gained a foothold in the operatic repertory, with prominent productions at Houston and at New York City Opera.

TWO BY TWO

MUSIC: Richard Rodgers
LYRICS: Martin Charnin
BOOK: Peter Stone
DIRECTOR: Joe Layton
OPENED: 1/10/70, New York; a run of 343 performances

After an absence of almost thirty years, Danny Kaye returned to Broadway in a musical based on the legend of Noah and the Ark. Adapted from Clifford Odets' play, *The Flowering Peach*, *Two by Two* dealt primarily with Noah's rejuvenation and his relationship with his wife and family as he undertakes the formidable task that God has commanded. During the run, Kaye suffered a torn ligament in his left leg and was briefly hospitalized. He returned hobbling on a crutch with his leg in a cast, a situation he used as an excuse to depart from the script by cutting up and clowning around. For his third musical following Oscar Hammerstein's death, composer Richard Rodgers joined lyricist Martin Charnin (later to be responsible for *Annie*) to create the melodious score.

WISH YOU WERE HERE

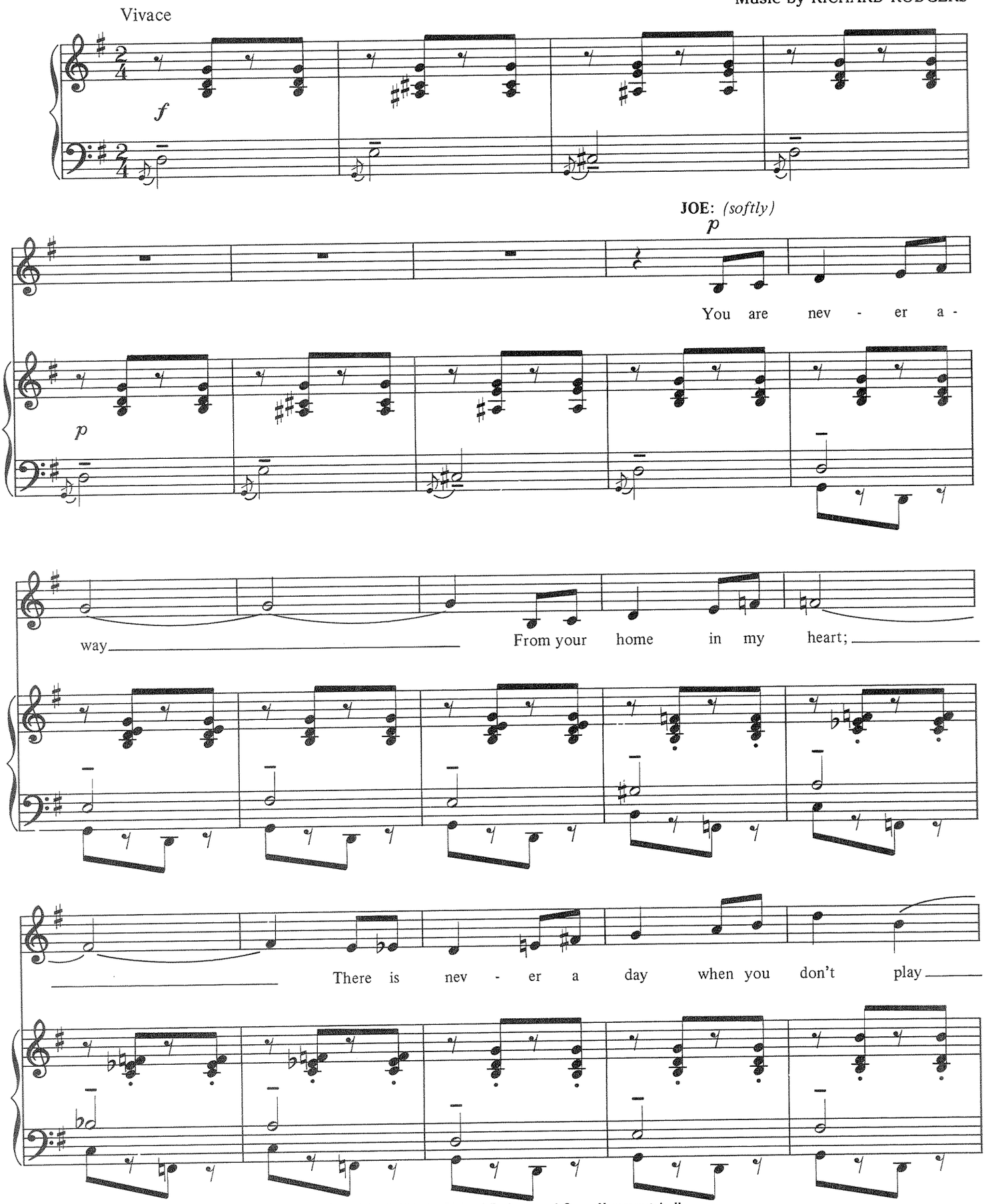
MUSIC AND LYRICS: Harold Rome
BOOK: Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan
DIRECTOR AND CHOREOGRAPHER: Joshua Logan
OPENED: 6/25/52, New York; a run of 598 performances

It was known as the musical with the swimming pool, but *Wish You Were Here* had other things going for it, including a castful of ingratiating performers, a warm and witty score by Harold Rome, and a director who wouldn't stop making improvements even after the Broadway opening (among them were new dances choreographed by Jerome Robbins). The musical was adapted by Arthur Kober and Joshua Logan from Kober's own play, *Having a Wonderful Time*, and was concerned with a group of middle-class New Yorkers trying to make the most of a two-week vacation at an adult summer camp in the mountains.

YOU ARE NEVER AWAY

from *Allegro*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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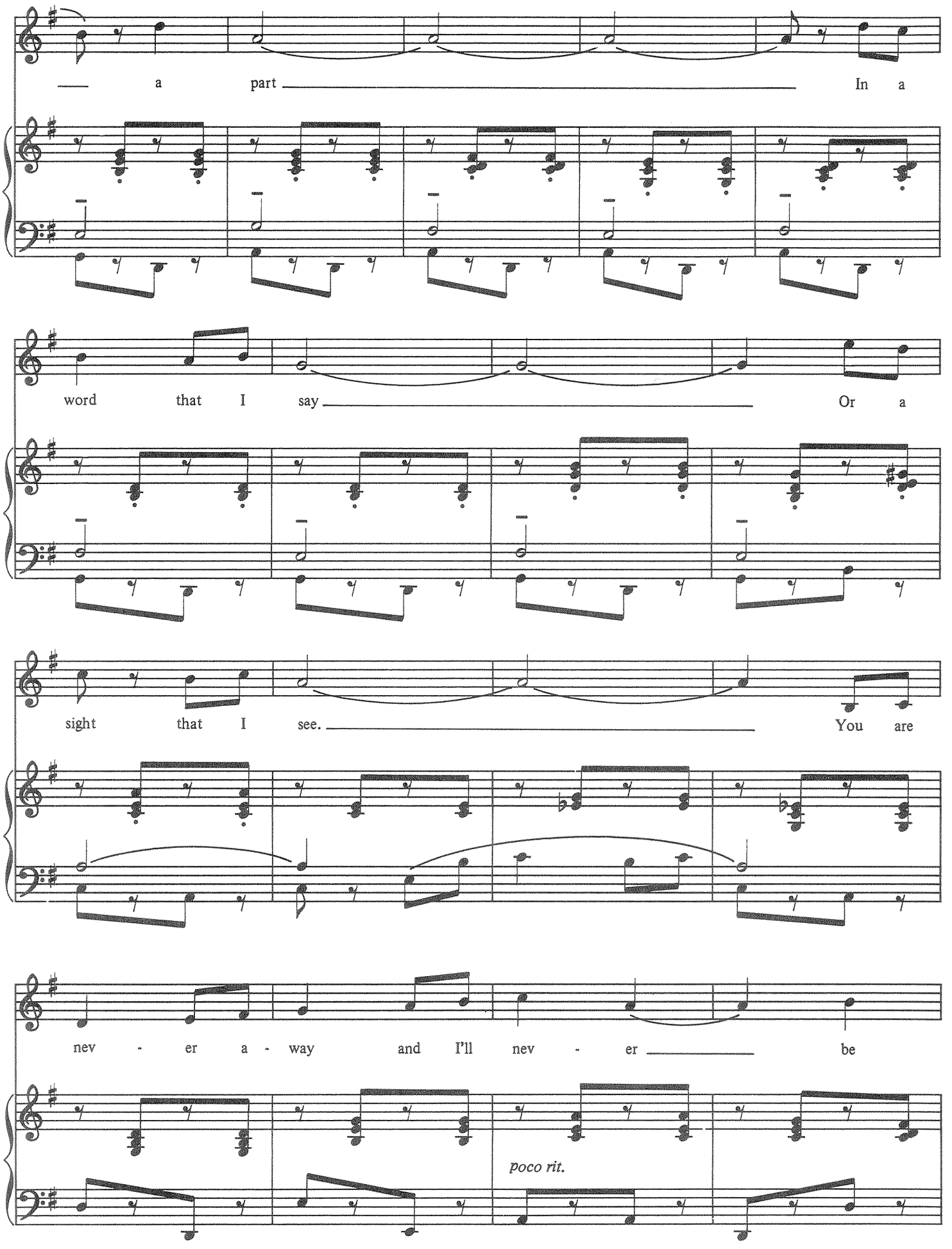
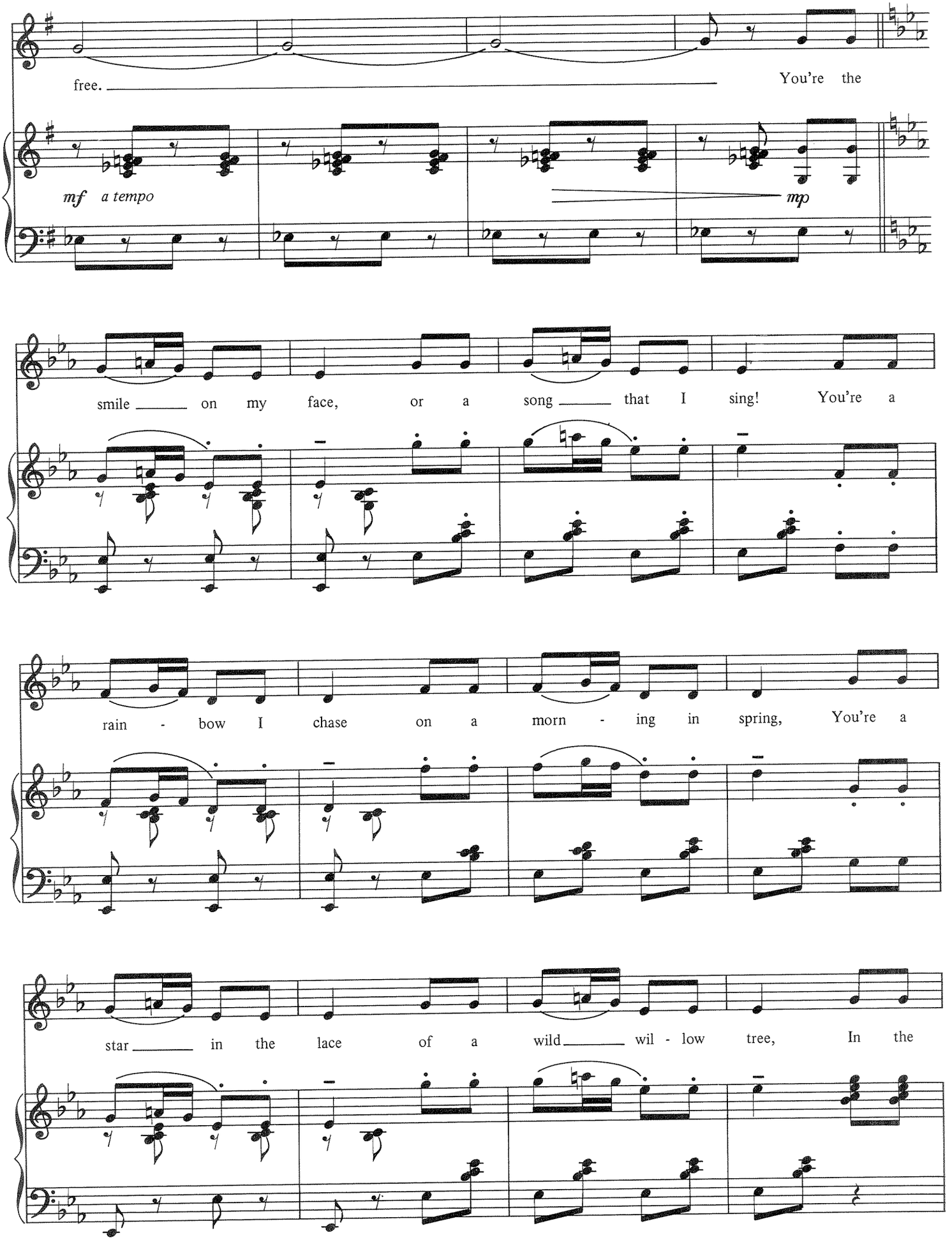
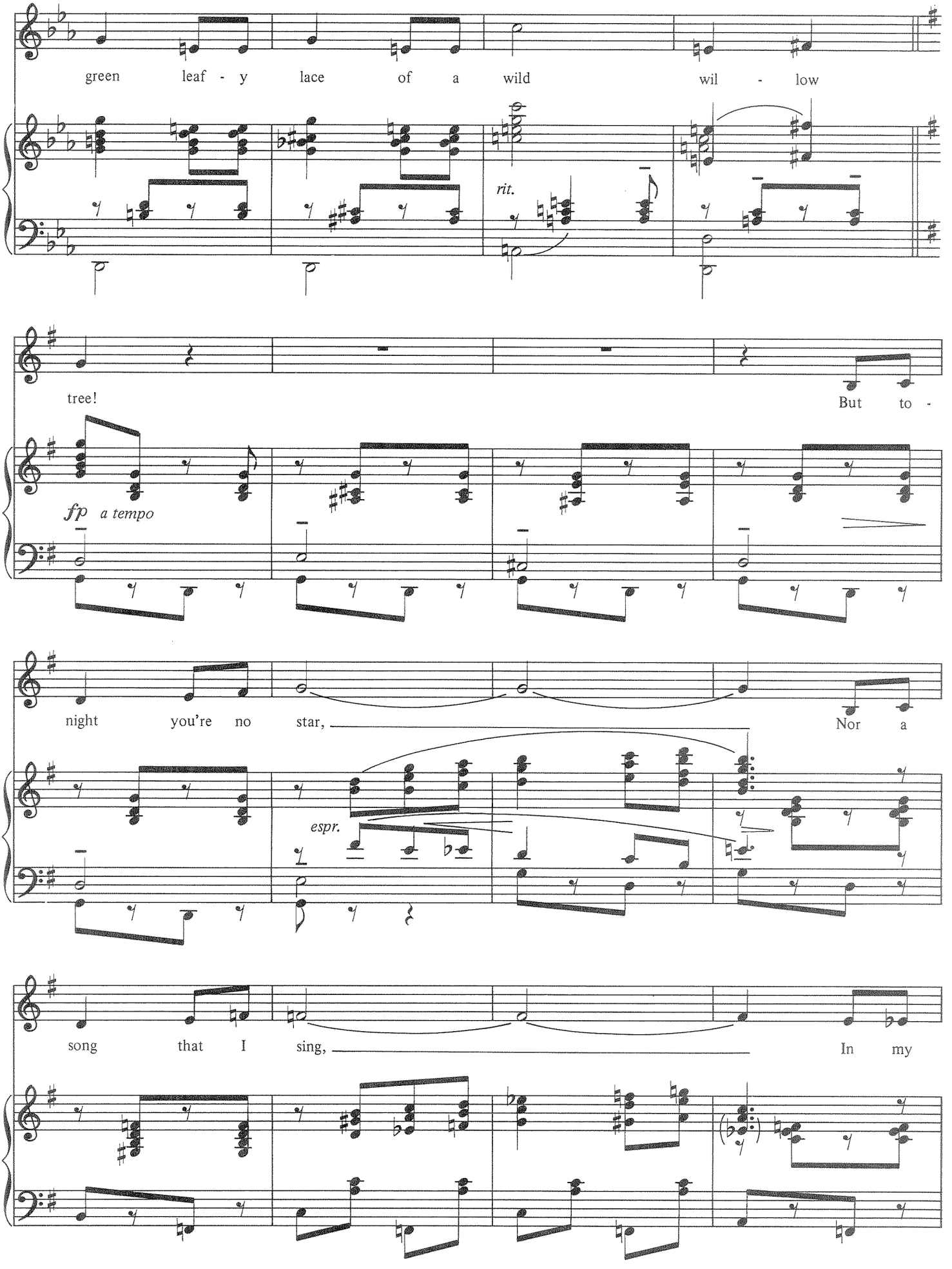
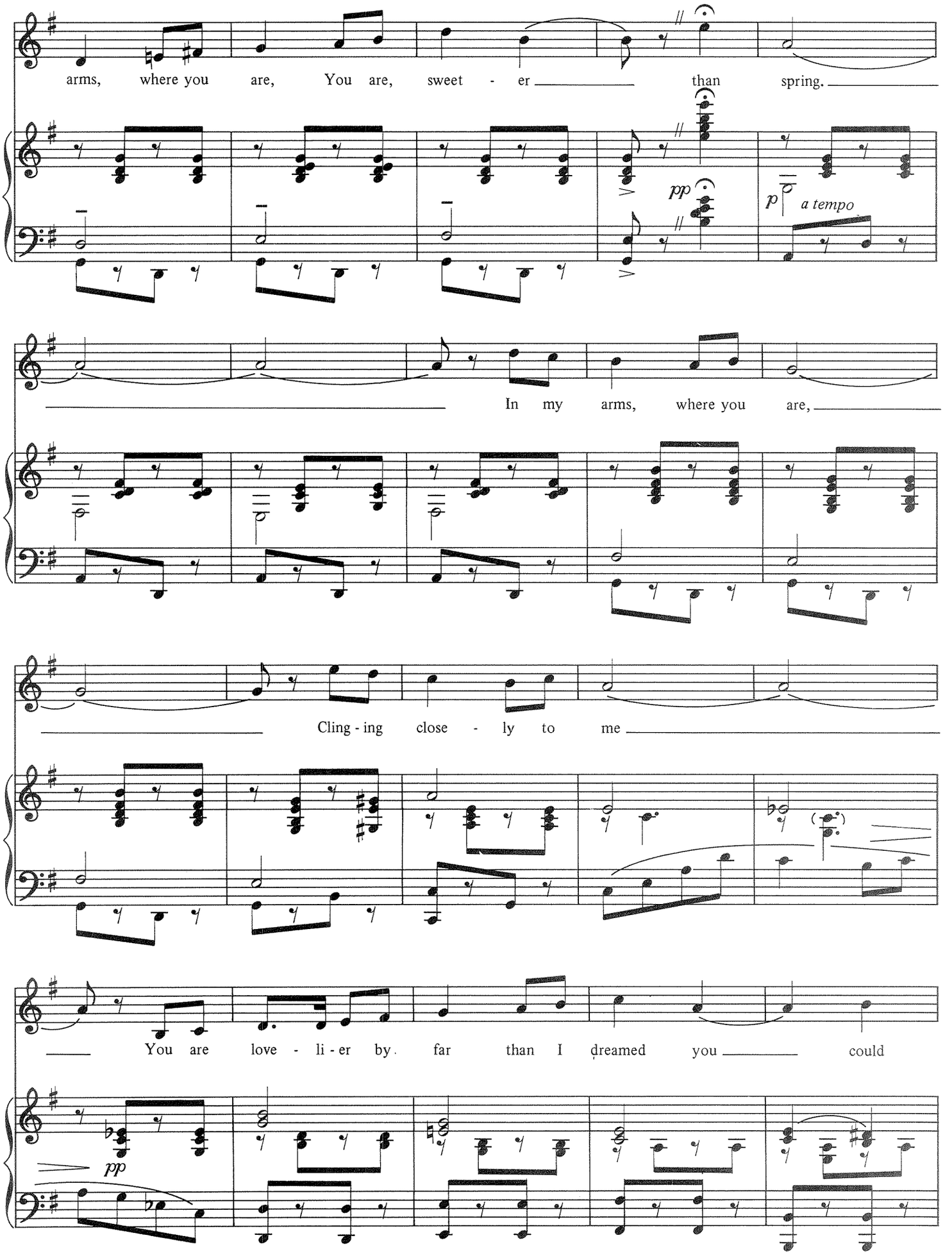
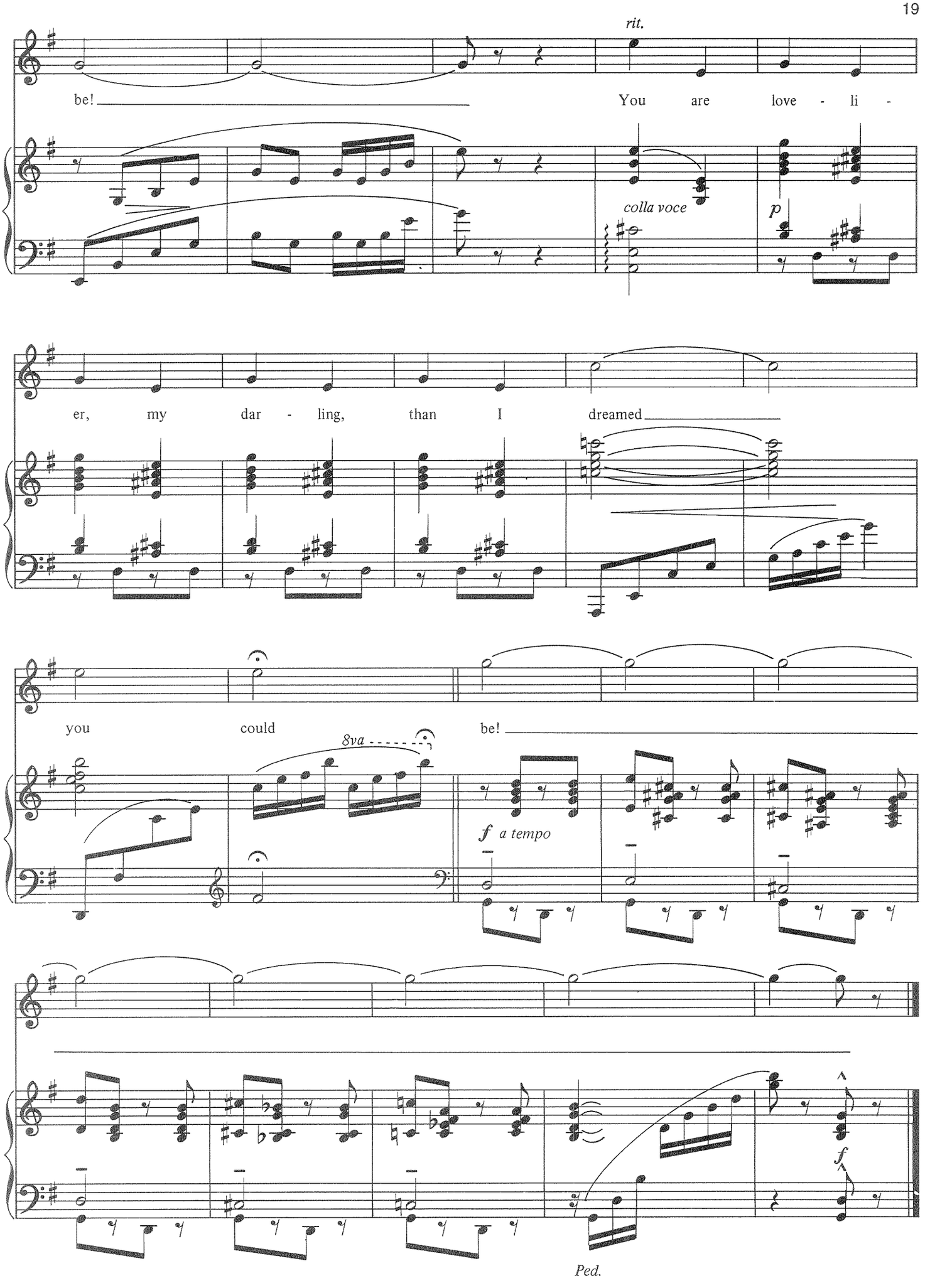

a part In a
word that I say Or a
sight that I see. You are
nev - er a - way and I'll nev - er be
poco rit.


free.
You're the
mf a tempo
mp
smile on my face, or a song that I sing! You're a
rain - bow I chase on a morn - ing in spring, You're a
star in the lace of a wild wil - low tree, In the


green leaf - y lace of a wild wil - low
rit.
tree!
But to -
fp a tempo
night you're no star,
Nor a
espr.
song that I sing,
In my

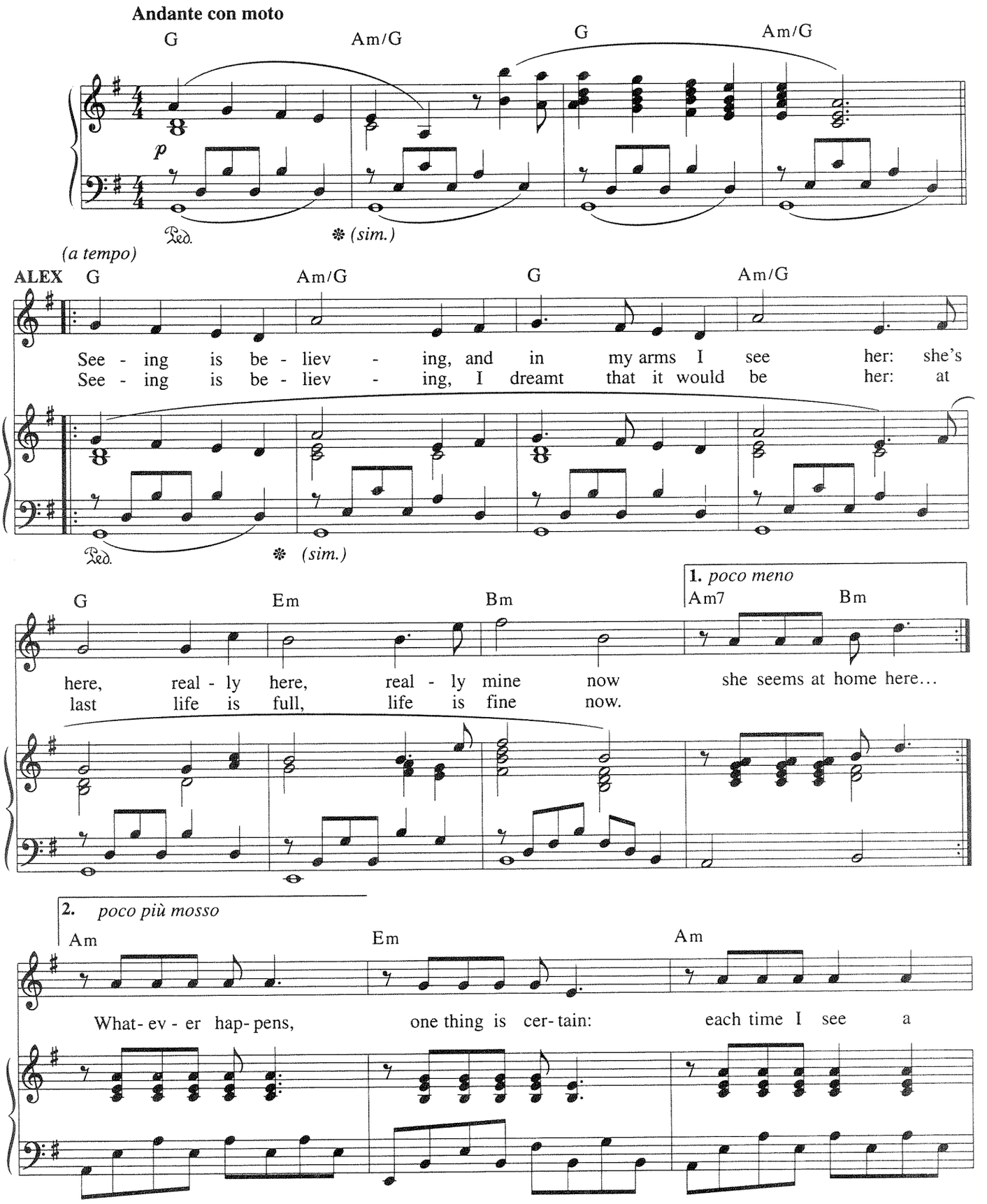

arms, where you are, You are, sweet - er than spring.
pp
p a tempo
In my arms, where you are,
Cling - ing close - ly to me
You are love - li - er by far than I dreamed you could
pp


rit.
be!
You are love - li -
colla voce
p
er, my dar - ling, than I dreamed
you could
8va
be!
f a tempo
f
Ped.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

from *Aspects of Love*

Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER
Lyrics by DON BLACK and CHARLES HART



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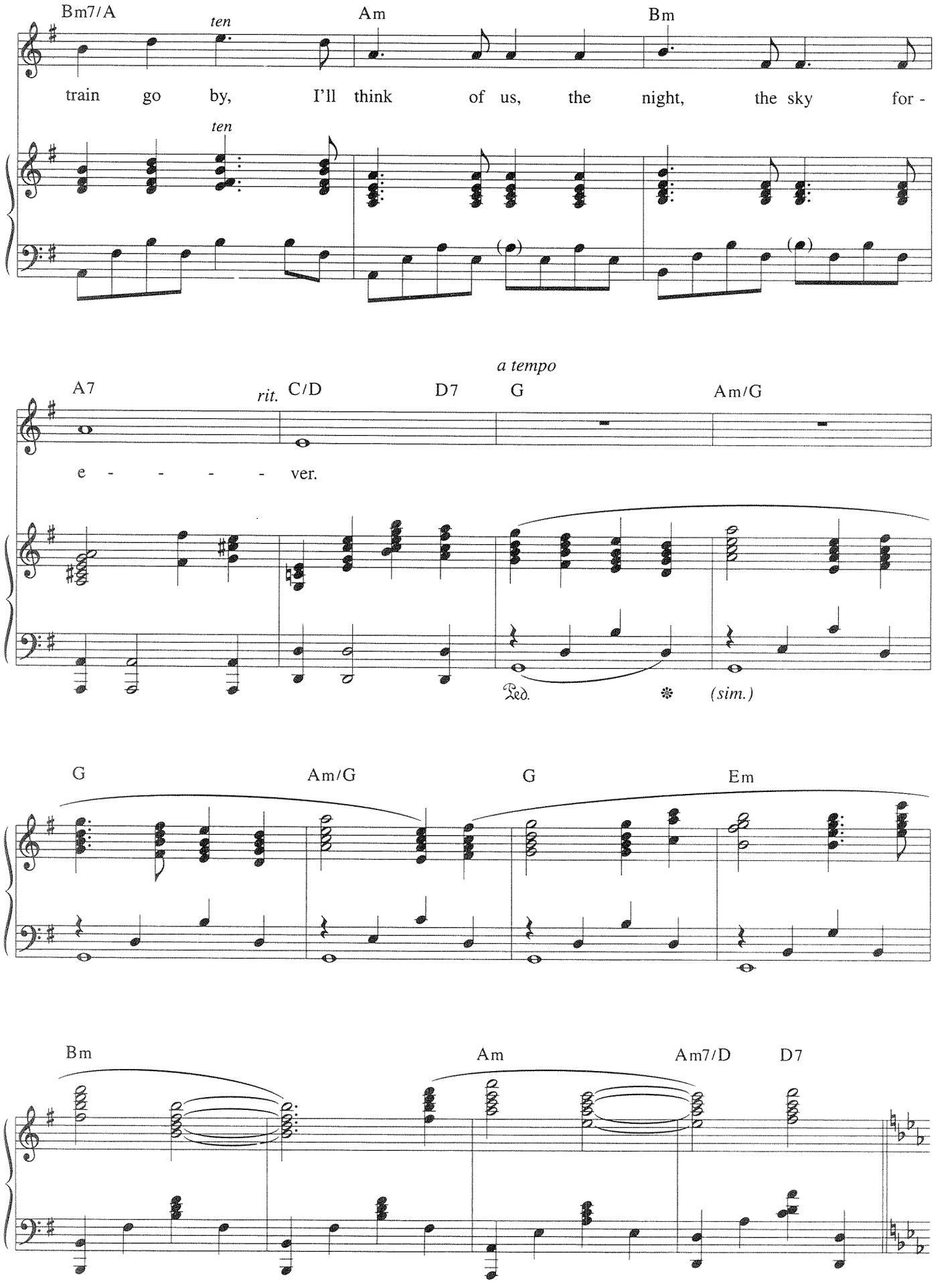
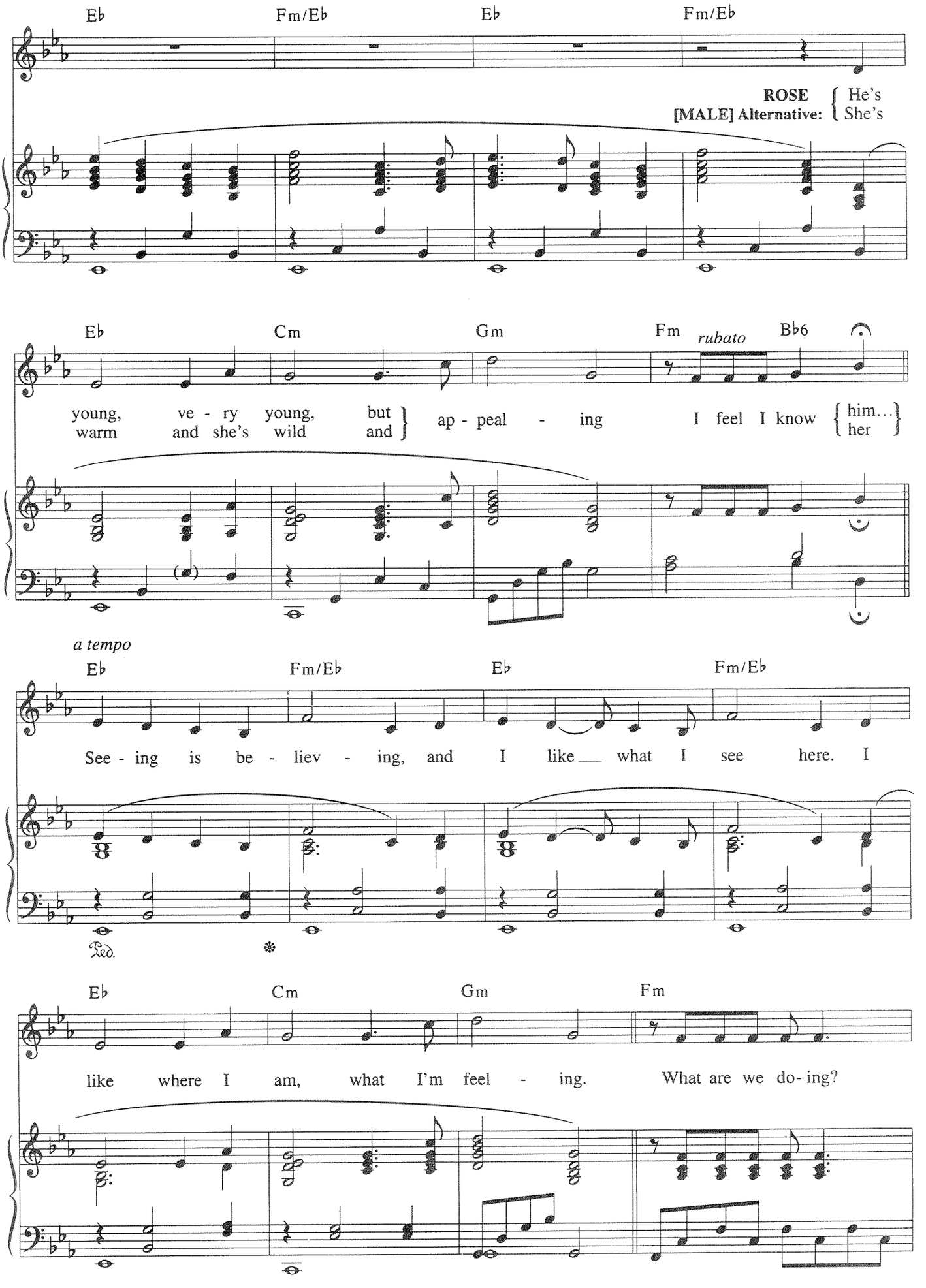
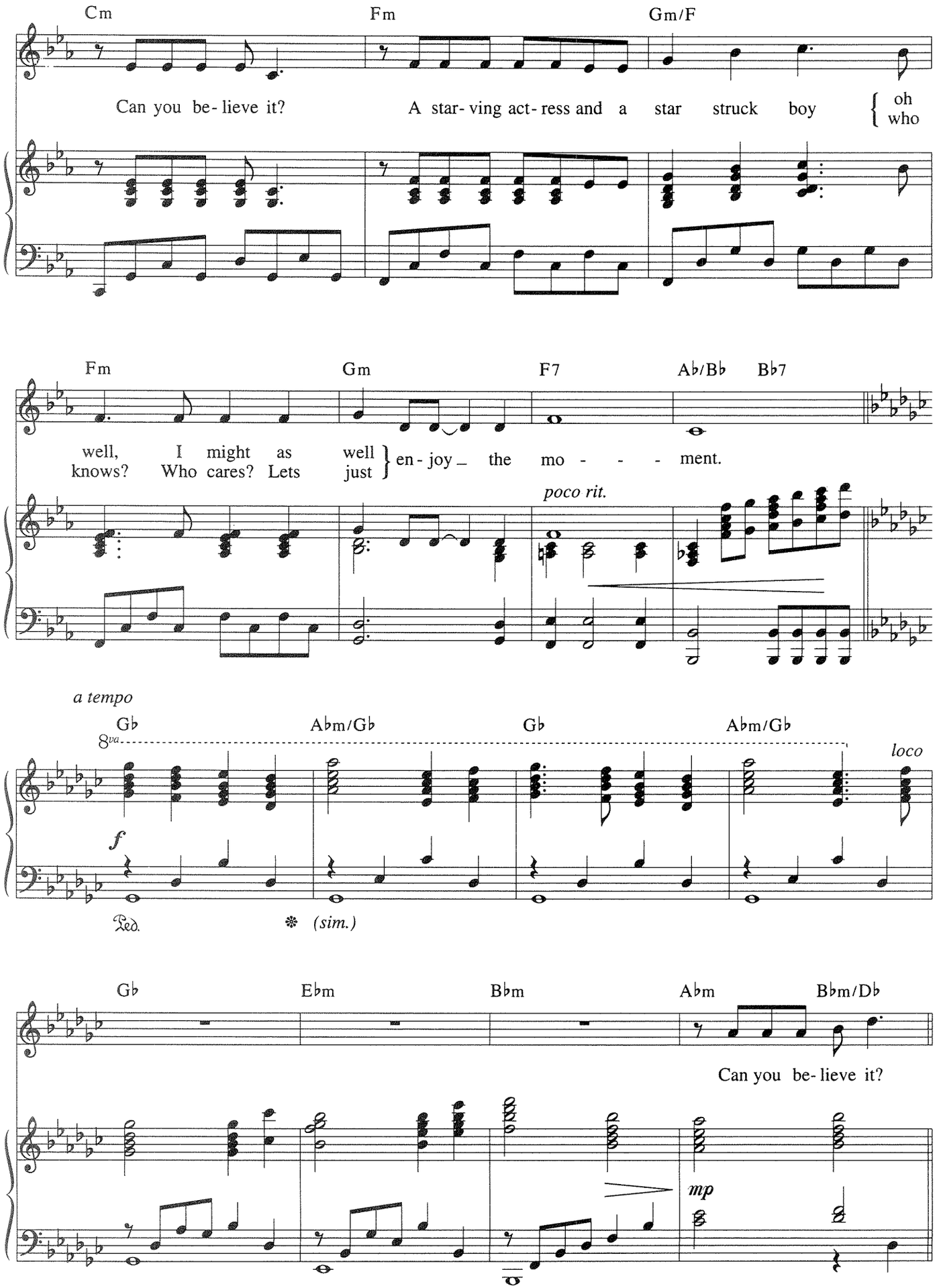
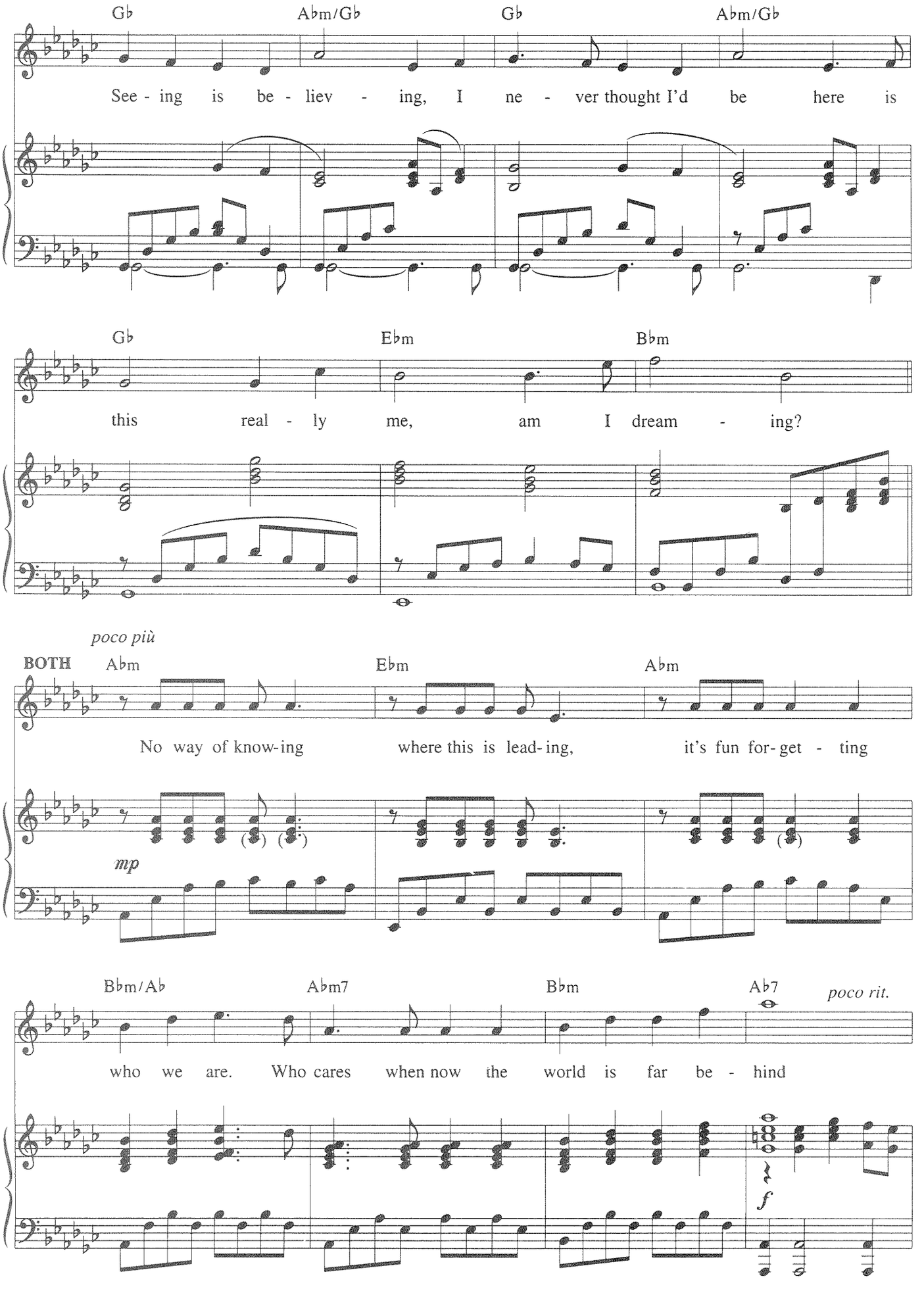
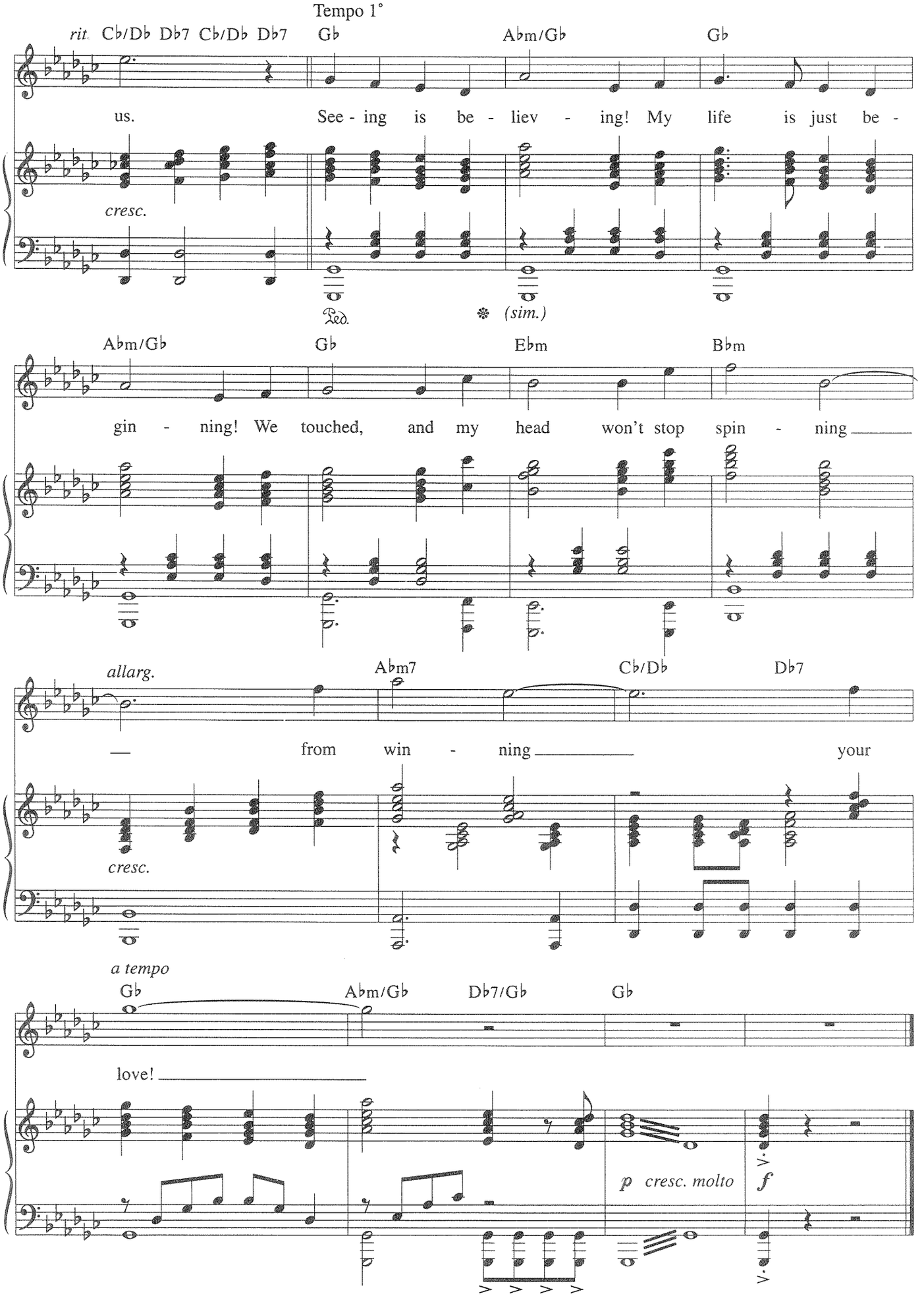

Bm7/A
ten
Am
Bm
train go by, I'll think of us, the night, the sky for -
ten
A7
rit.
C/D
D7
a tempo
G
Am/G
e - - - - - ver.
Ped.
(sim.)
G
Am/G
G
Em
Bm
Am
Am7/D
D7


E♭
Fm/E♭
E♭
Fm/E♭
ROSE { He's
[MALE] Alternative: { She's
E♭
Cm
Gm
Fm
rubato
B♭6
young, ve - ry young, but
warm and she's wild and
ap - peal - ing
I feel I know { him...
her
a tempo
E♭
Fm/E♭
E♭
Fm/E♭
See - ing is be - liev - ing, and I like what I see here. I
Ped.
E♭
Cm
Gm
Fm
like where I am, what I'm feel - ing. What are we do - ing?


Cm
Fm
Gm/F
Can you be- lieve it?
A star- ving act- ress and a star struck boy
oh
who
Fm
Gm
F7
Ab/Bb
Bb7
well, I might as well
knows? Who cares? Lets just
en- joy _ the mo - - - ment.
poco rit.
a tempo
Gb
Abm/Gb
Gb
Abm/Gb
8va
loco
f
Ped.
(sim.)
Gb
Ebm
Bbm
Abm
Bbm/Db
Can you be- lieve it?
mp


Gb
Abm/Gb
Gb
Abm/Gb
See - ing is be - liev - ing, I ne - ver thought I'd be here is
Gb
Ebm
Bbm
this real - ly me, am I dream - ing?
poco più
BOTH
Abm
Ebm
Abm
No way of know-ing where this is lead-ing, it's fun for-get - ting
mp
Bbm/Ab
Abm7
Bbm
Ab7
poco rit.
who we are. Who cares when now the world is far be - hind
f

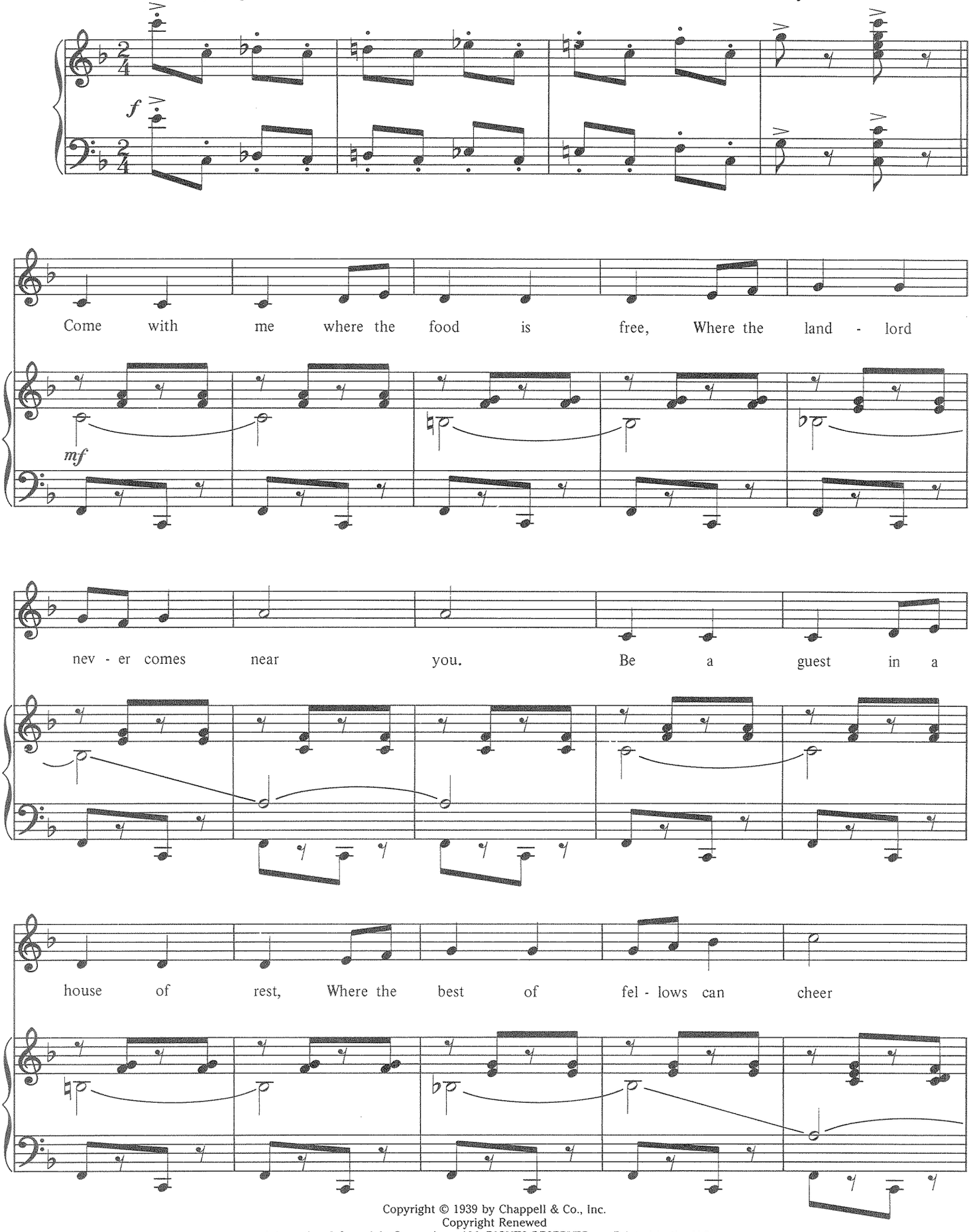

Tempo 1°
rit.
Cb/Db Db7 Cb/Db Db7
Gb
Abm/Gb
Gb
us.
See - ing is be - liev - ing! My life is just be -
cresc.
Ped.
(sim.)
Abm/Gb
Gb
Ebm
Bbm
gin - ning! We touched, and my head won't stop spin - ning
allarg.
Abm7
Cb/Db
Db7
from win - ning
your
cresc.
a tempo
Gb
Abm/Gb
Db7/Gb
Gb
love!
p cresc. molto
f

COME WITH ME

from *The Boys from Syracuse*

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately bright - In 2



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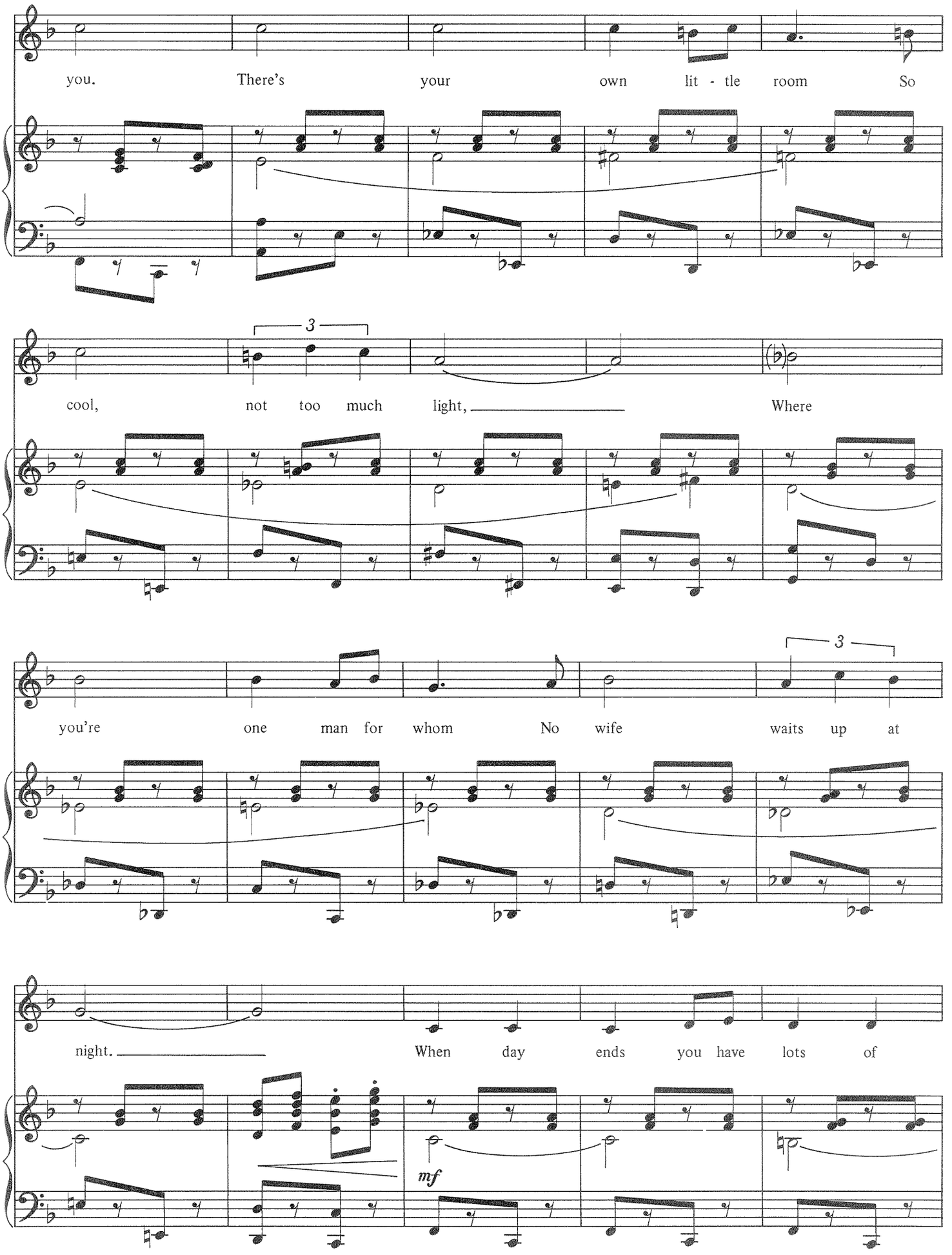
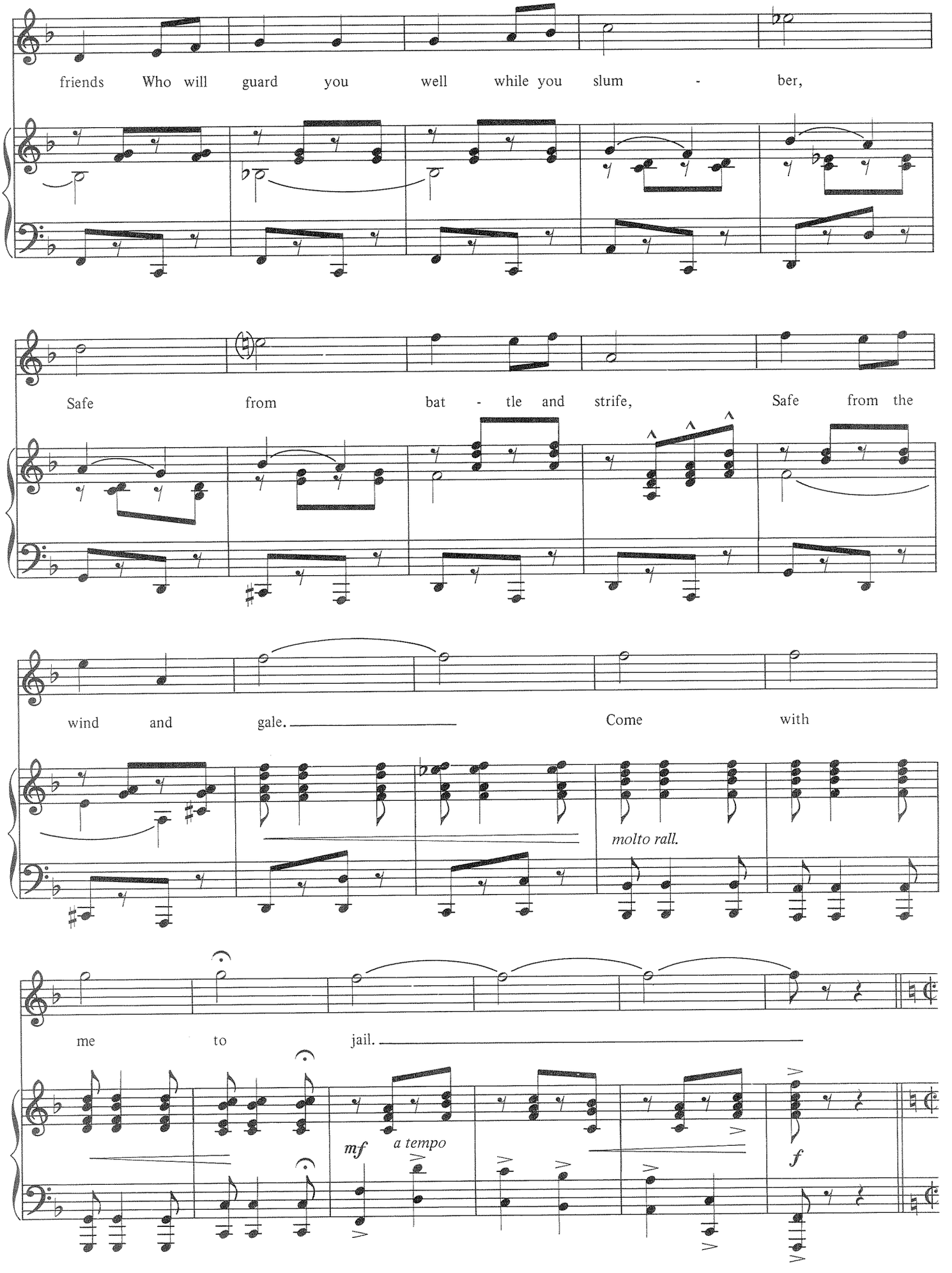
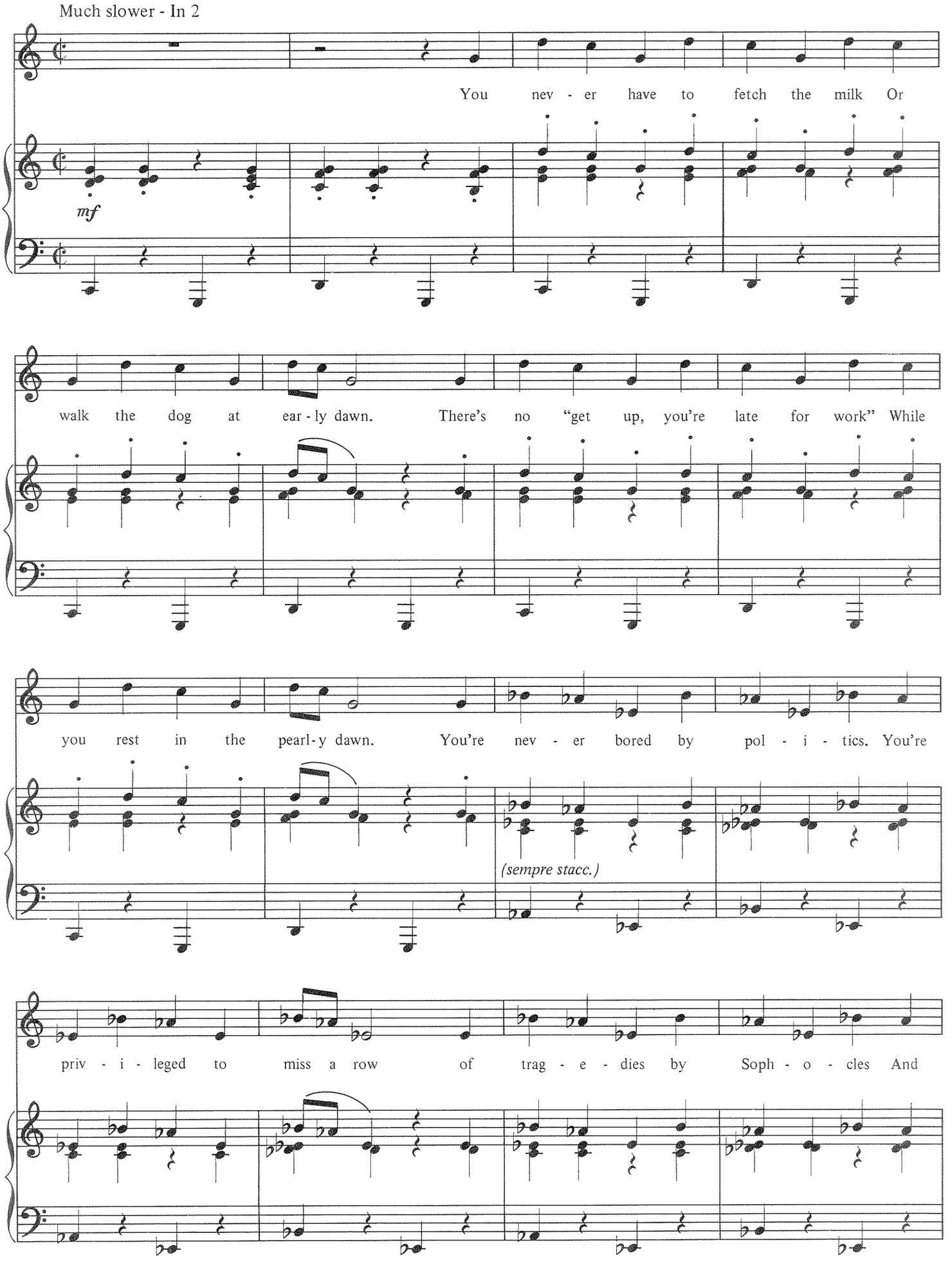
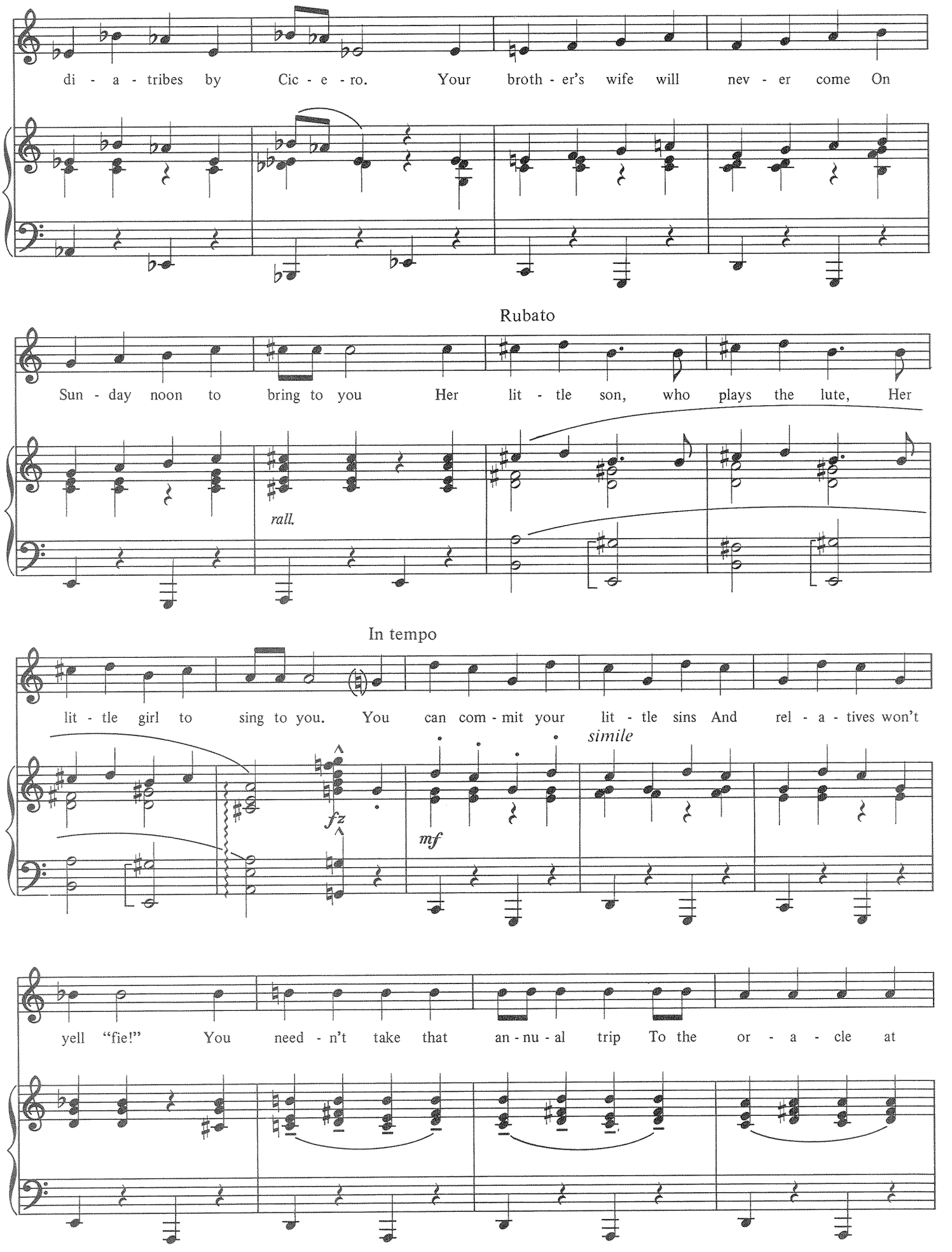
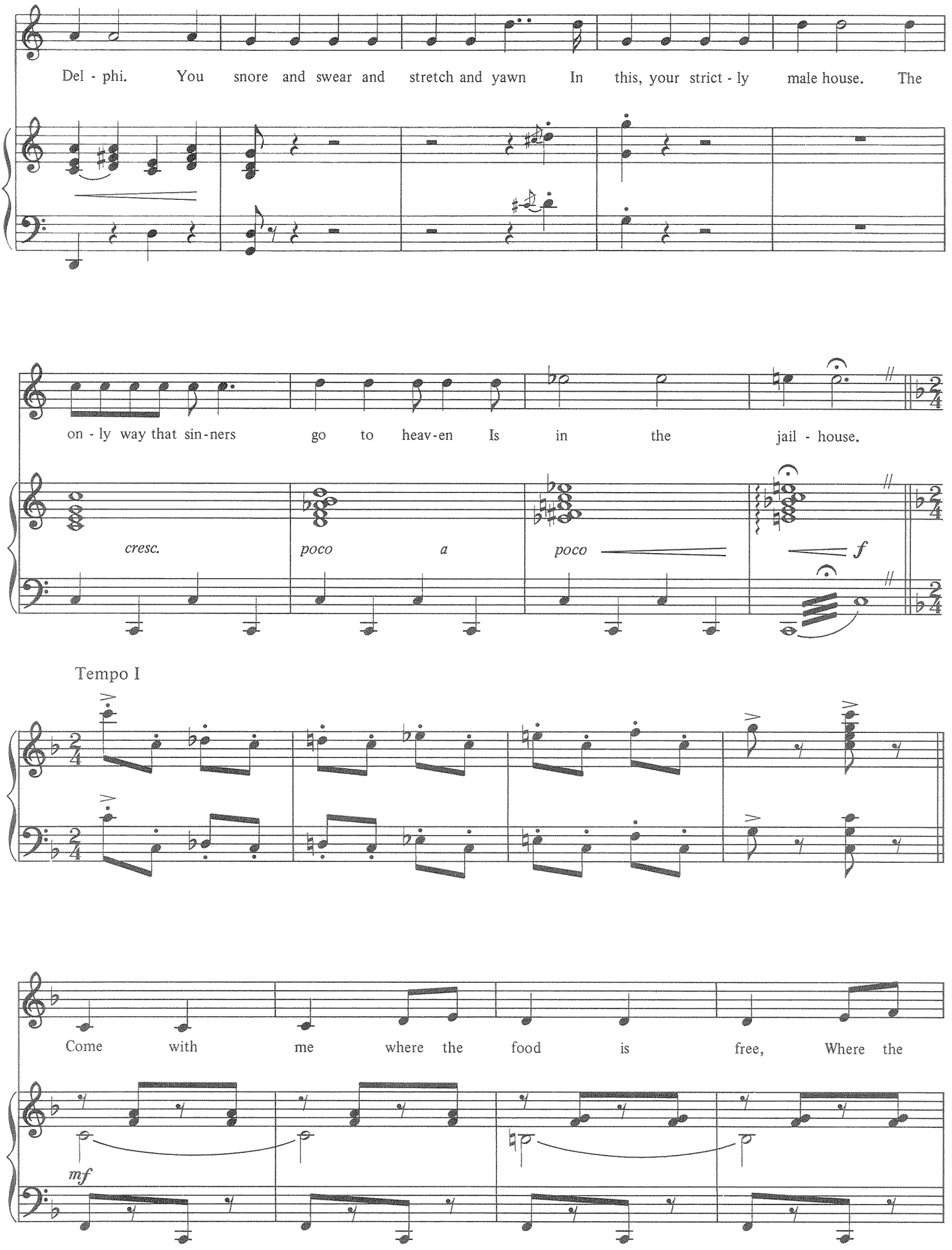
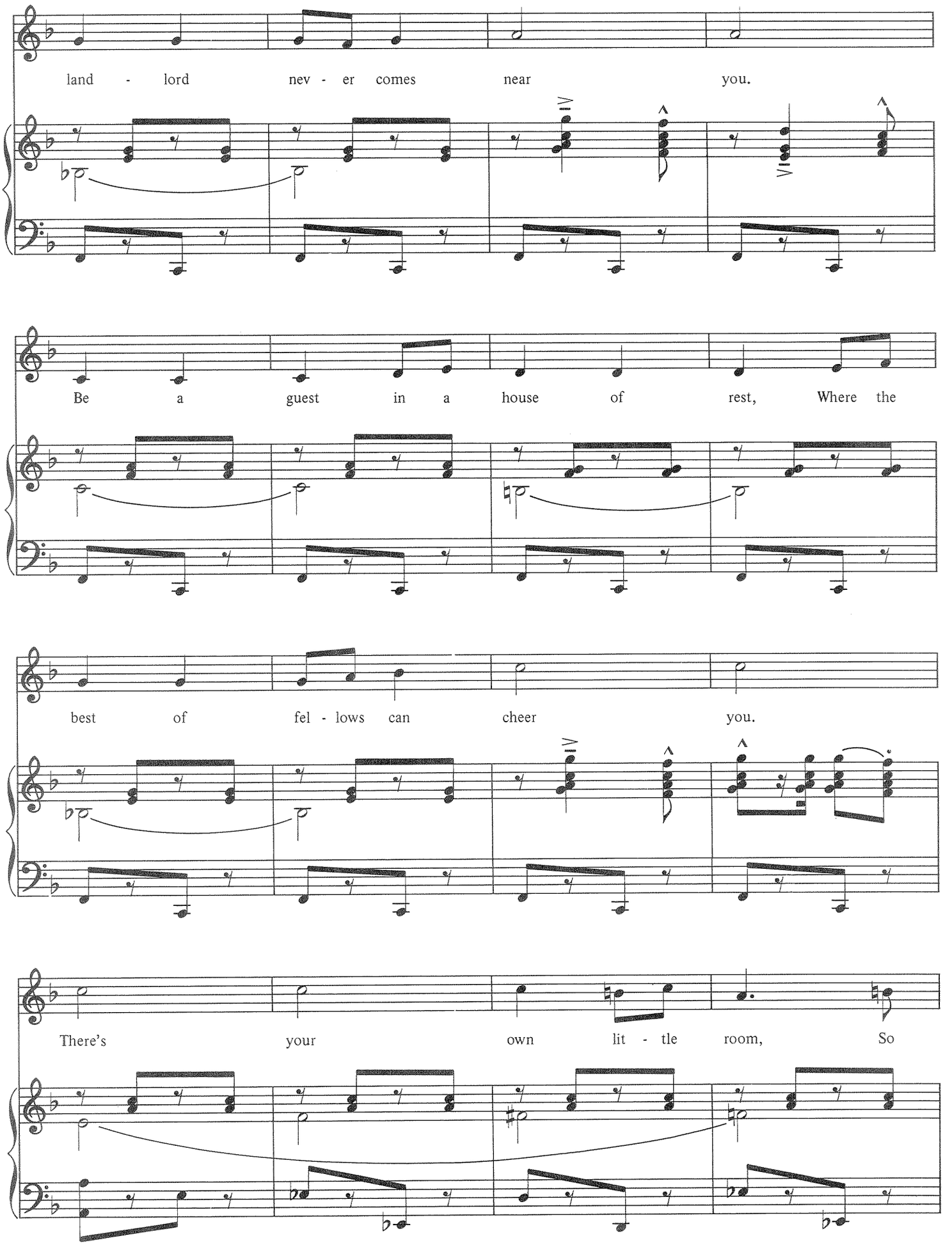

you. There's your own lit - tle room So
3
cool, not too much light, Where
3
you're one man for whom No wife waits up at
night. When day ends you have lots of
mf

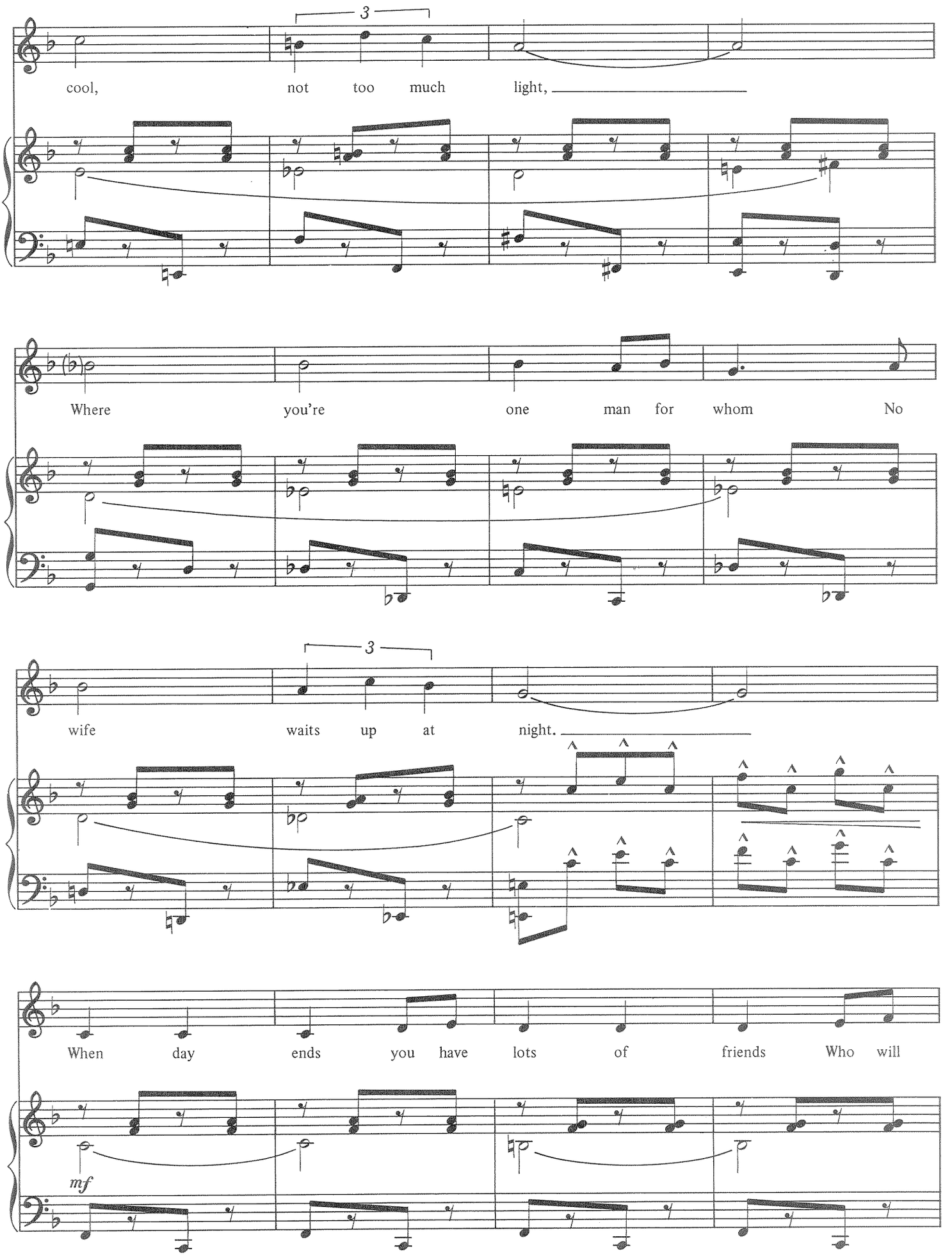

friends Who will guard you well while you slum - ber,
Safe from bat - tle and strife, Safe from the
wind and gale. Come with
molto rall.
me to jail.
mf
a tempo
f

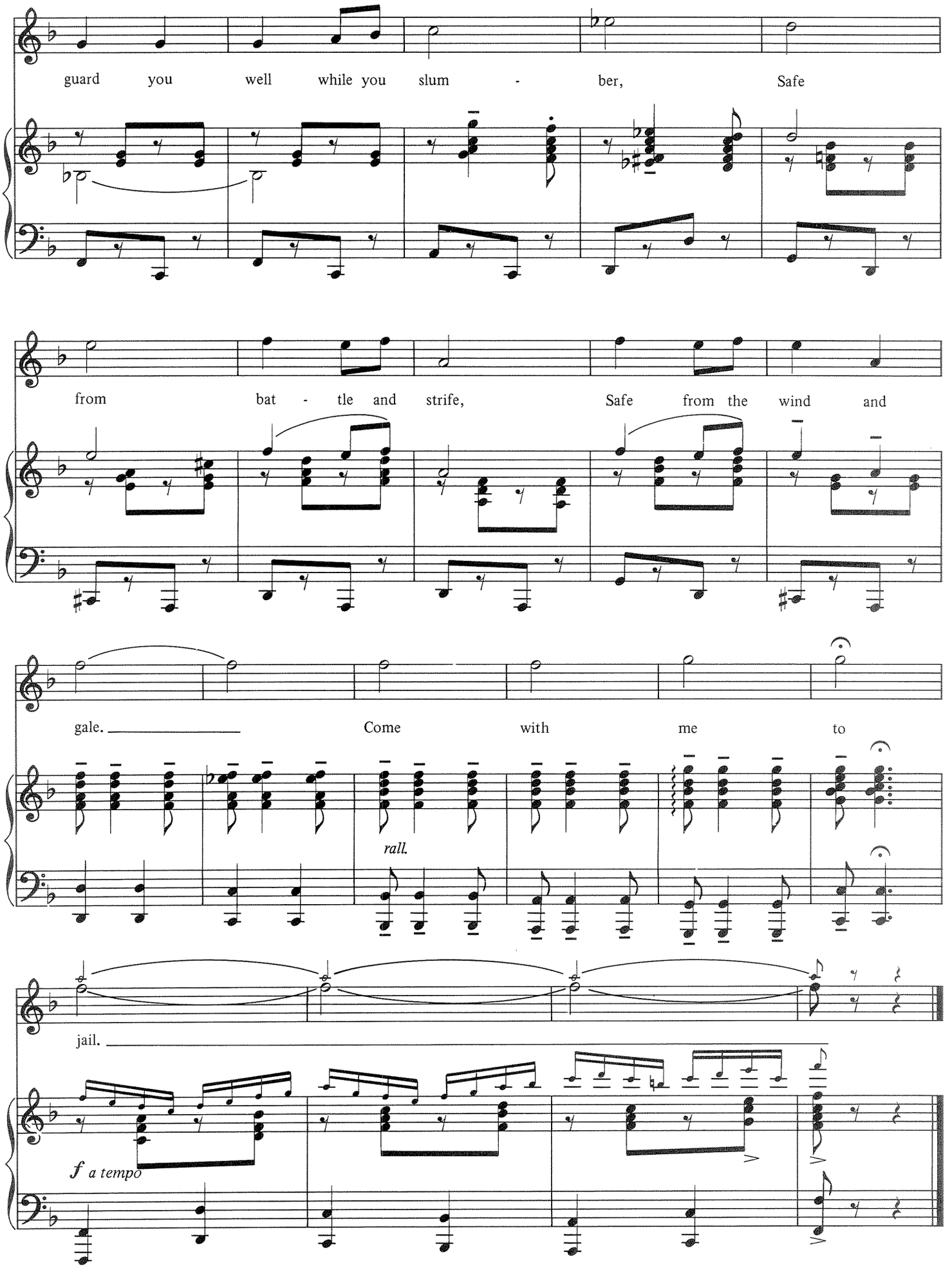

Much slower - In 2
You nev - er have to fetch the milk Or
mf
walk the dog at ear - ly dawn. There's no "get up, you're late for work" While
you rest in the pearl - y dawn. You're nev - er bored by pol - i - tics. You're
(sempre stacc.)
priv - i - leged to miss a row of trag - e - dies by Soph - o - cles And


di - a - tribes by Cic - e - ro. Your broth - er's wife will nev - er come On
Rubato
Sun - day noon to bring to you Her lit - tle son, who plays the lute, Her
rall.
In tempo
lit - tle girl to sing to you. You can com - mit your lit - tle sins And rel - a - tives won't
simile
fz
mf
yell "fie!" You need - n't take that an - nu - al trip To the or - a - cle at


Del - phi. You snore and swear and stretch and yawn In this, your strict - ly male house. The
on - ly way that sin-ners go to heav-en Is in the jail - house.
cresc.
poco a poco
f
Tempo I
Come with me where the food is free, Where the
mf


land - lord nev - er comes near you.
Be a guest in a house of rest, Where the
best of fel - lows can cheer you.
There's your own lit - tle room, So

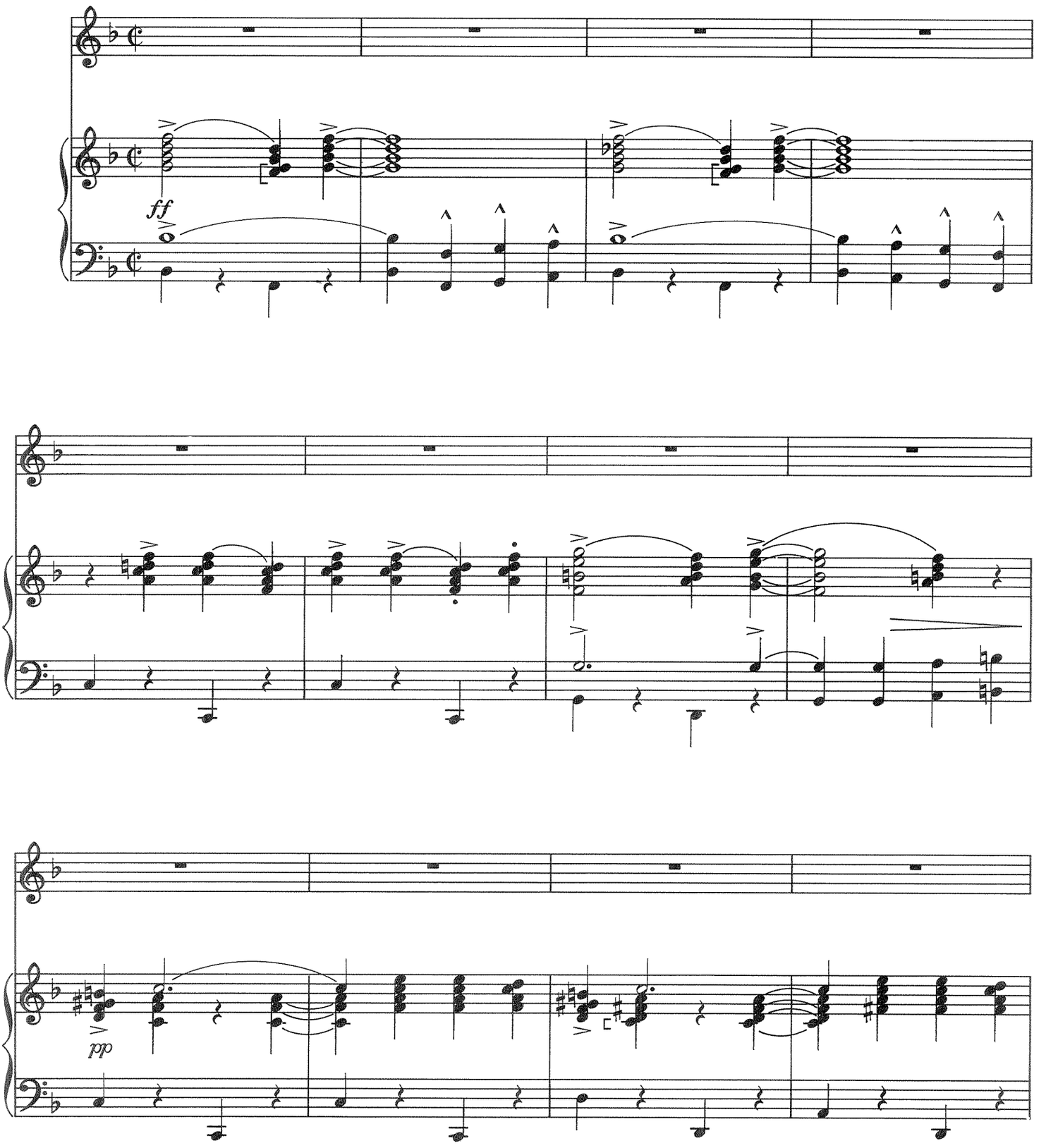

3
cool, not too much light,
Where you're one man for whom No
3
wife waits up at night.
When day ends you have lots of friends Who will
mf


guard you well while you slum - ber, Safe
from bat - tle and strife, Safe from the wind and
gale. Come with me to
rall.
jail.
f a tempo

SITTING PRETTY
(THE MONEY SONG)
from *Cabaret*

Lyric by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER

Frantic (in 2)



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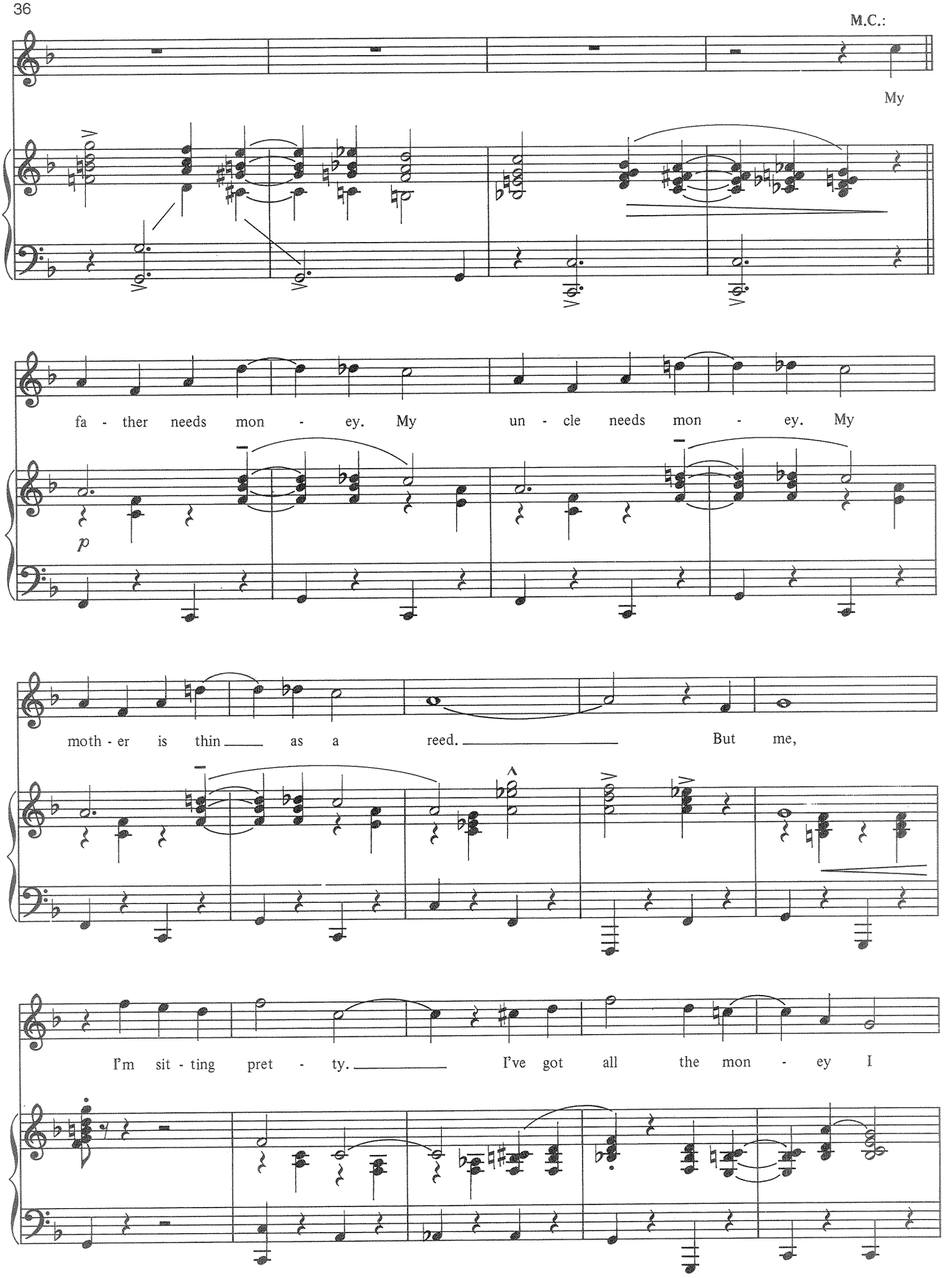
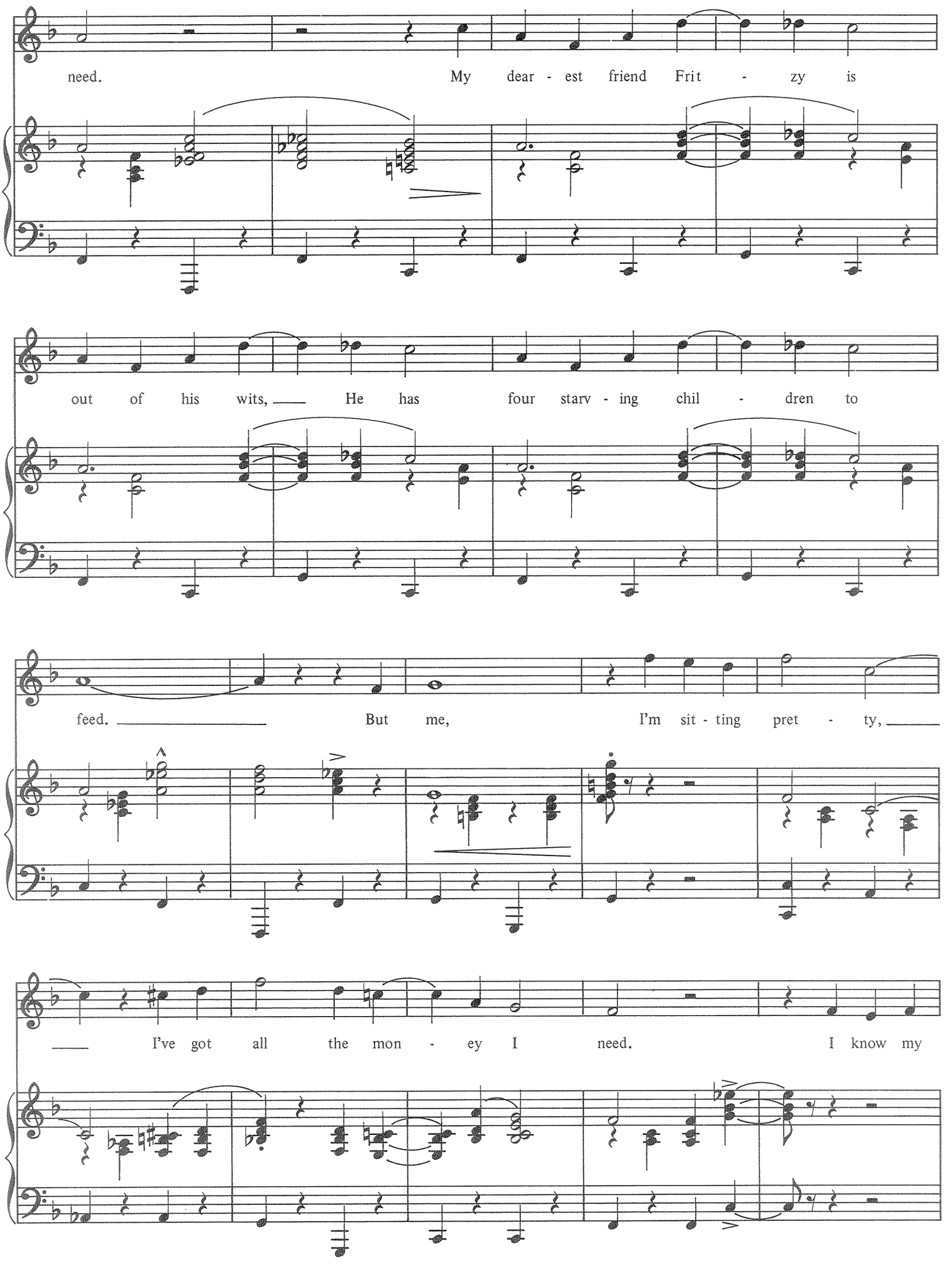
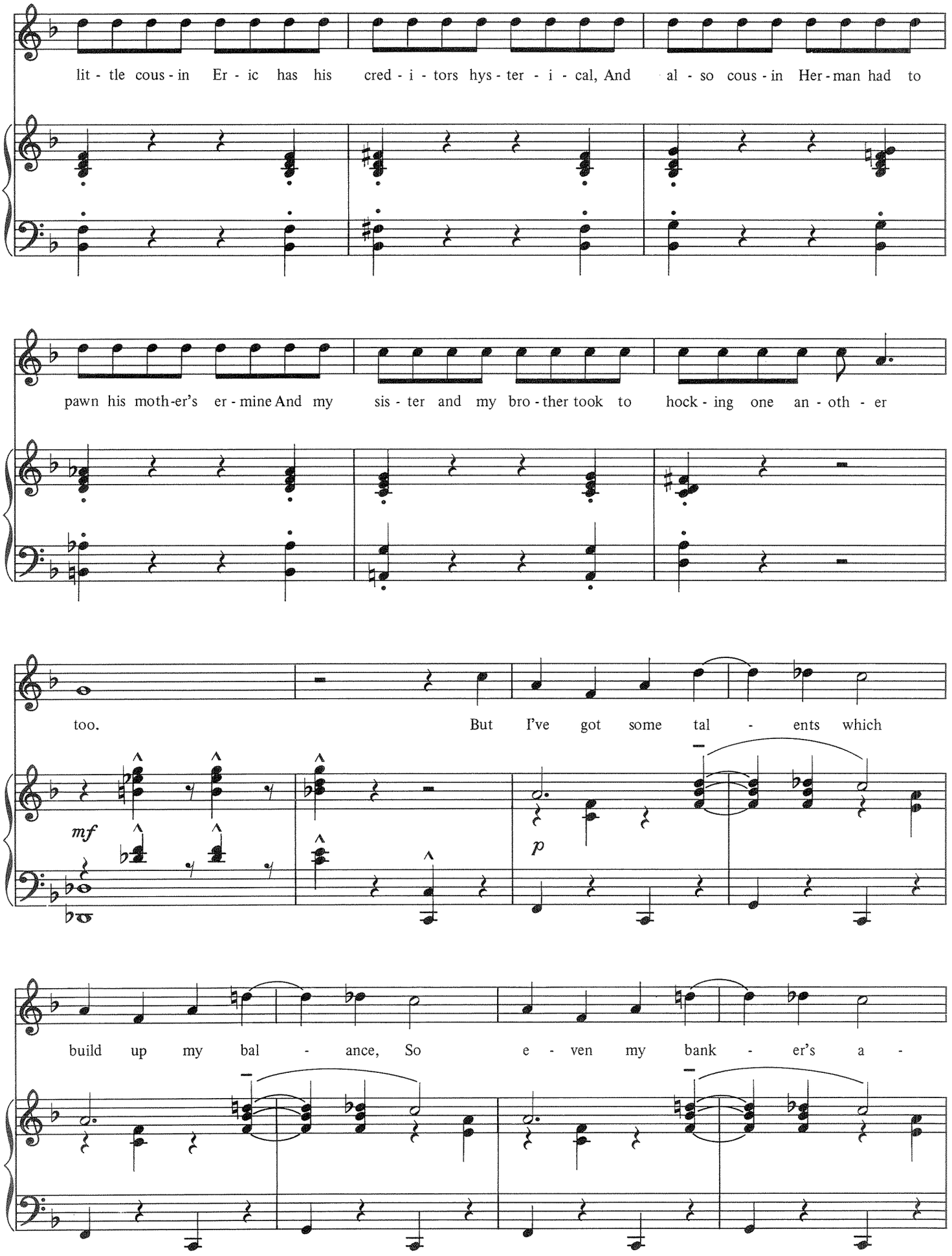
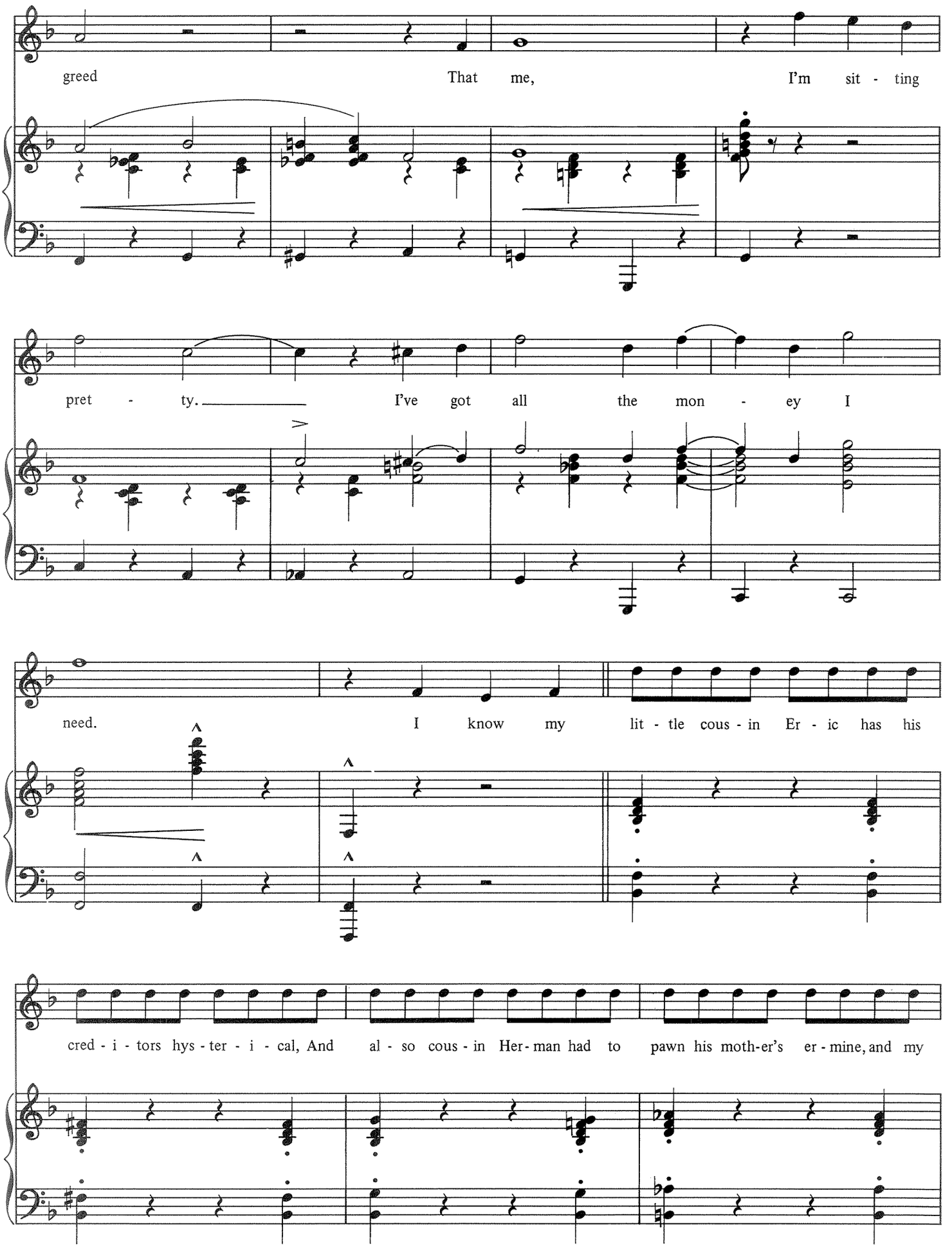
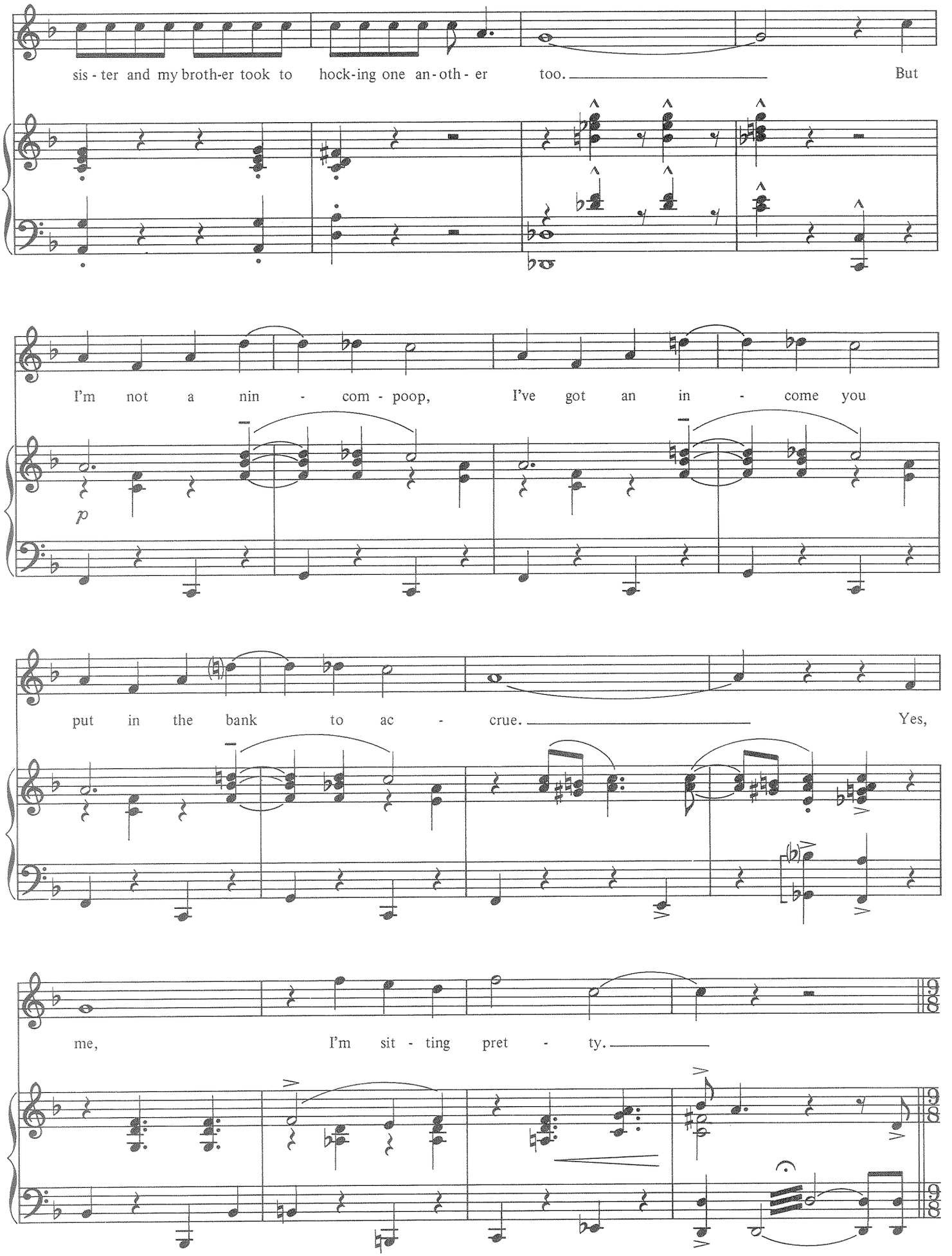
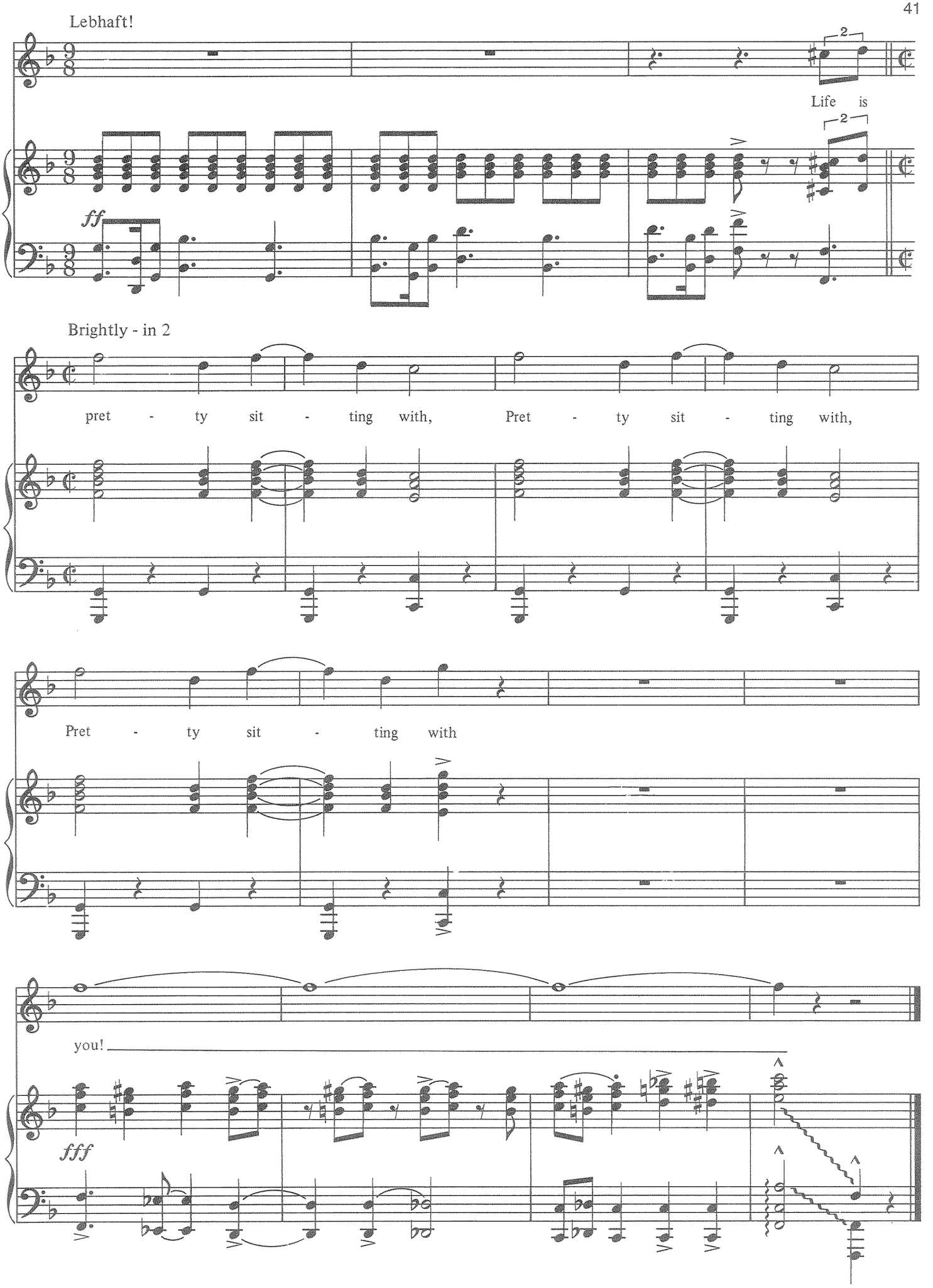

M.C.:
My
fa - ther needs mon - ey. My un - cle needs mon - ey. My
p
moth - er is thin as a reed. But me,
I'm sit - ting pret - ty. I've got all the mon - ey I


need. My dear - est friend Frit - zy is
out of his wits, He has four starv - ing chil - dren to
feed. But me, I'm sit - ting pret - ty,
I've got all the mon - ey I need. I know my


lit - tle cous - in Er - ic has his cred - i - tors hys - ter - i - cal, And al - so cous - in Her - man had to
pawn his moth-er's er - mine And my sis - ter and my bro - ther took to hock - ing one an - oth - er
too. But I've got some tal - ents which
mf
p
build up my bal - ance, So e - ven my bank - er's a -


greed That me, I'm sit - ting
pret - ty. I've got all the mon - ey I
need. I know my lit - tle cous - in Er - ic has his
cred - i - tors hys - ter - i - cal, And al - so cous - in Her - man had to pawn his moth-er's er - mine, and my

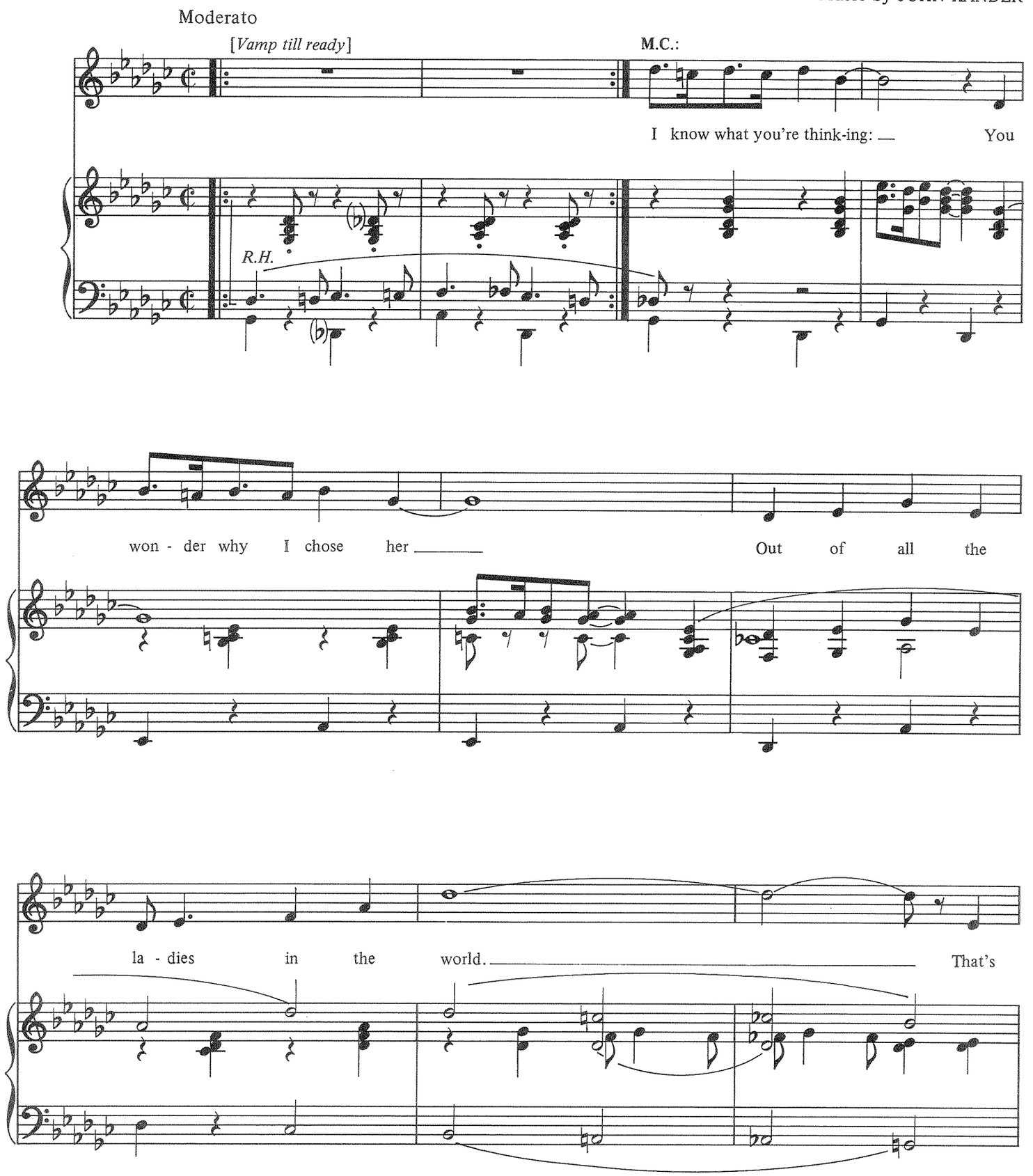

sis - ter and my broth-er took to hock-ing one an-oth - er too. But
I'm not a nin - com - poop, I've got an in - come you
p
put in the bank to ac - crue. Yes,
me, I'm sit - ting pret - ty.


Lebhaft!
Life is
ff
Brightly - in 2
pret - ty sit - ting with, Pret - ty sit - ting with,
Pret - ty sit - ting with
you!
fff

IF YOU COULD SEE HER

from *Cabaret*

Lyric by FRED EBB
Music by JOHN KANDER



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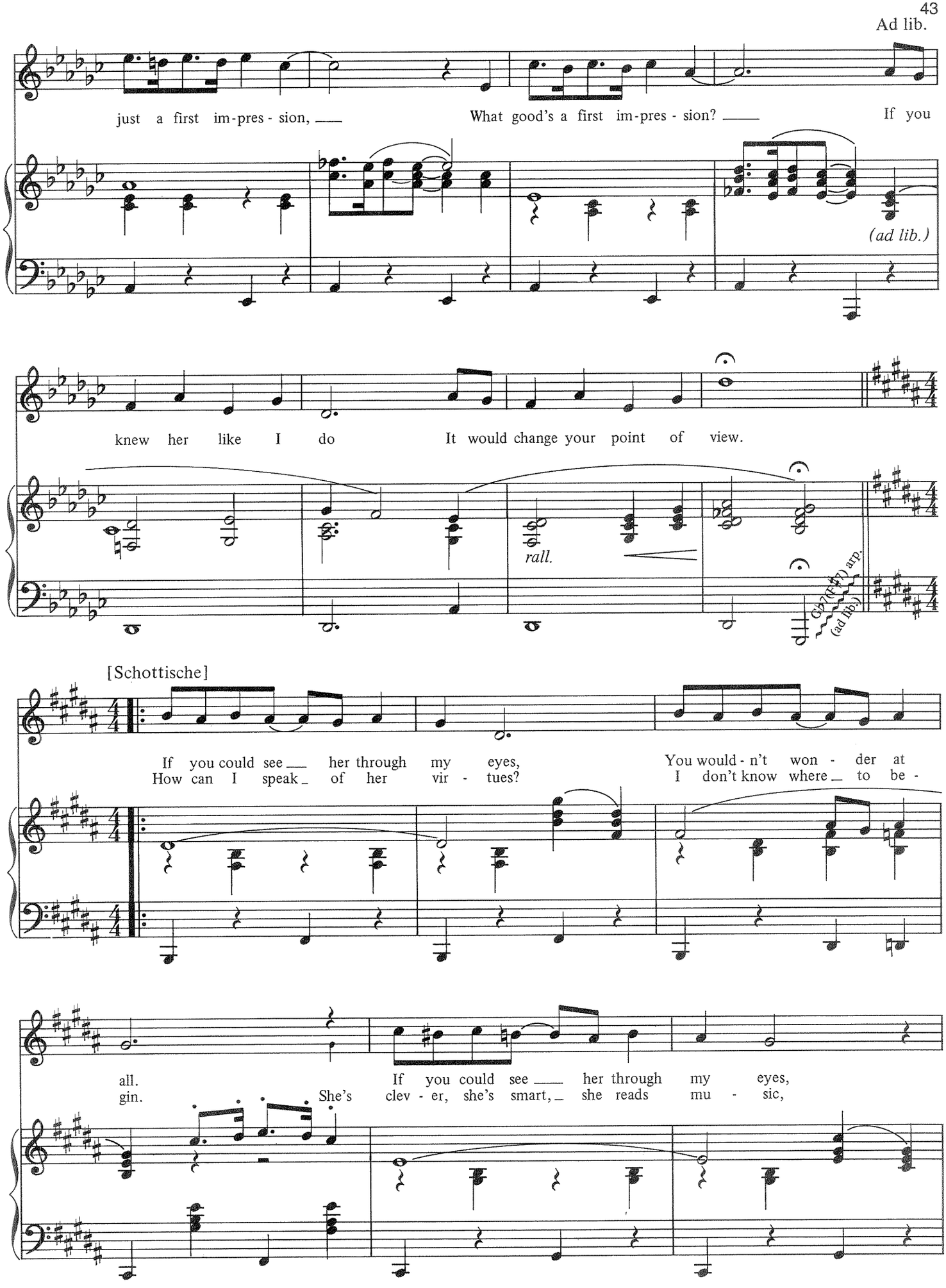
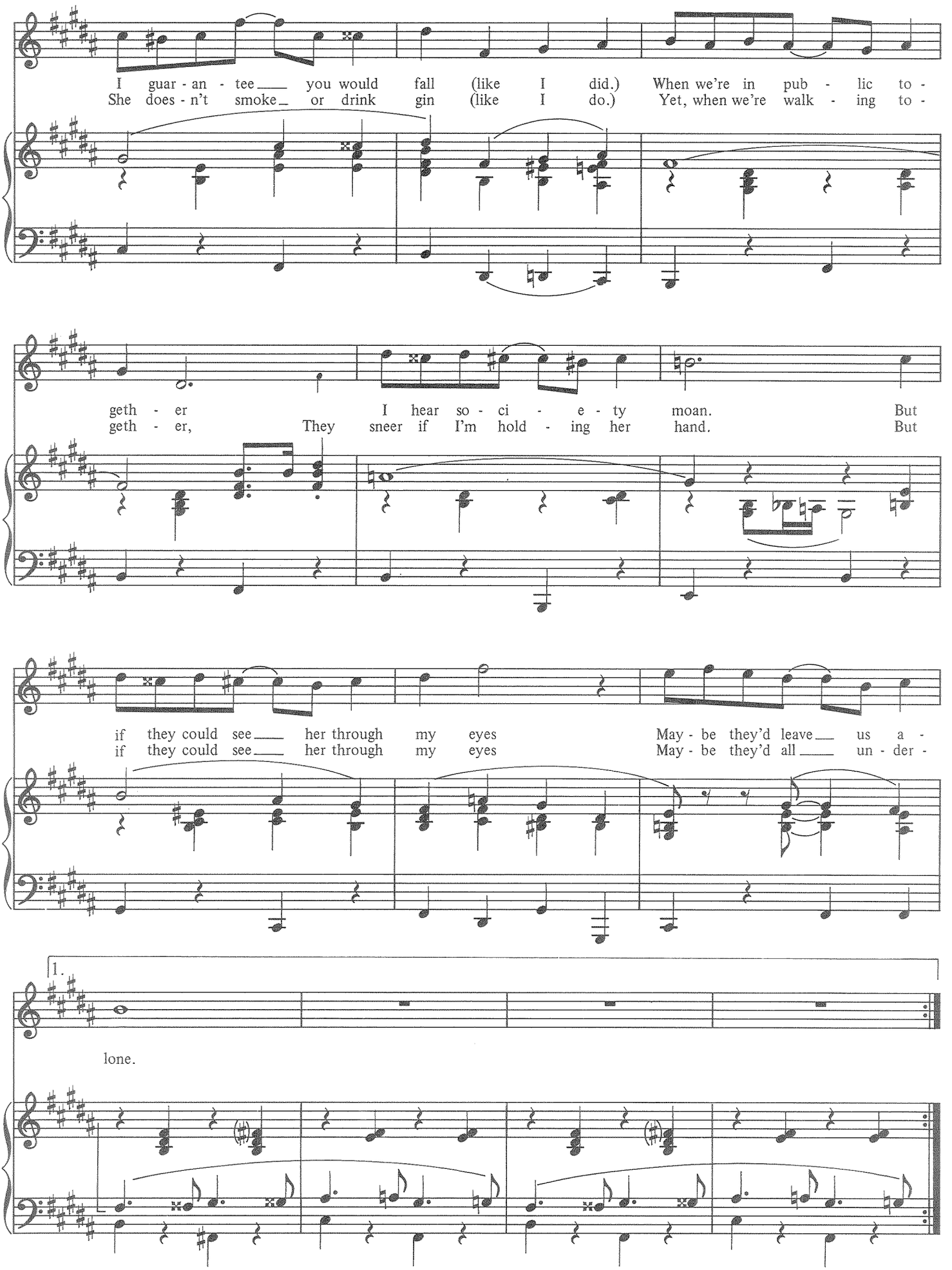
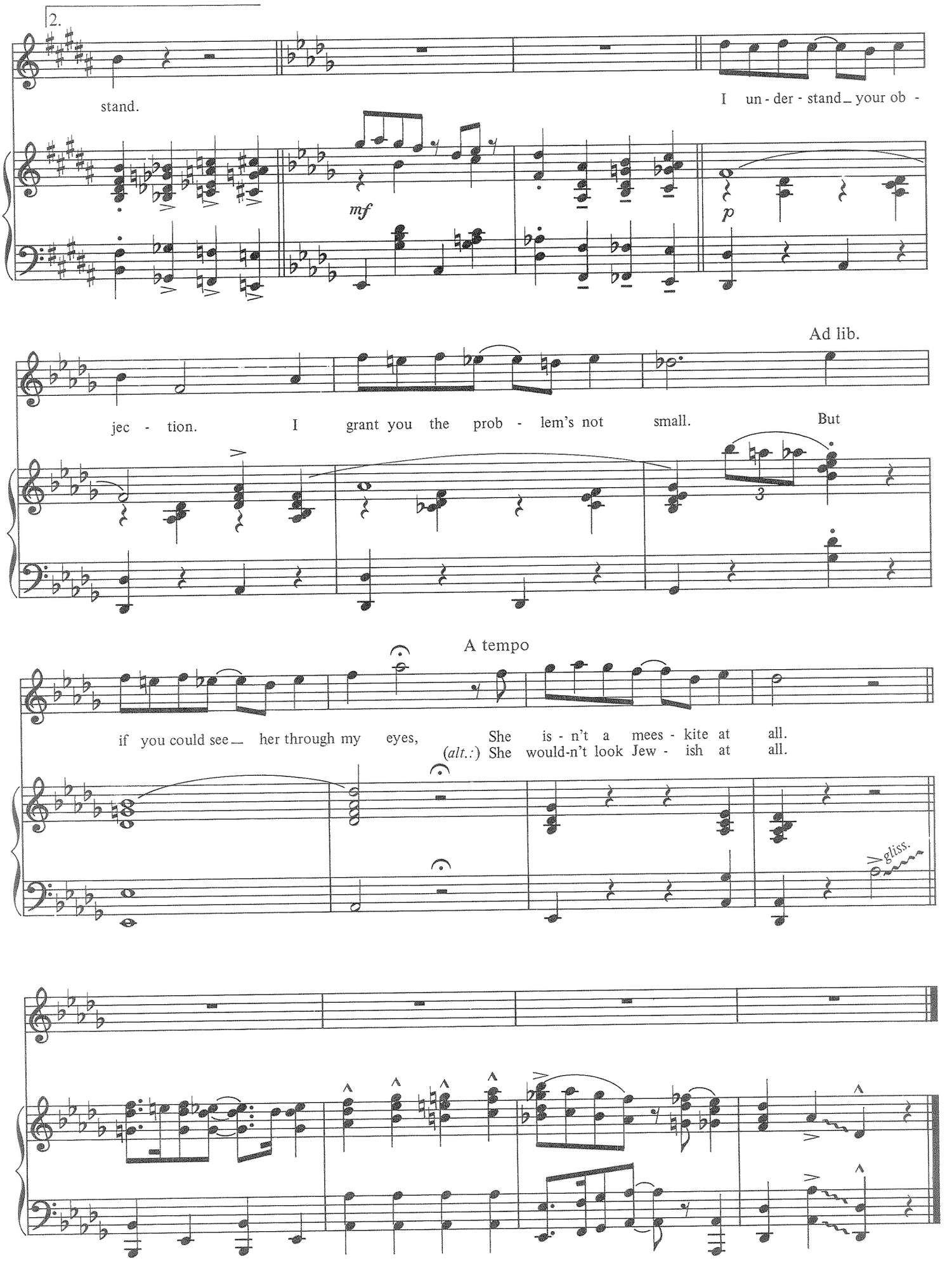
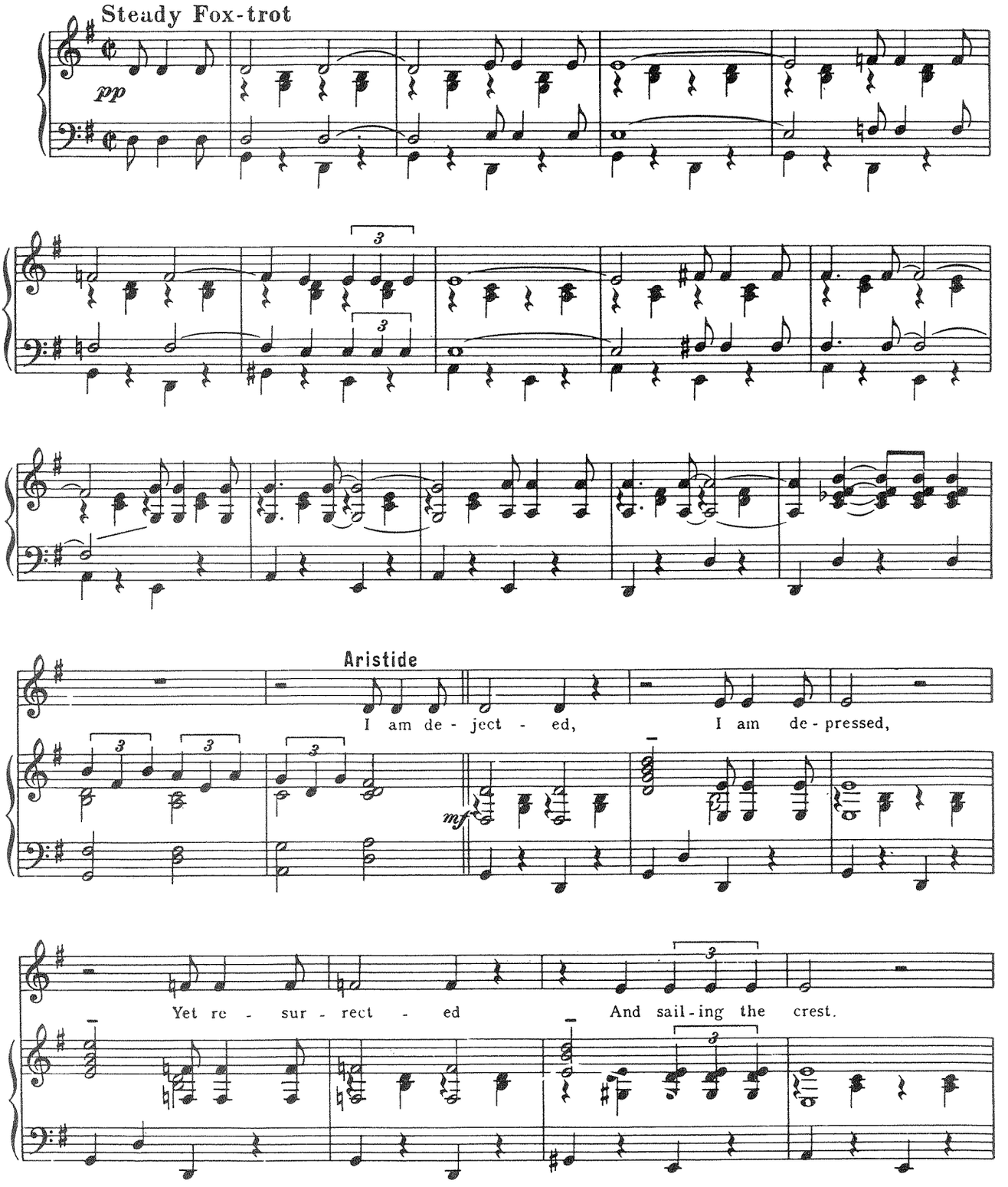

Ad lib.
just a first im-pres - sion, What good's a first im-pres - sion? If you
(ad lib.)
knew her like I do It would change your point of view.
rall.
Cb7(F♯7) arp.
(ad lib.)
[Schottische]
If you could see her through my eyes, You would - n't won - der at
How can I speak of her vir - tues? I don't know where to be -
all. If you could see her through my eyes,
gin. She's clev - er, she's smart, she reads mu - sic,


I guar - an - tee you would fall (like I did.) When we're in pub - lic to -
She does - n't smoke or drink gin (like I do.) Yet, when we're walk - ing to -
geth - er I hear so - ci - e - ty moan. But
geth - er, They sneer if I'm hold - ing her hand. But
if they could see her through my eyes May - be they'd leave us a -
if they could see her through my eyes May - be they'd all un - der -
1.
lone.


2.
stand.
I un - der - stand your ob -
mf
p
Ad lib.
jec - tion. I grant you the prob - lem's not small. But
3
A tempo
if you could see her through my eyes, She is - n't a mees - kite at all.
(alt.:) She would-n't look Jew - ish at all.
gliss.

I AM IN LOVE
from *Can-Can*

Words and Music by
COLE PORTER



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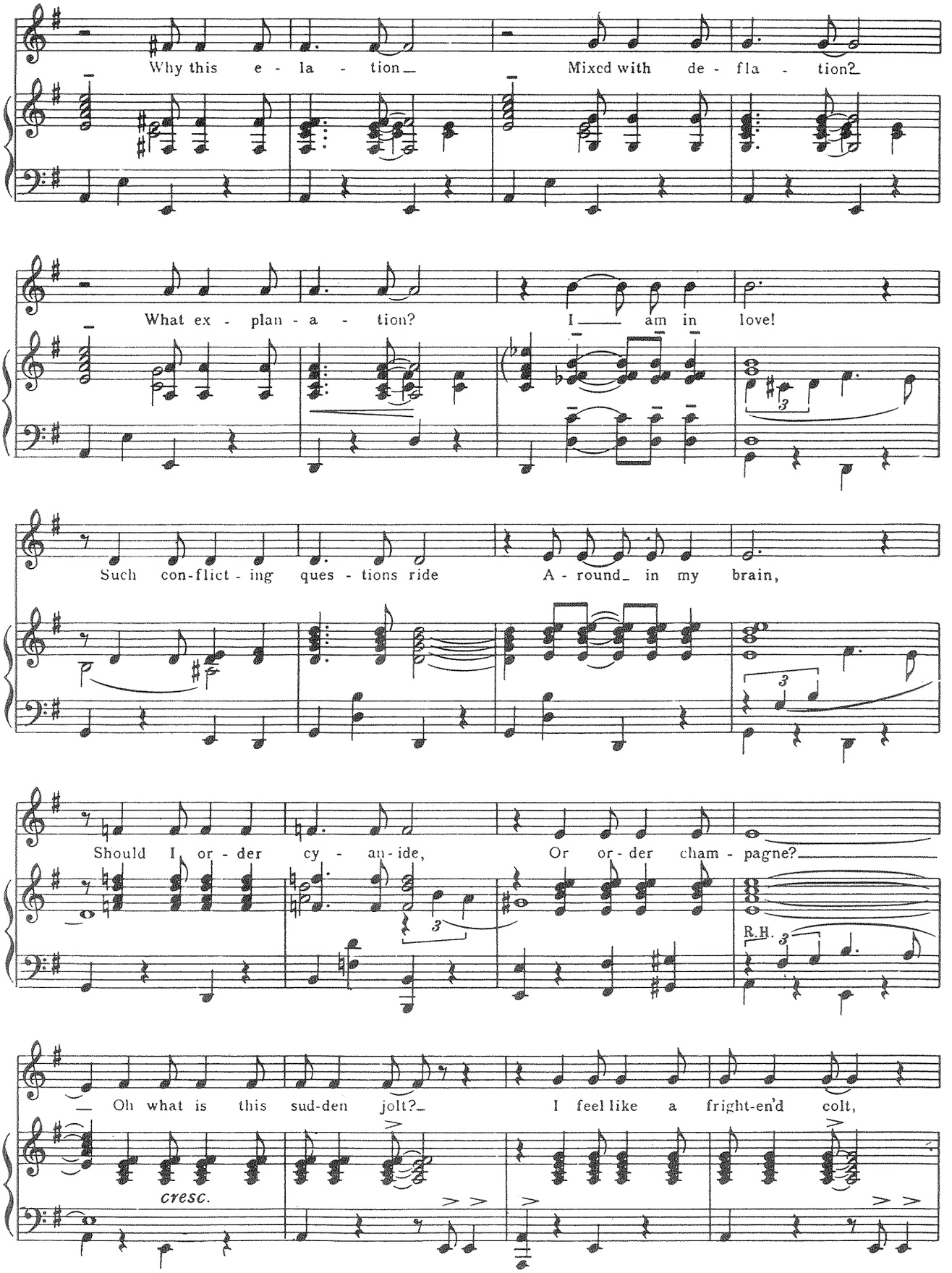
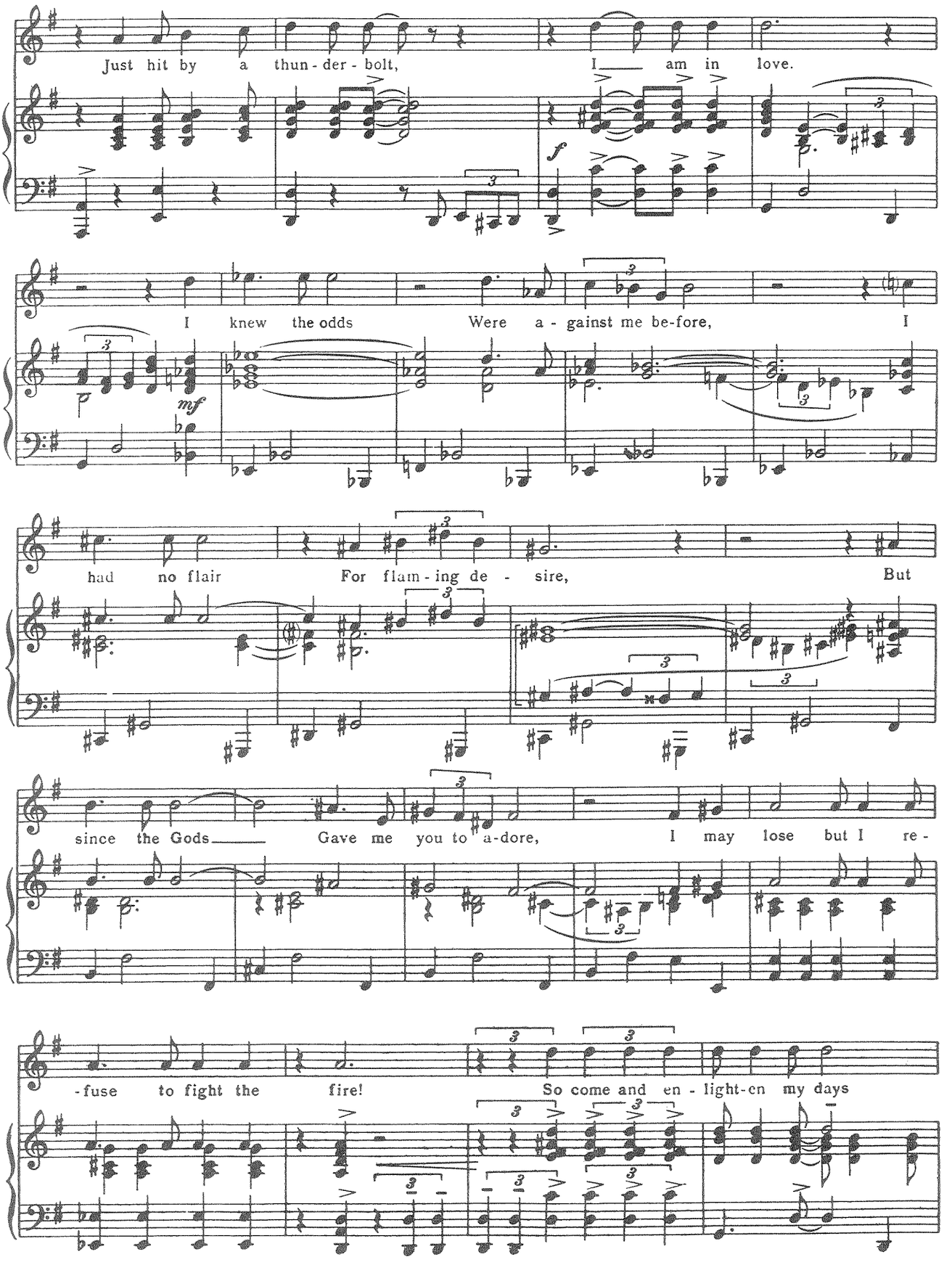
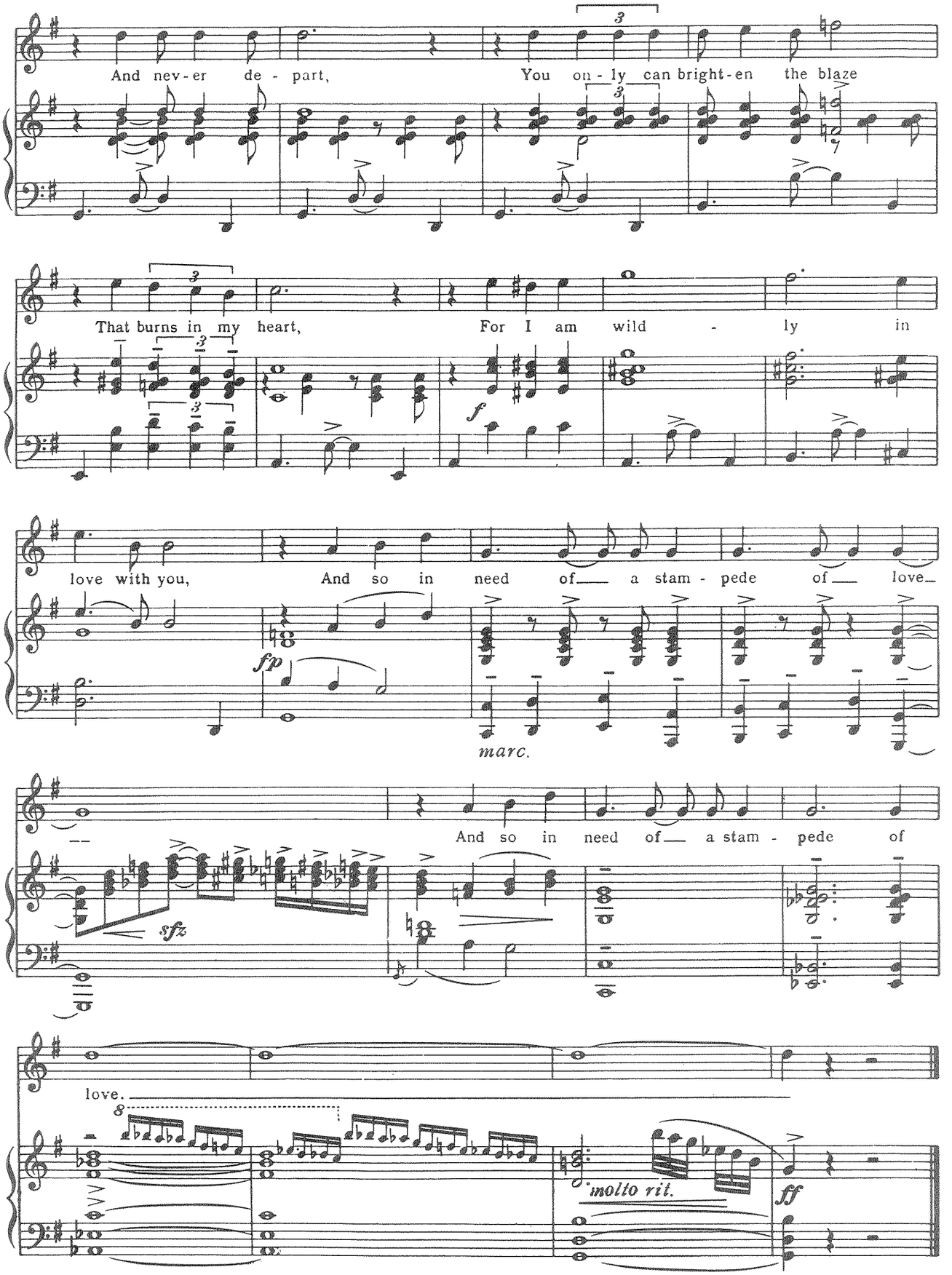

Why this e - la - tion_ Mixed with de - fla - tion?_
What ex - plan - a - tion? I_ am in love!
Such con-flict - ing ques - tions ride A - round_ in my brain,
Should I or - der cy - an-ide, Or or - der cham - pagne?_
R.H.
_ Oh what is this sud-den jolt?_ I feel like a fright-en'd colt,
cresc.

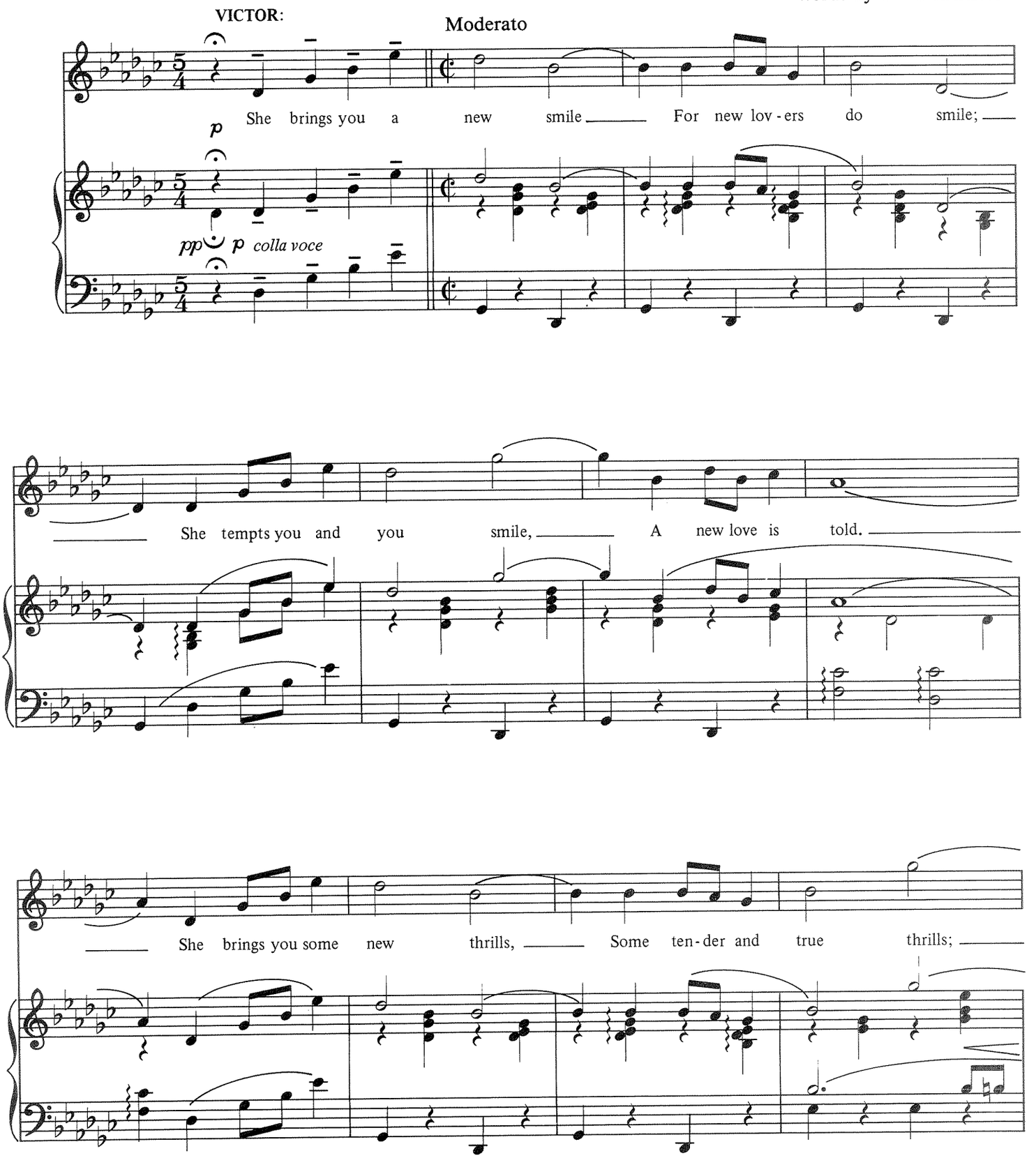

Just hit by a thun - der - bolt, I am in love.
I knew the odds Were a - gainst me be-fore, I
had no flair For flam - ing de - sire, But
since the Gods Gave me you to a-dore, I may lose but I re -
- fuse to fight the fire! So come and en - light-en my days


And nev-er de - part,
You on - ly can bright-en the blaze
That burns in my heart,
For I am wild - ly in
love with you,
And so in need of a stam - pede of love
fp
marc.
And so in need of a stam - pede of
sfz
love.
molto rit.
ff

A NEW LOVE IS OLD

from *The Cat and the Fiddle*

Music by JEROME KERN
Words by OTTO HARBACH



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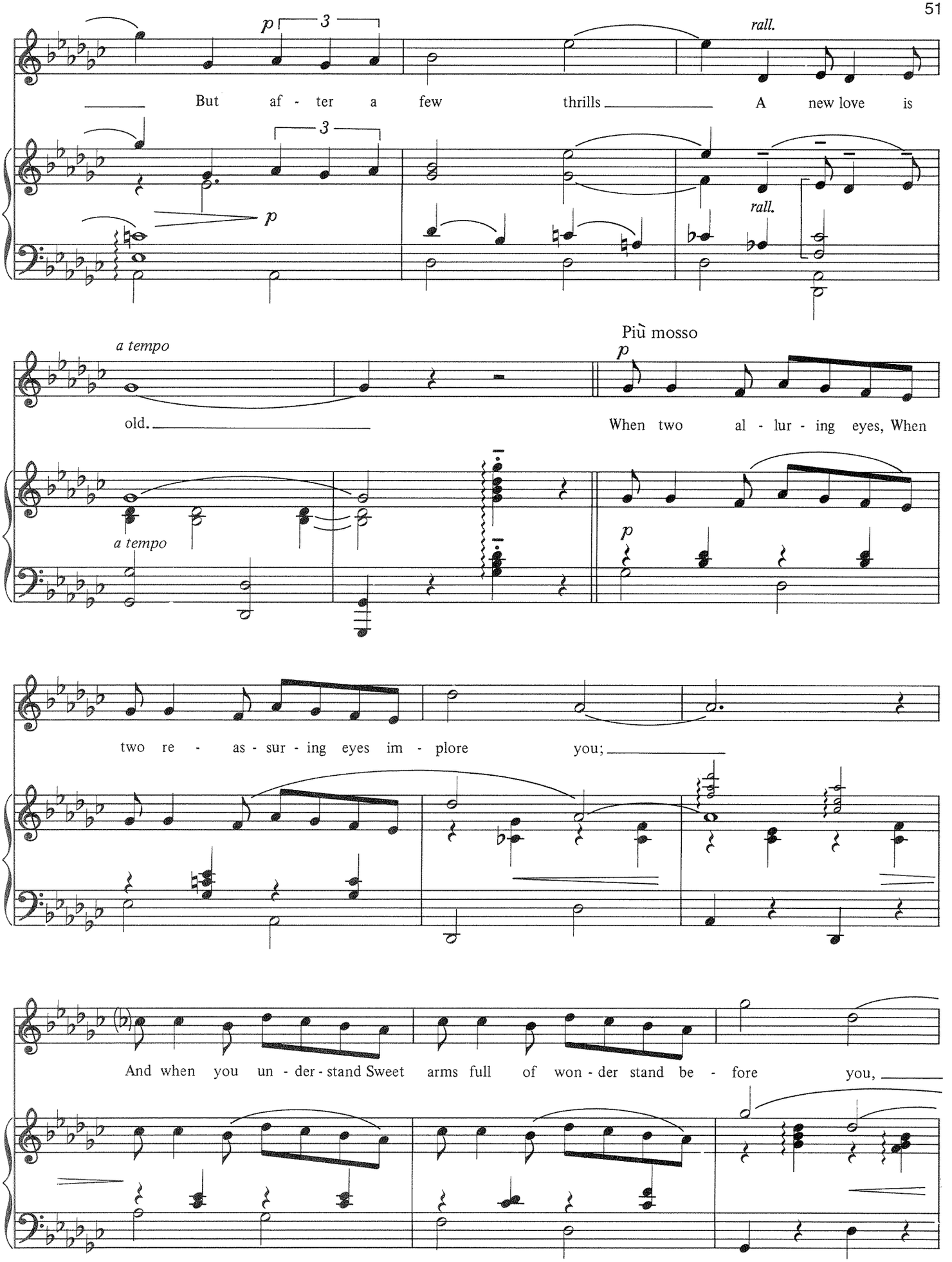
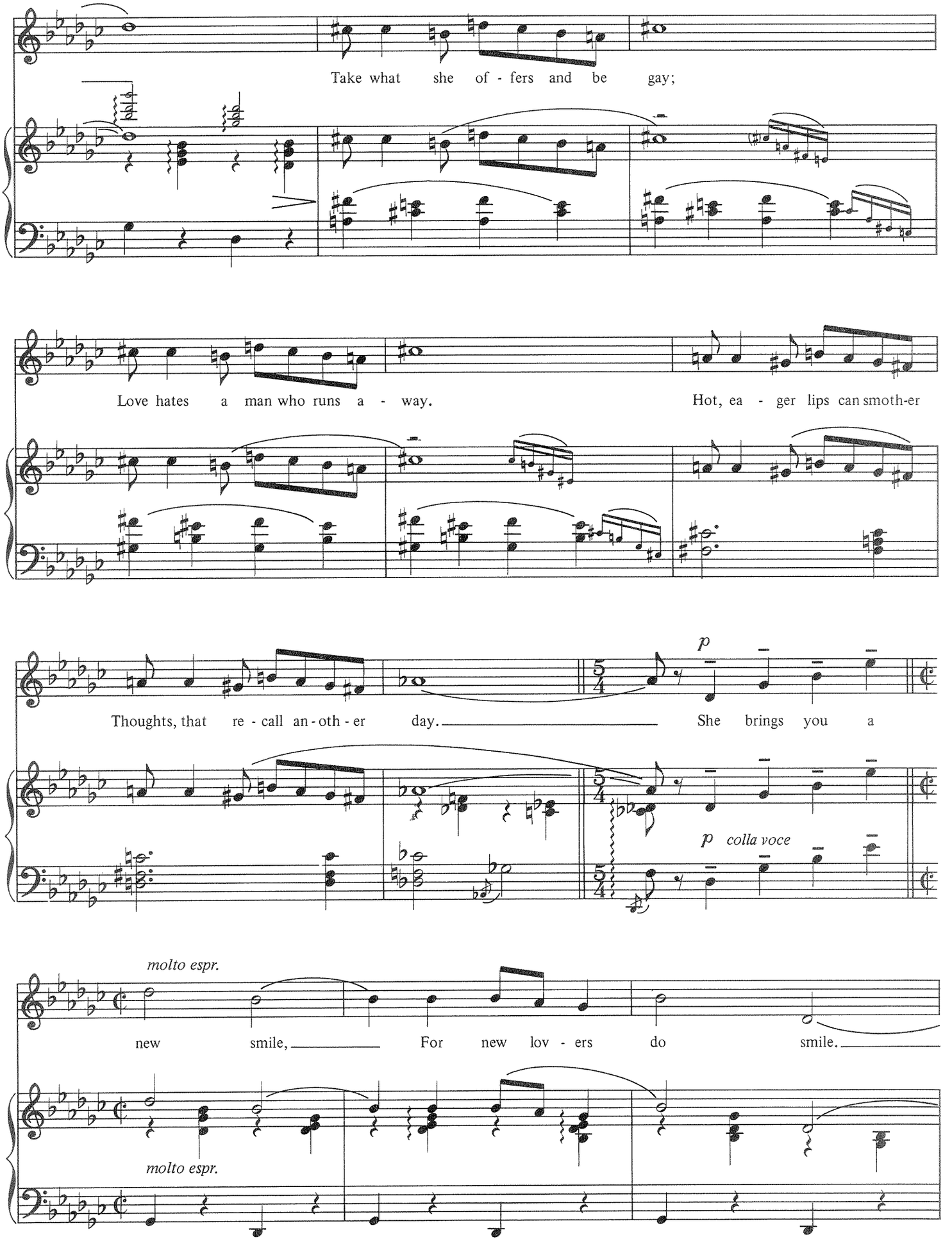
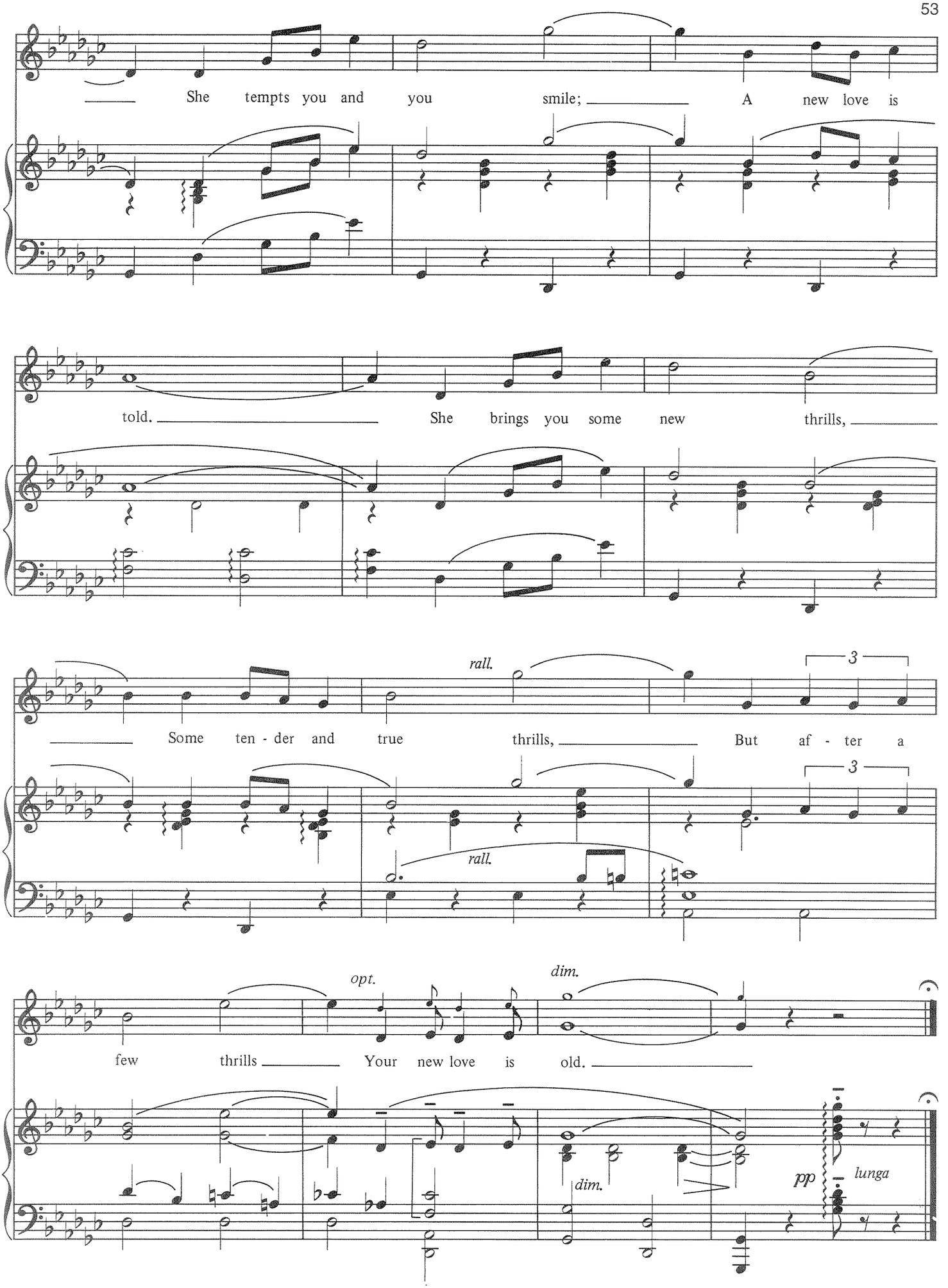

p
3
rall.
But af - ter a few thrills A new love is
a tempo
old.
Più mosso
When two al - lur - ing eyes, When
two re - as - sur - ing eyes im - plore you;
And when you un - der - stand Sweet arms full of won - der stand be - fore you,

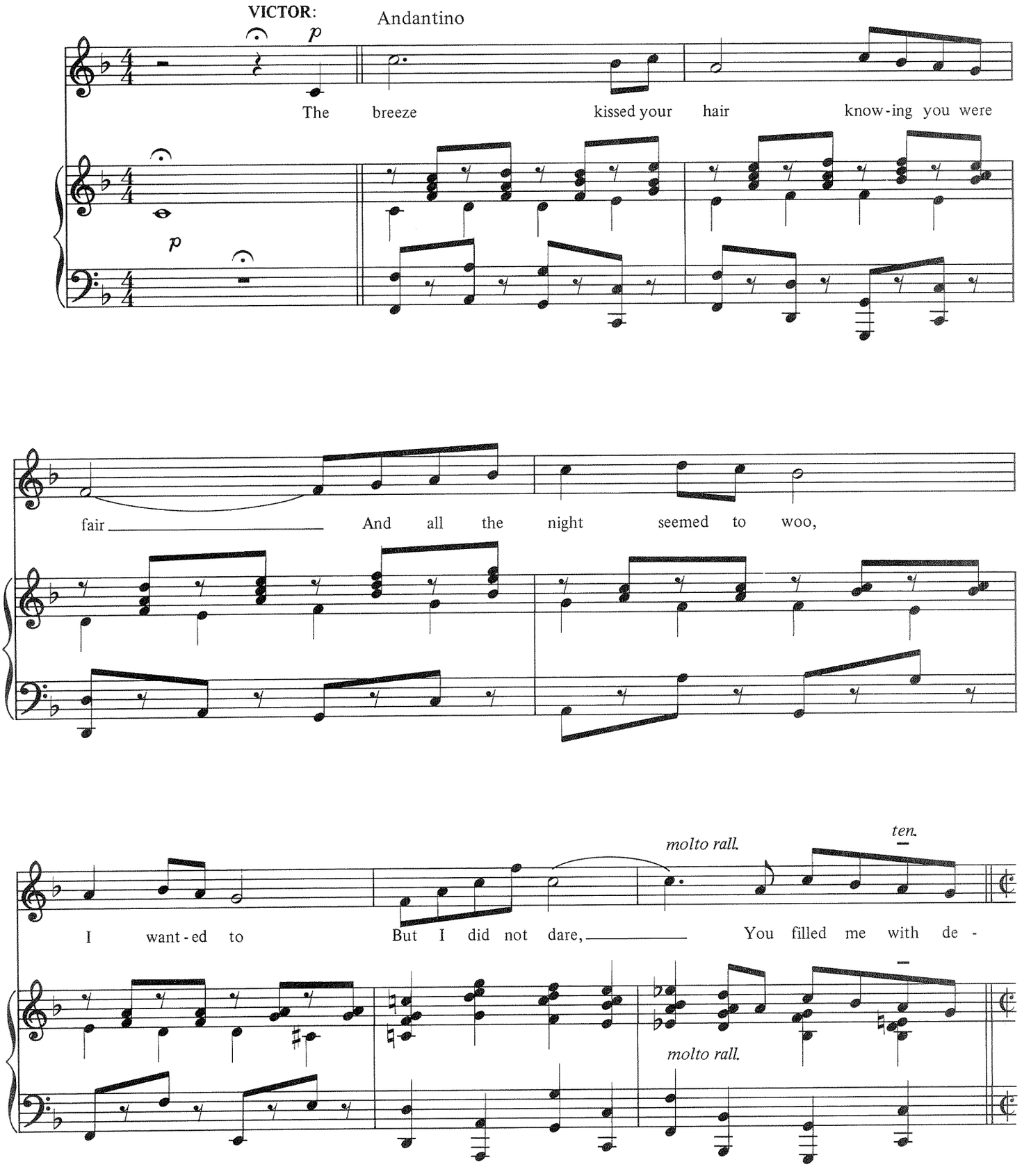

Take what she of - fers and be gay;
Love hates a man who runs a - way.
Hot, ea - ger lips can smoth-er
Thoughts, that re - call an - oth - er day.
She brings you a
p
p colla voce
molto espr.
new smile,
For new lov - ers do smile.
molto espr.


She tempts you and you smile; A new love is
told. She brings you some new thrills,
rall.
3
Some ten - der and true thrills, But af - ter a
rall.
3
opt.
dim.
few thrills Your new love is old.
dim.
pp
lunga

THE BREEZE KISSED YOUR HAIR

from *The Cat and the Fiddle*

Music by JEROME KERN
Words by OTTO HARBACH



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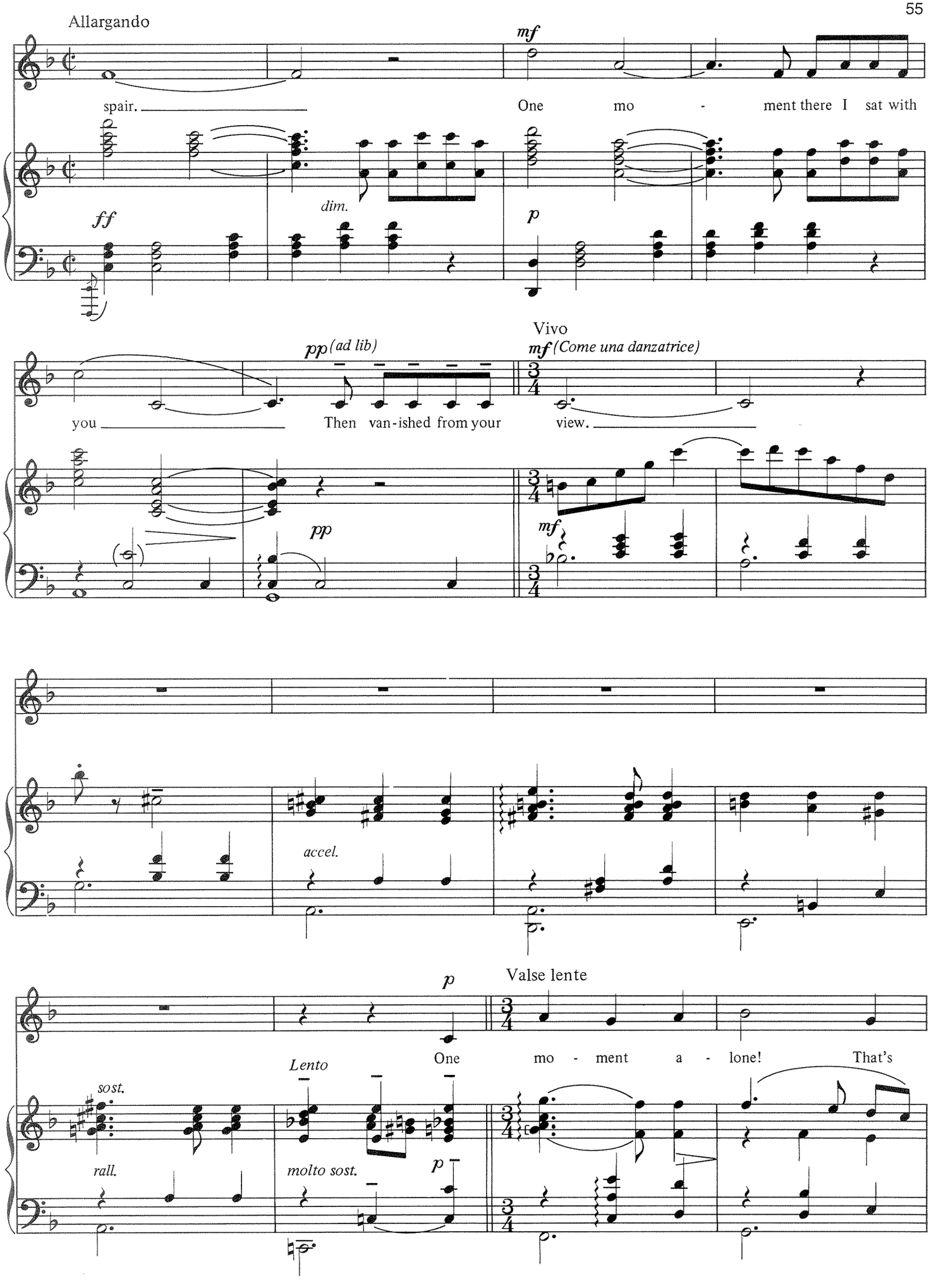
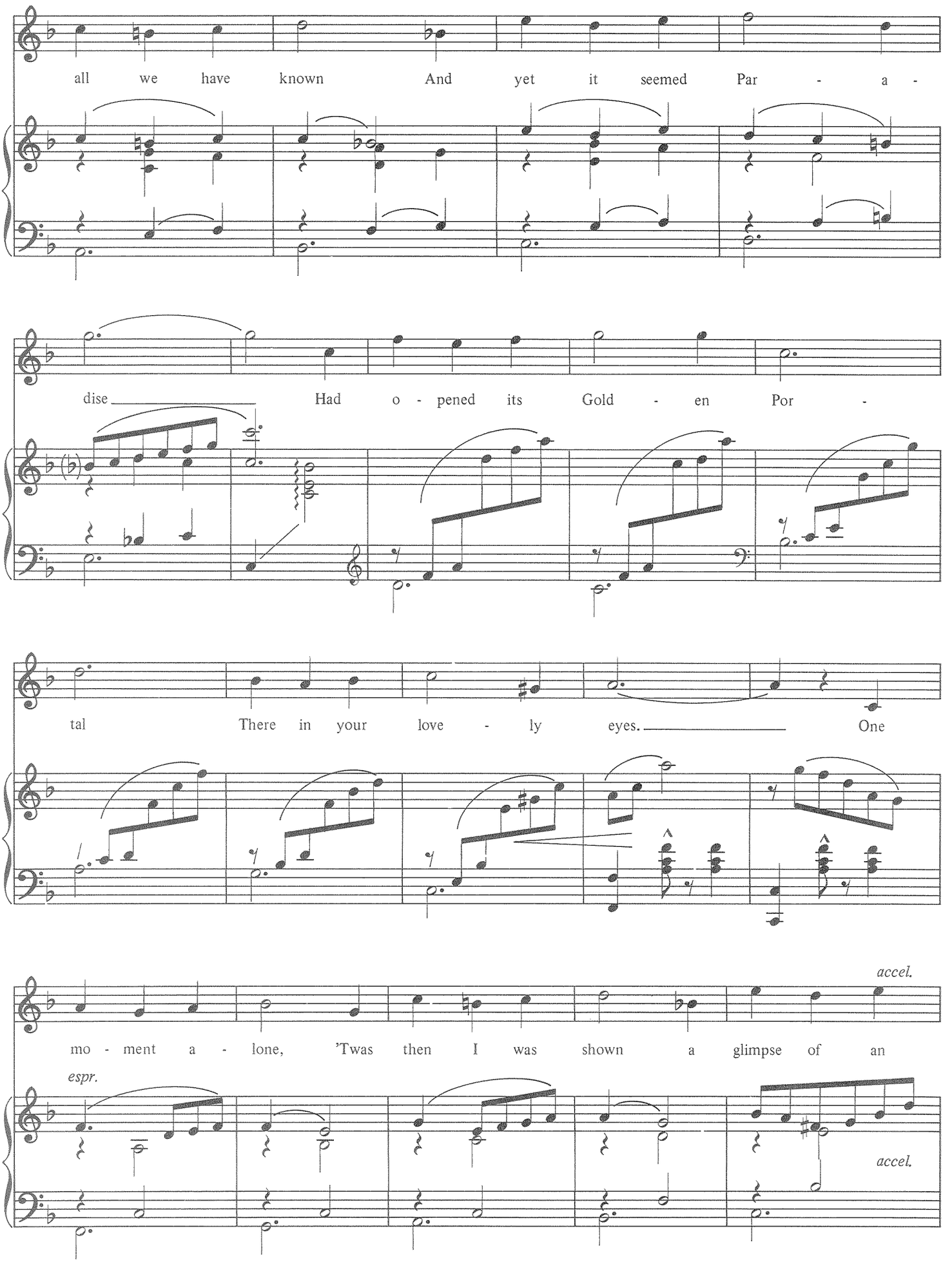
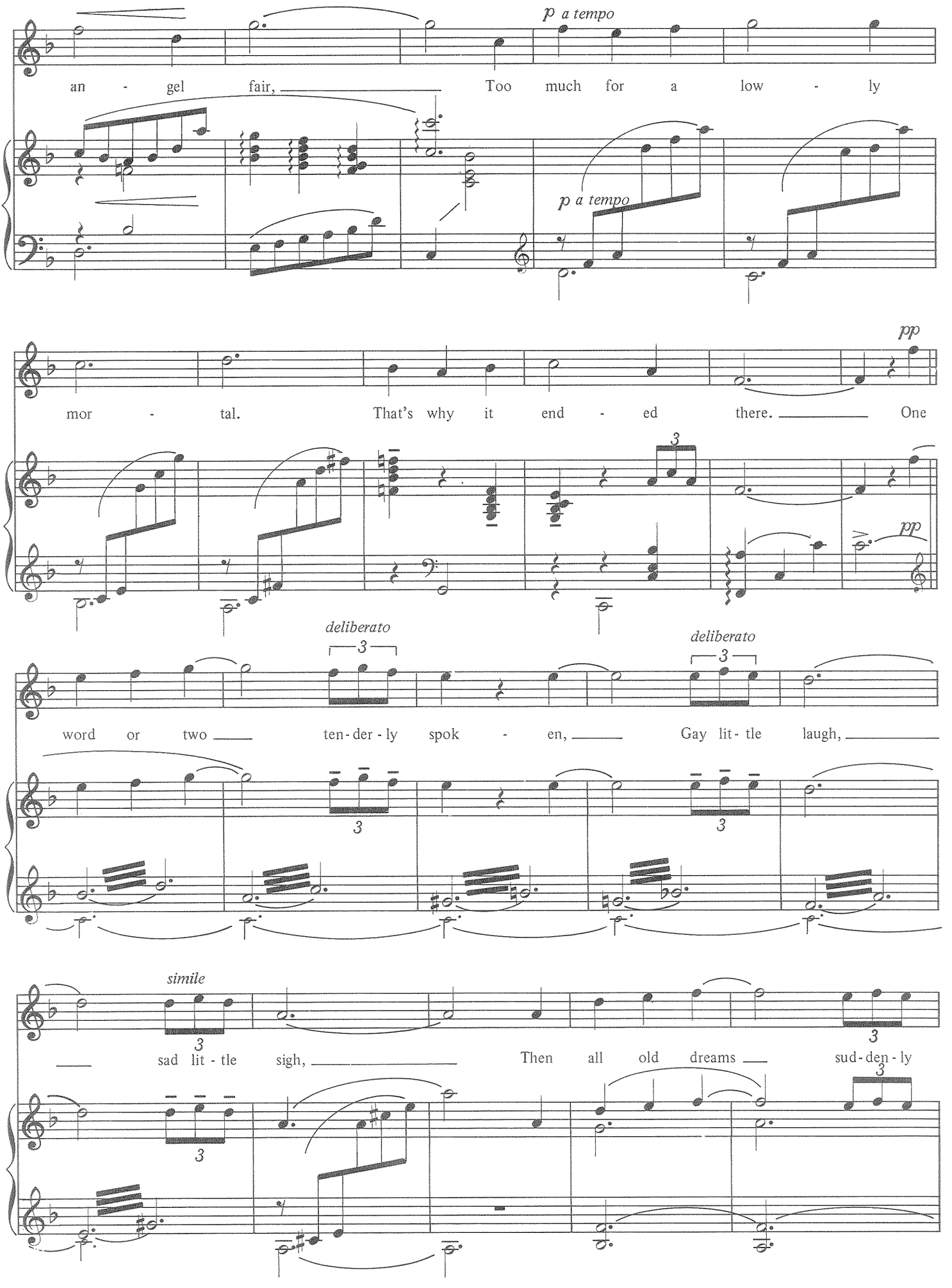
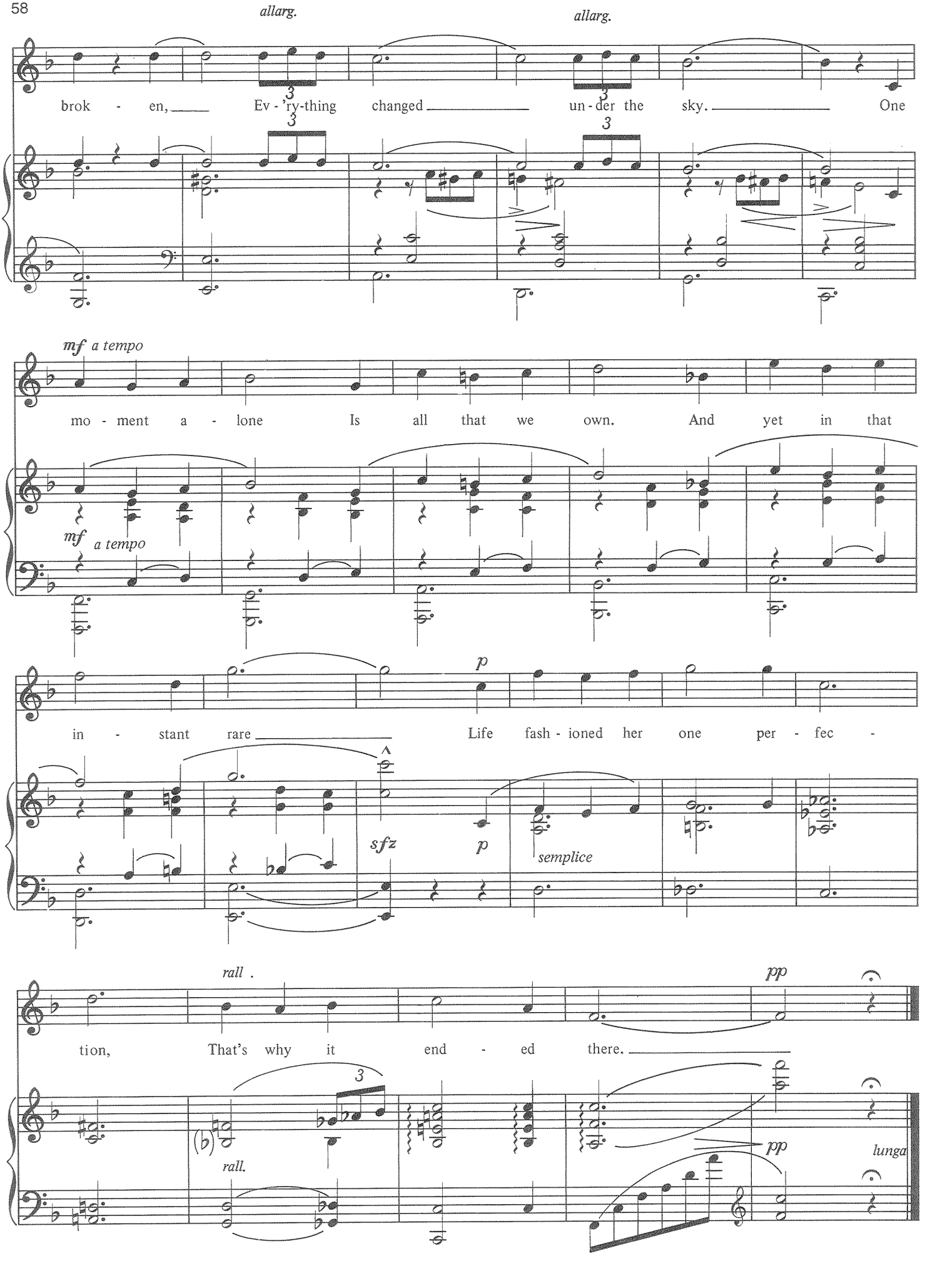

Allargando
mf
spair.
One mo - ment there I sat with
ff
dim.
p
Vivo
pp (ad lib)
mf (Come una danzatrice)
you
Then van-ished from your
view.
pp
mf
accel.
p
Valse lente
Lento
One mo - ment a - lone! That's
sost.
rall.
molto sost.
p


all we have known And yet it seemed Par - a -
dise Had o - pened its Gold - en Por -
tal There in your love - ly eyes. One
mo - ment a - lone, 'Twas then I was shown a glimpse of an
accel.
espr.
accel.

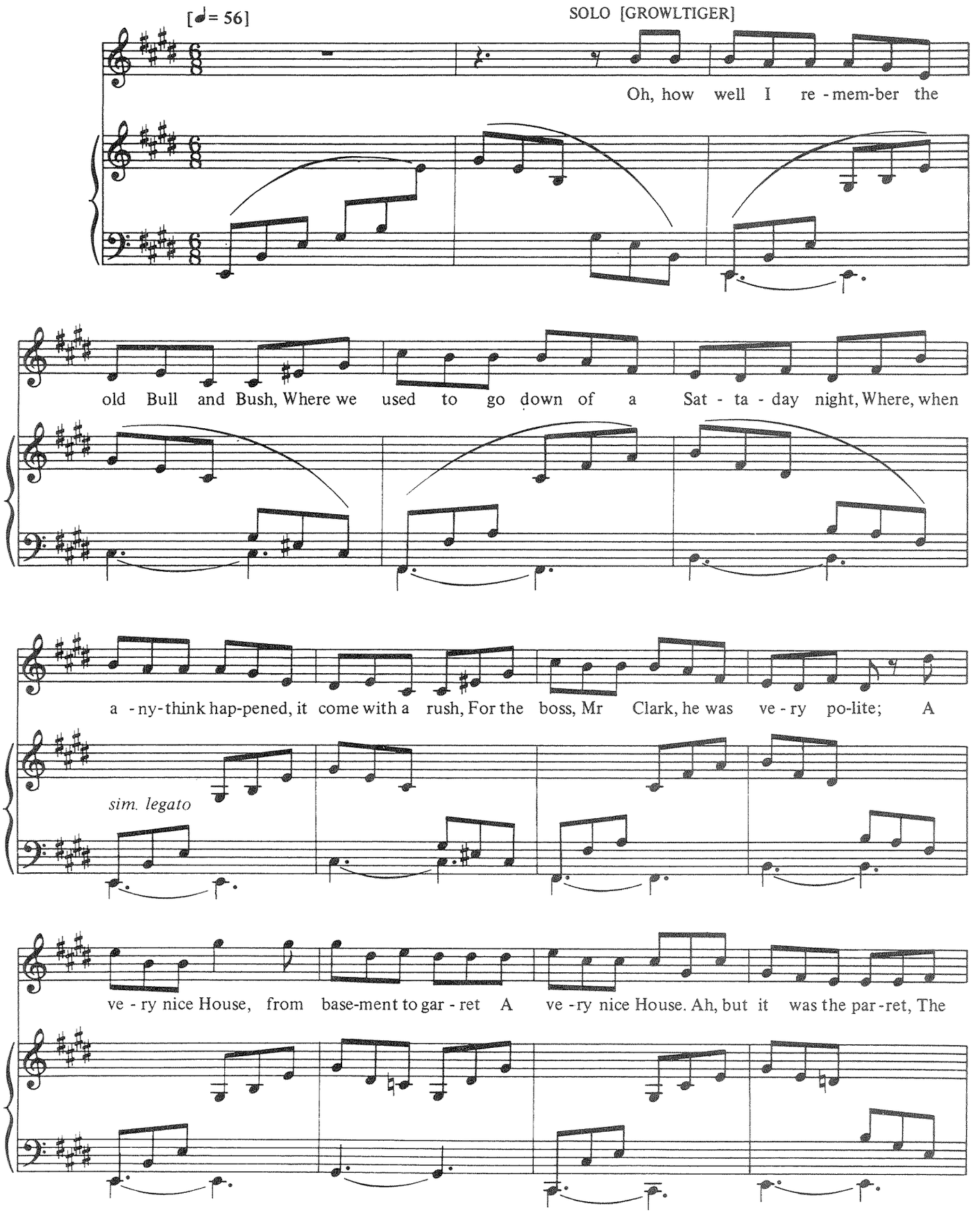

p a tempo
an - gel fair, Too much for a low - ly
p a tempo
pp
mor - tal. That's why it end - ed there. One
pp
deliberato
deliberato
word or two ten - der - ly spok - en, Gay lit - tle laugh,
simile
sad lit - tle sigh, Then all old dreams sud - den - ly


allarg.
allarg.
brok - en, Ev - 'ry-thing changed un - der the sky. One
mf a tempo
mo - ment a - lone Is all that we own. And yet in that
mf a tempo
p
in - stant rare Life fash - ioned her one per - fec -
sfz
p
semplice
rall .
pp
tion, That's why it end - ed there.
rall.
pp
lunga

THE BALLAD OF BILLY M'CAW

from *Cats*

Words by T.S. ELIOT
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER



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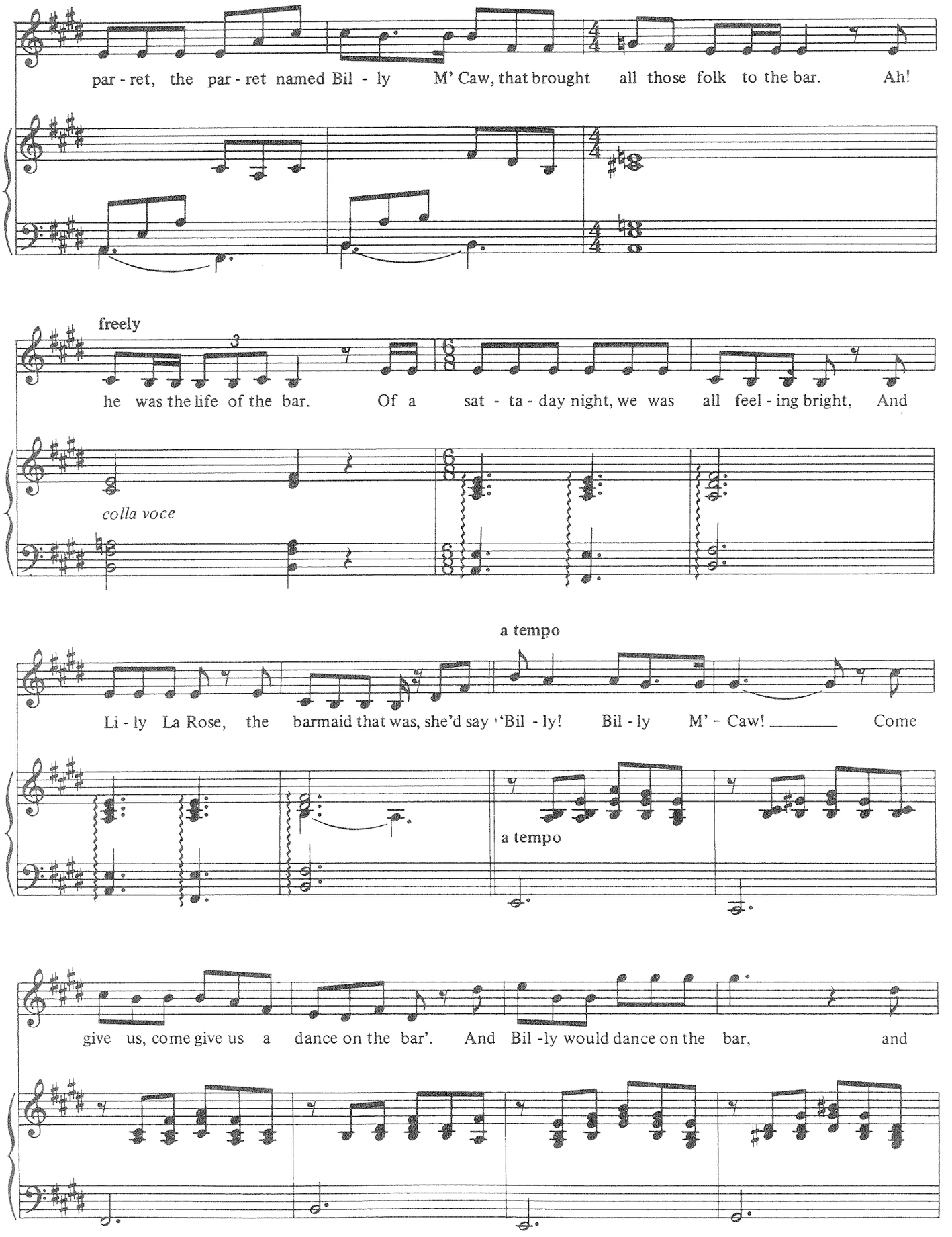
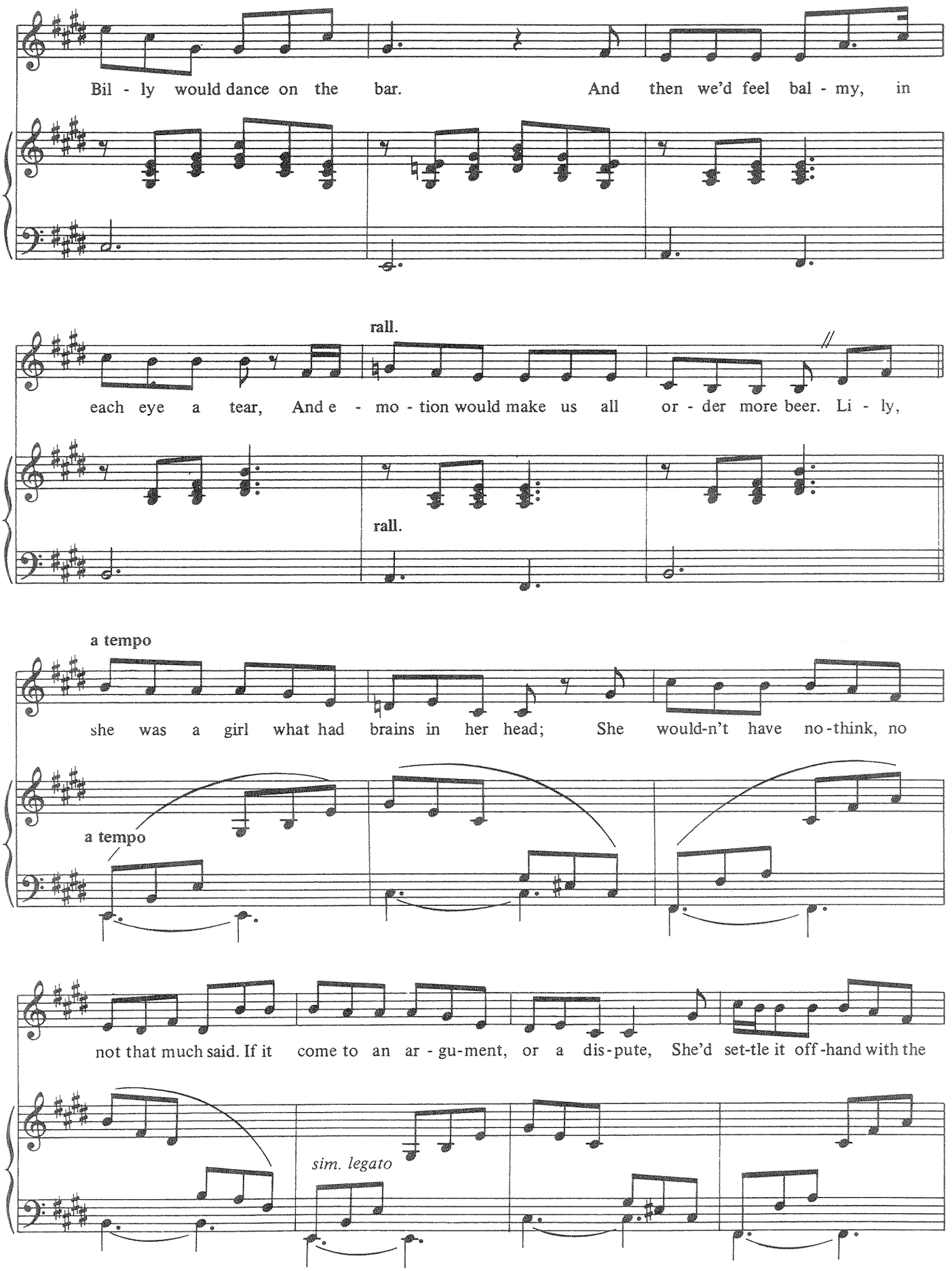
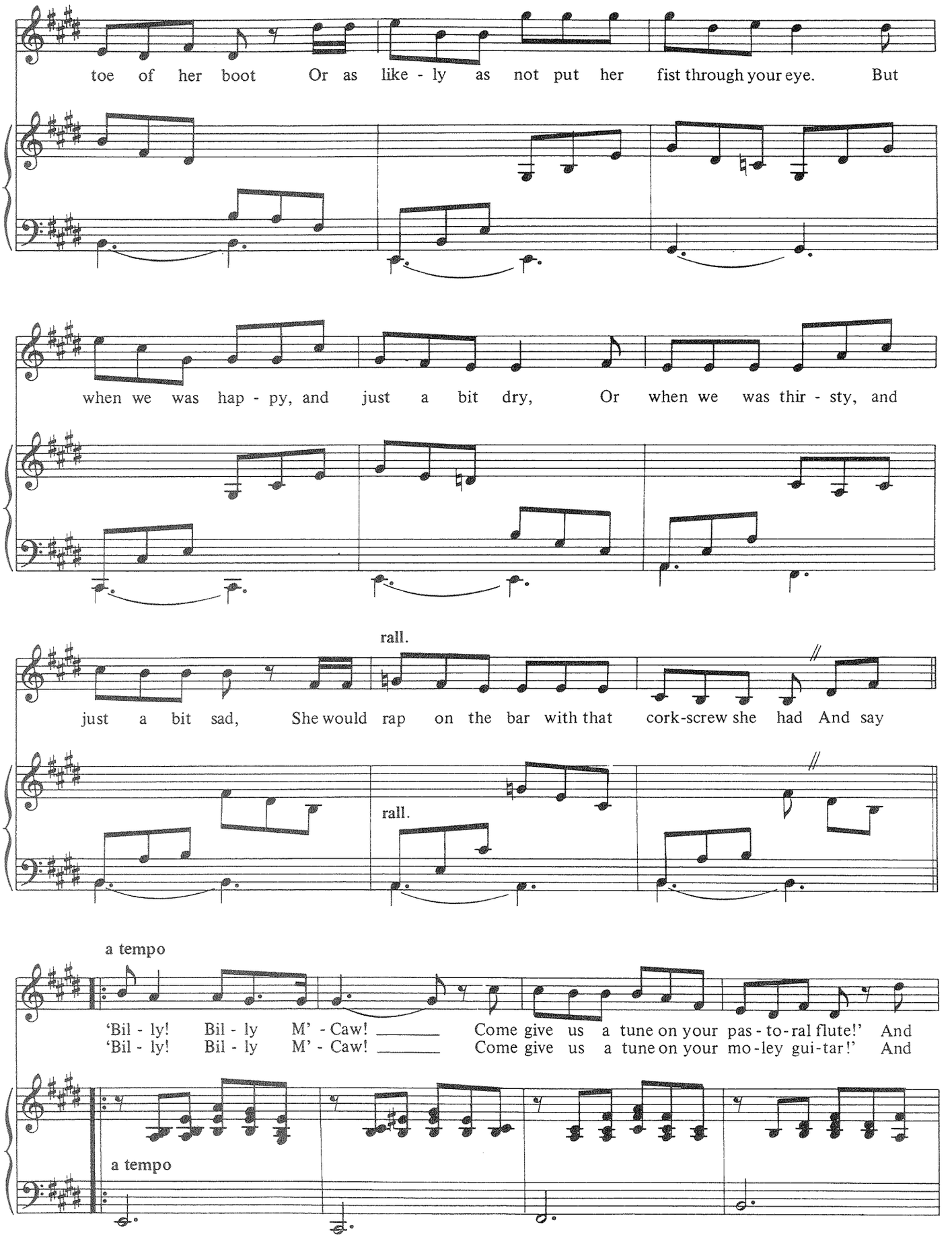
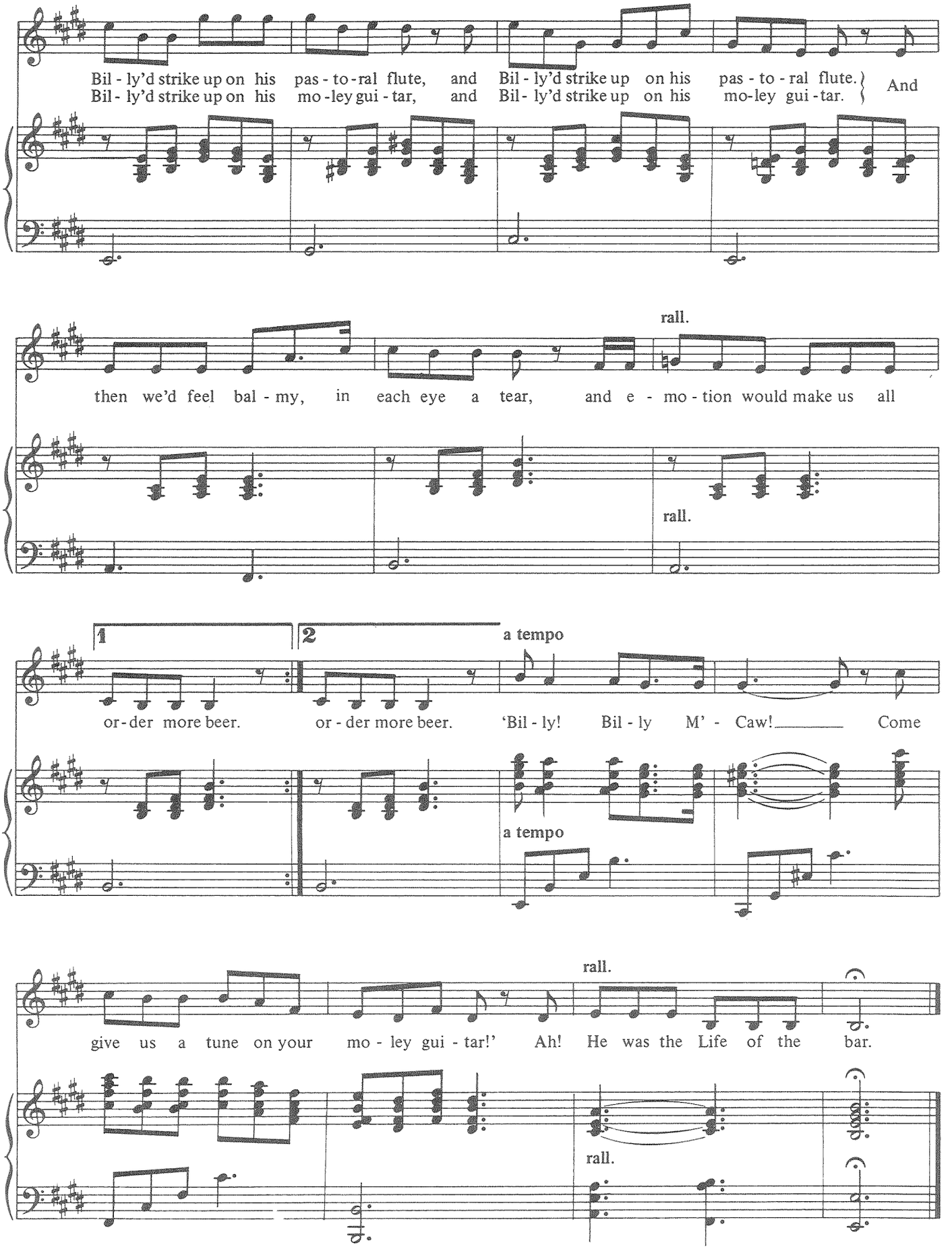

par - ret, the par - ret named Bil - ly M' Caw, that brought all those folk to the bar. Ah!
freely
he was the life of the bar. Of a sat - ta - day night, we was all feel - ing bright, And
colla voce
a tempo
Li - ly La Rose, the barmaid that was, she'd say "Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come
a tempo
give us, come give us a dance on the bar'. And Bil -ly would dance on the bar, and


Bil - ly would dance on the bar. And then we'd feel bal - my, in
rall.
each eye a tear, And e - mo - tion would make us all or - der more beer. Li - ly,
rall.
a tempo
she was a girl what had brains in her head; She would-n't have no-think, no
a tempo
not that much said. If it come to an ar - gu-ment, or a dis-pute, She'd set-tle it off-hand with the
sim. legato

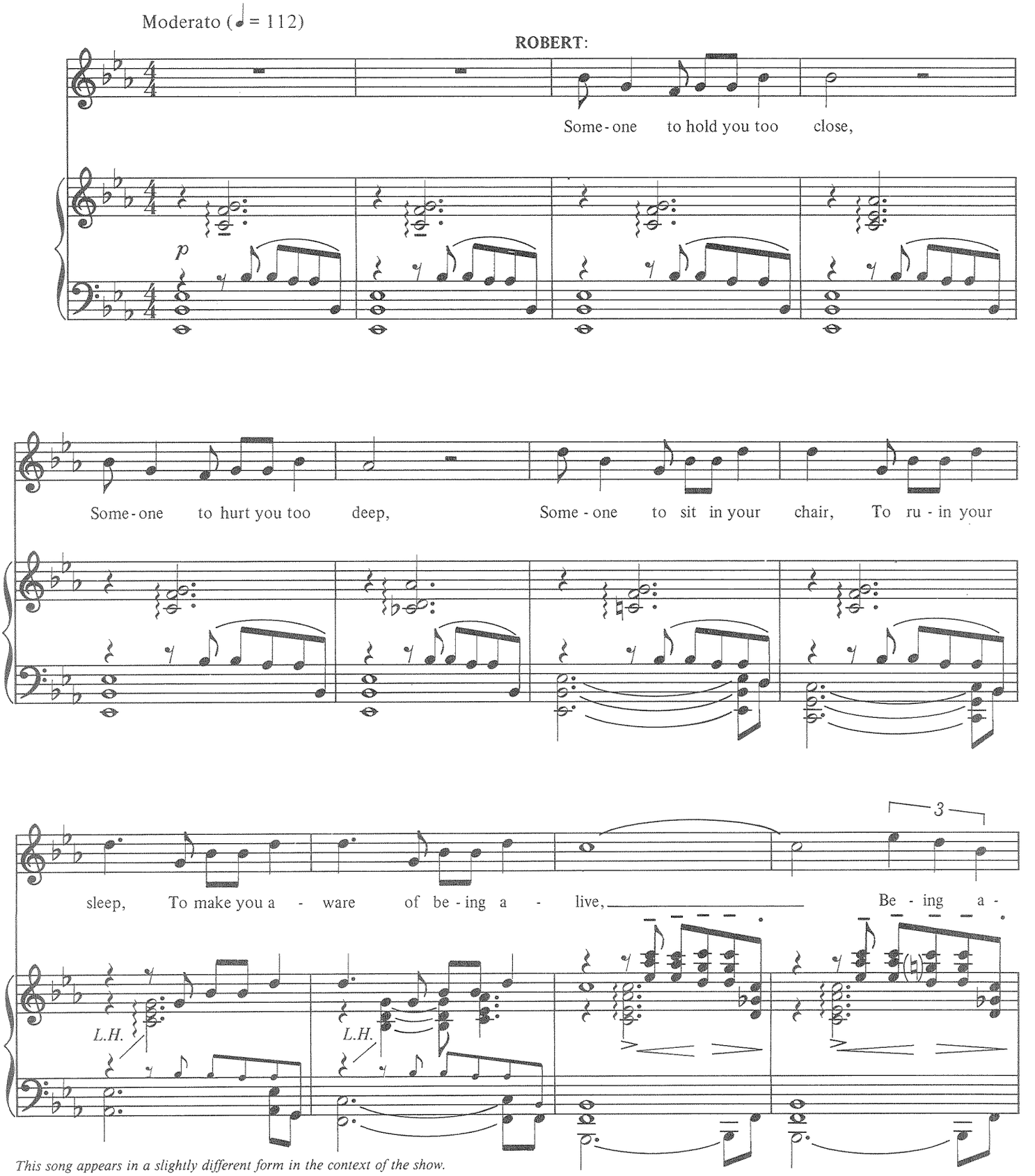

toe of her boot Or as like - ly as not put her fist through your eye. But
when we was hap - py, and just a bit dry, Or when we was thir - sty, and
rall.
just a bit sad, She would rap on the bar with that cork-screw she had And say
rall.
a tempo
'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! _____ Come give us a tune on your pas - to - ral flute!' And
'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! _____ Come give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar!' And
a tempo


Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his pas - to - ral flute.
Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo - ley gui - tar, and Bil - ly'd strike up on his mo-ley gui - tar.
And
rall.
then we'd feel bal - my, in each eye a tear, and e - mo - tion would make us all
rall.
1
2
a tempo
or - der more beer. or - der more beer. 'Bil - ly! Bil - ly M' - Caw! Come
a tempo
rall.
give us a tune on your mo - ley gui - tar!' Ah! He was the Life of the bar.
rall.

BEING ALIVE

from *Company*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



This song appears in a slightly different form in the context of the show.

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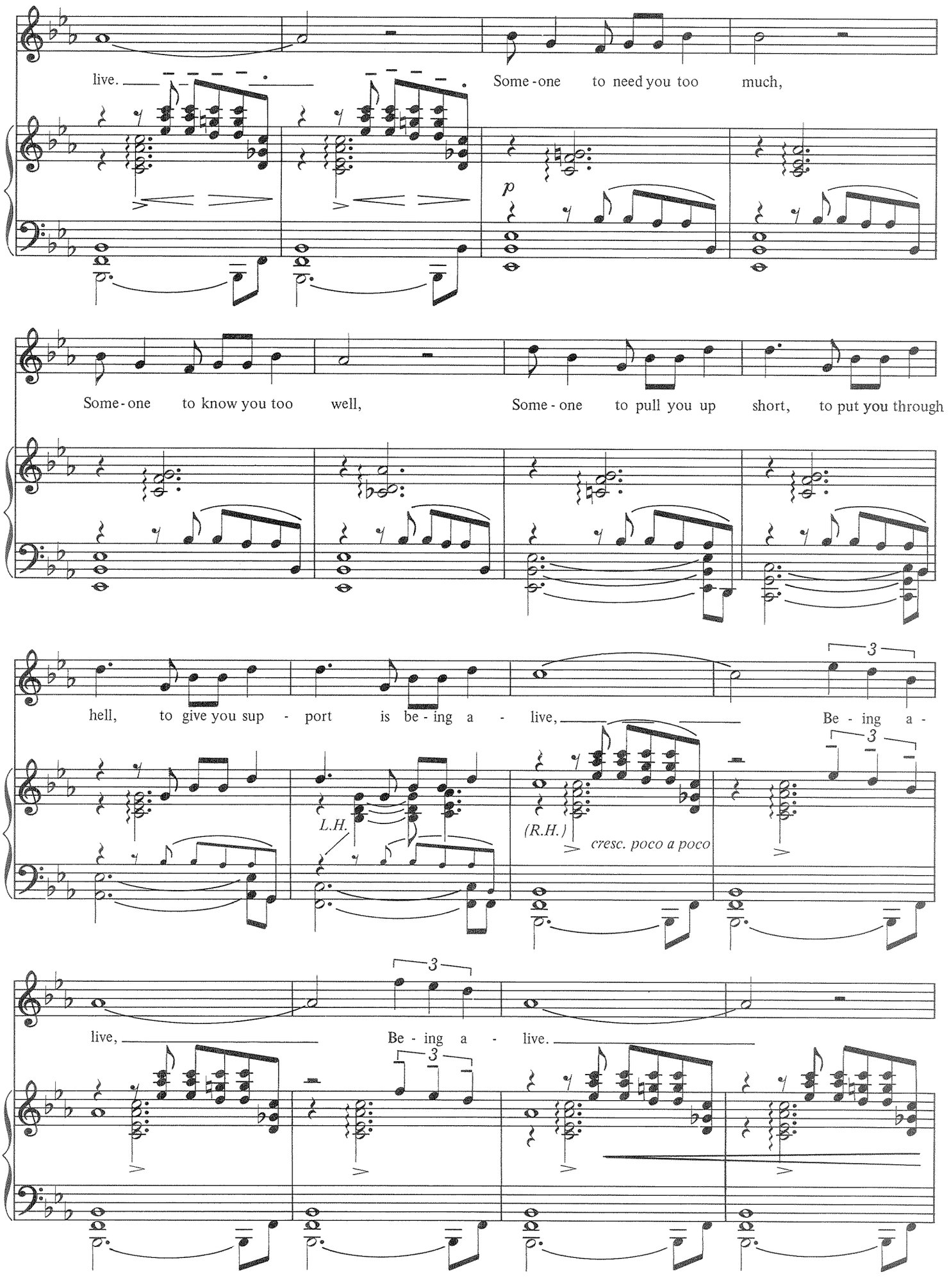
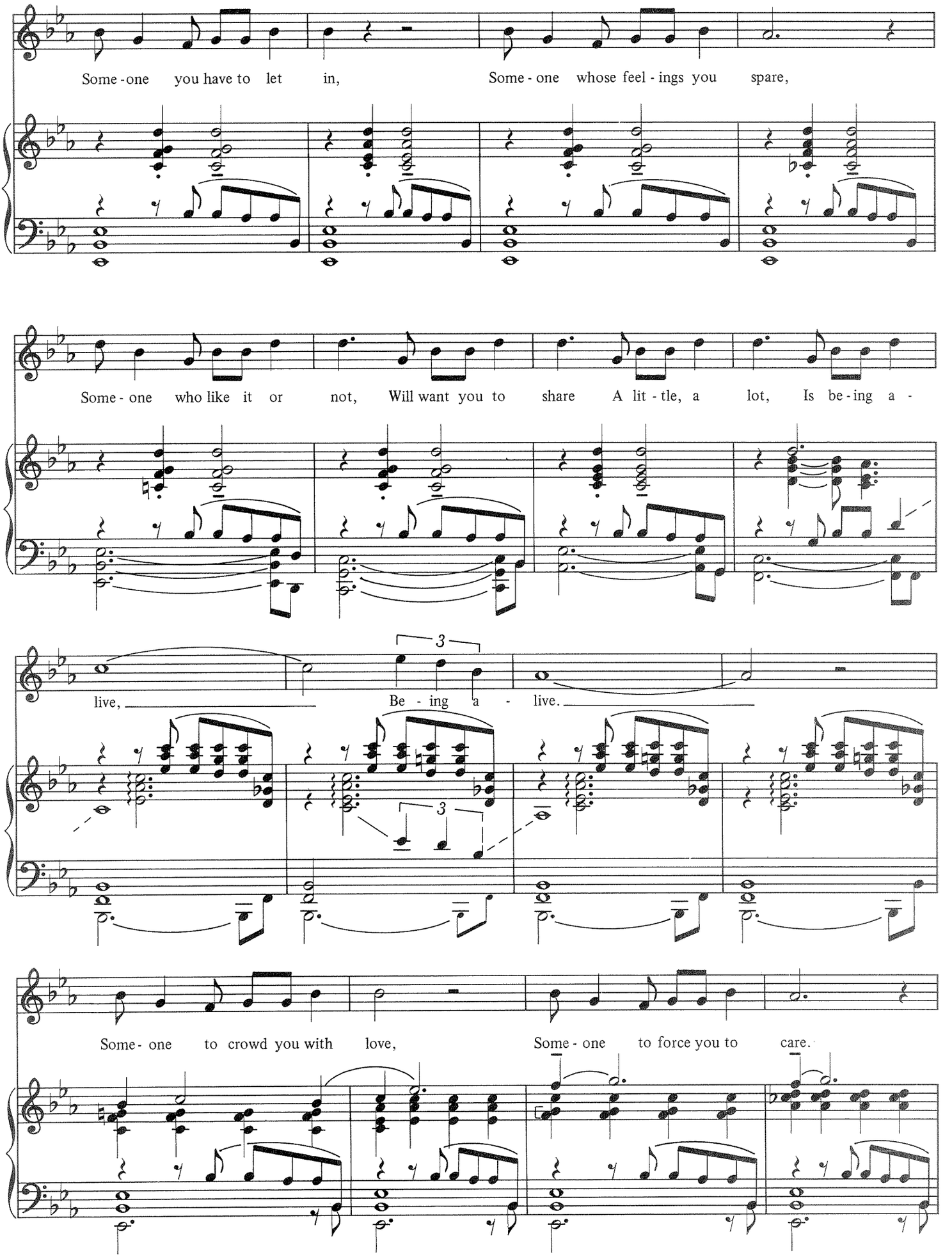
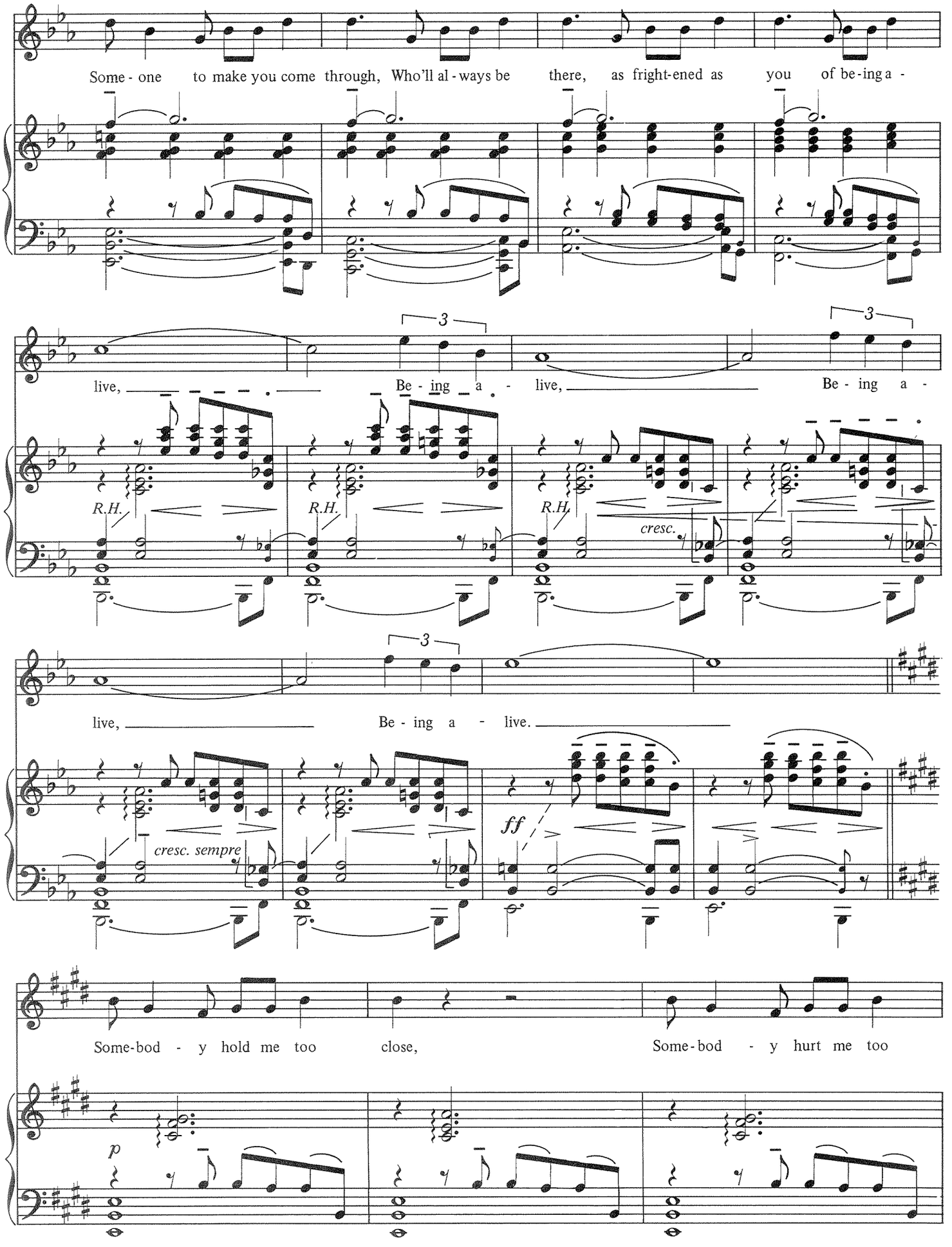
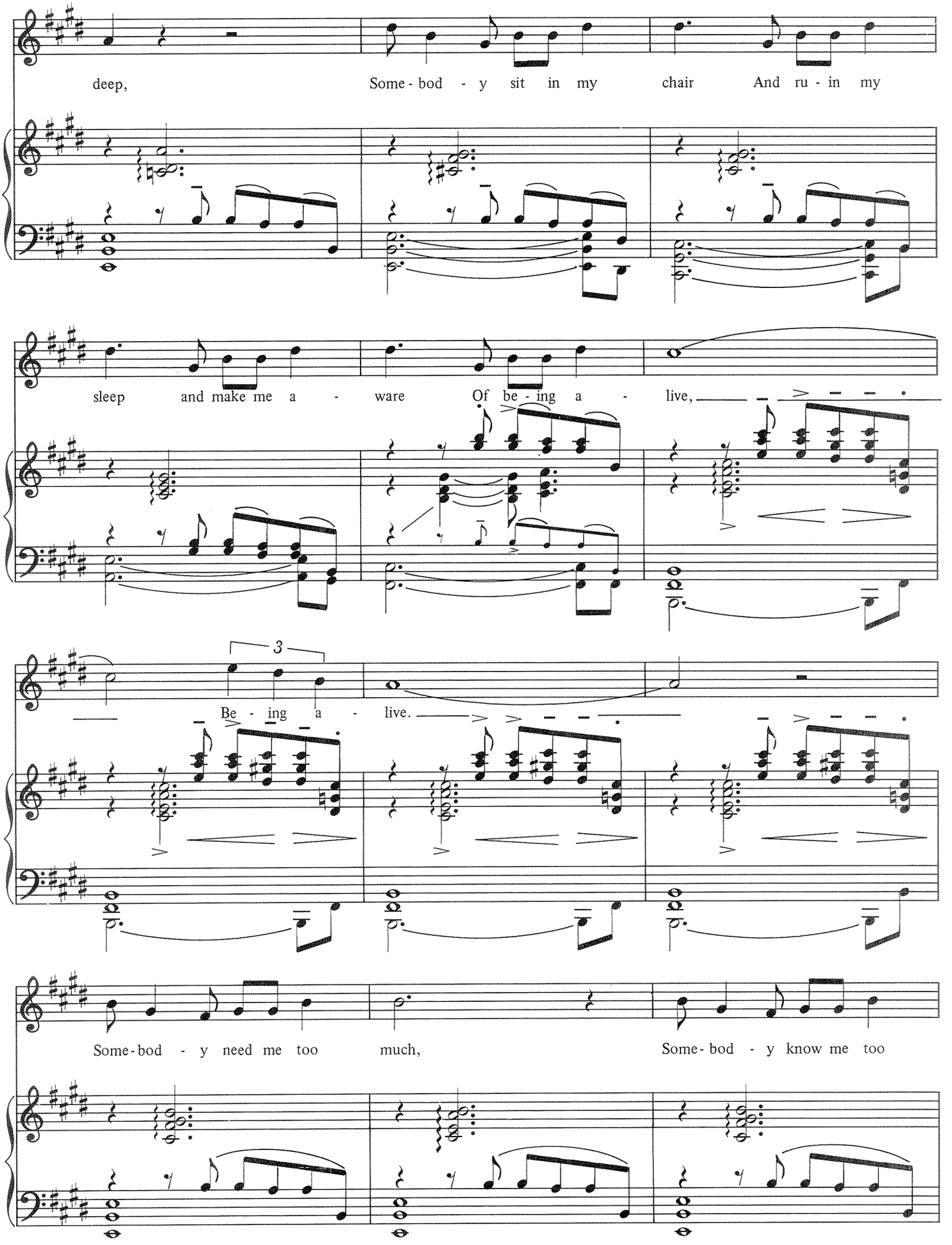
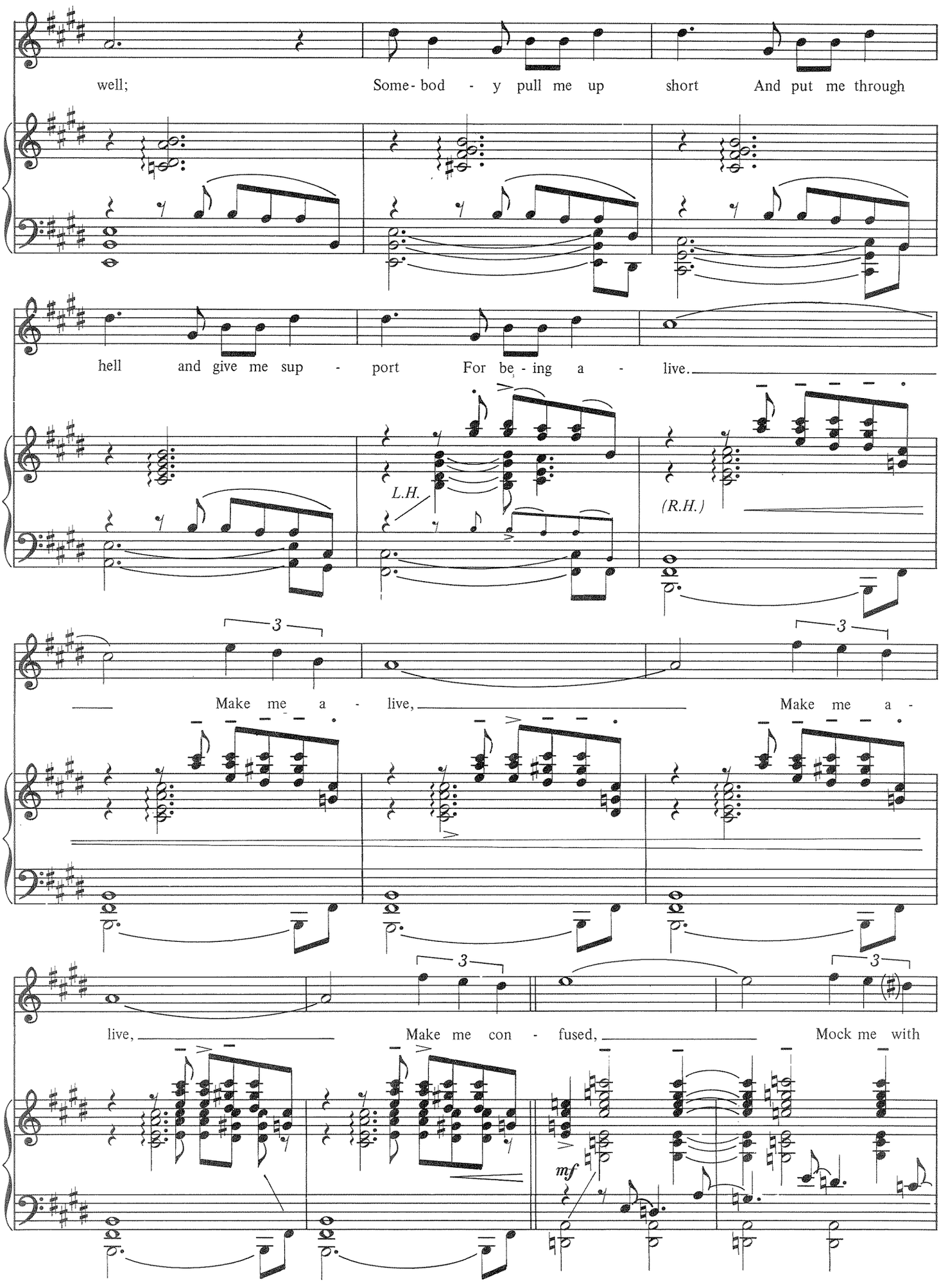
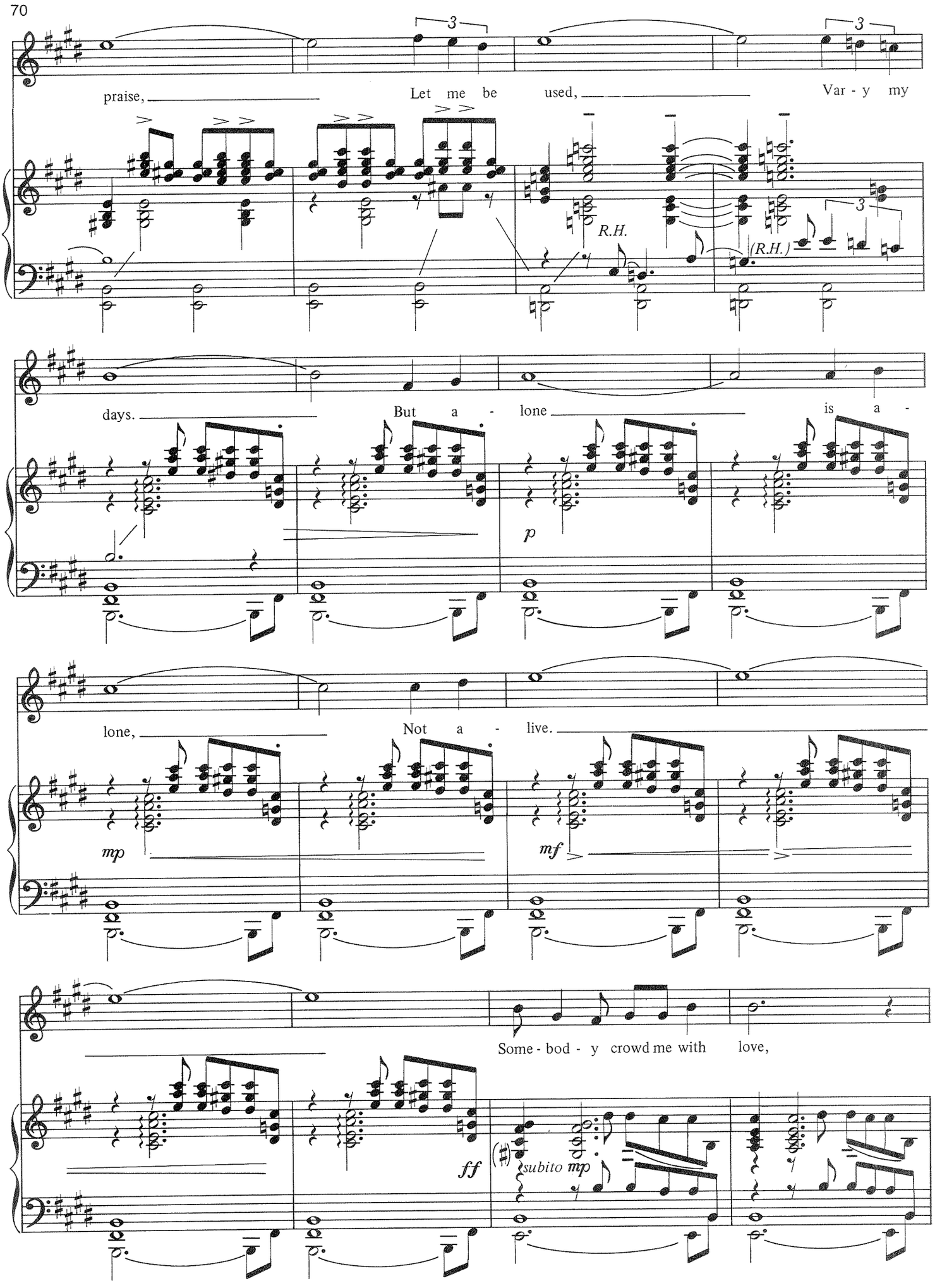

live.
Some-one to need you too much,
p
Some-one to know you too well,
Some-one to pull you up short, to put you through
hell, to give you sup - port is be-ing a - live,
Be - ing a -
3
L.H.
(R.H.)
cresc. poco a poco
live,
Be - ing a - live.

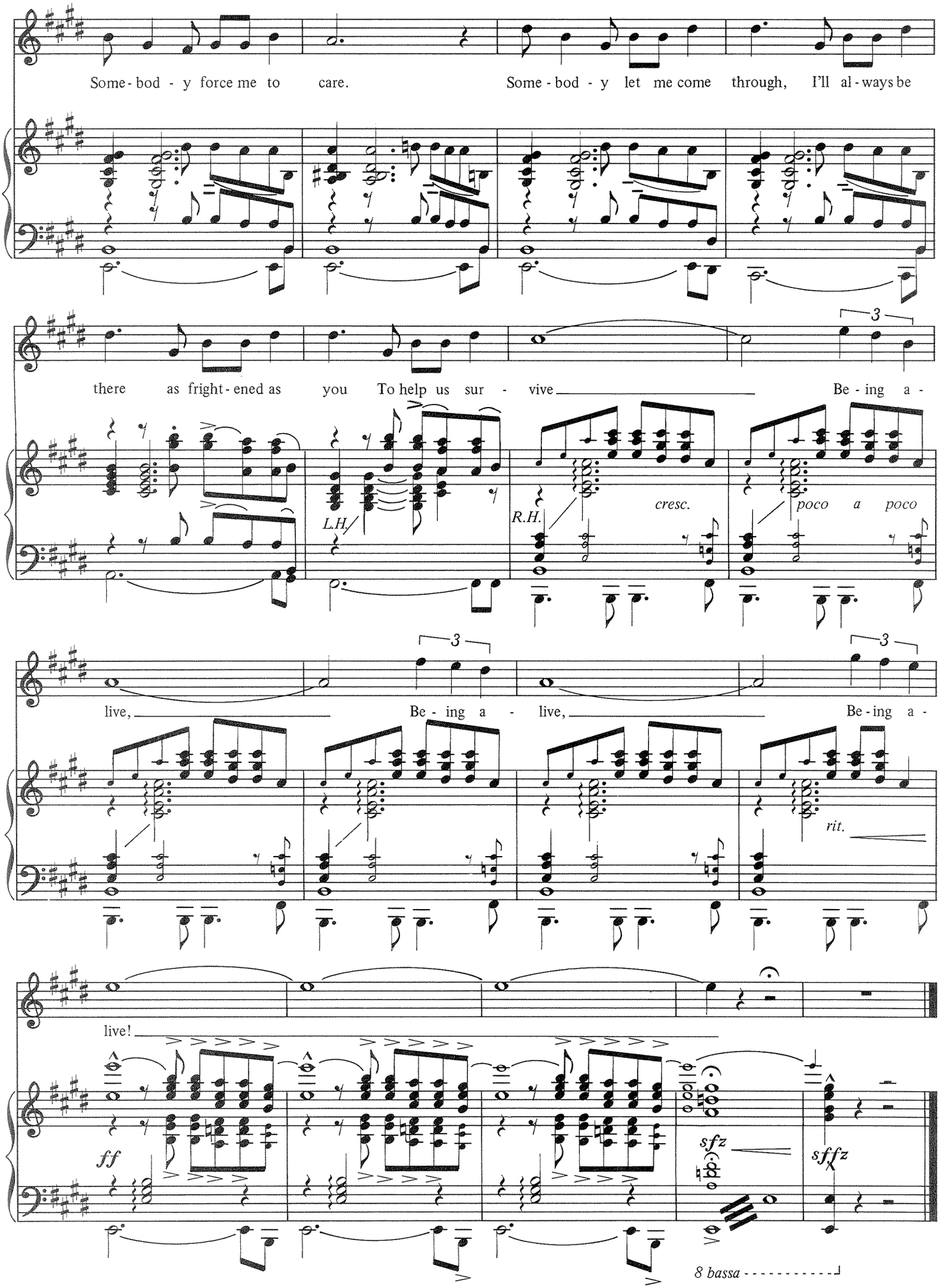

Some - one you have to let in, Some - one whose feel - ings you spare,
Some - one who like it or not, Will want you to share A lit - tle, a lot, Is be - ing a -
live, Be - ing a - live.
Some - one to crowd you with love, Some - one to force you to care.


Some - one to make you come through, Who'll al - ways be there, as fright-ened as you of be-ing a -
live, Be - ing a - live, Be - ing a -
R.H.
R.H.
R.H.
cresc.
live, Be - ing a - live.
cresc. sempre
ff
Some-bod - y hold me too close, Some-bod - y hurt me too
p


deep, Some - bod - y sit in my chair And ru - in my
sleep and make me a - ware Of be - ing a - live,
3
Be - ing a - live.
Some - bod - y need me too much, Some - bod - y know me too


well; Some- bod - y pull me up short And put me through
hell and give me sup - port For be - ing a - live.
L.H.
(R.H.)
3
Make me a - live, Make me a -
3
3
live, Make me con - fused, Mock me with
mf

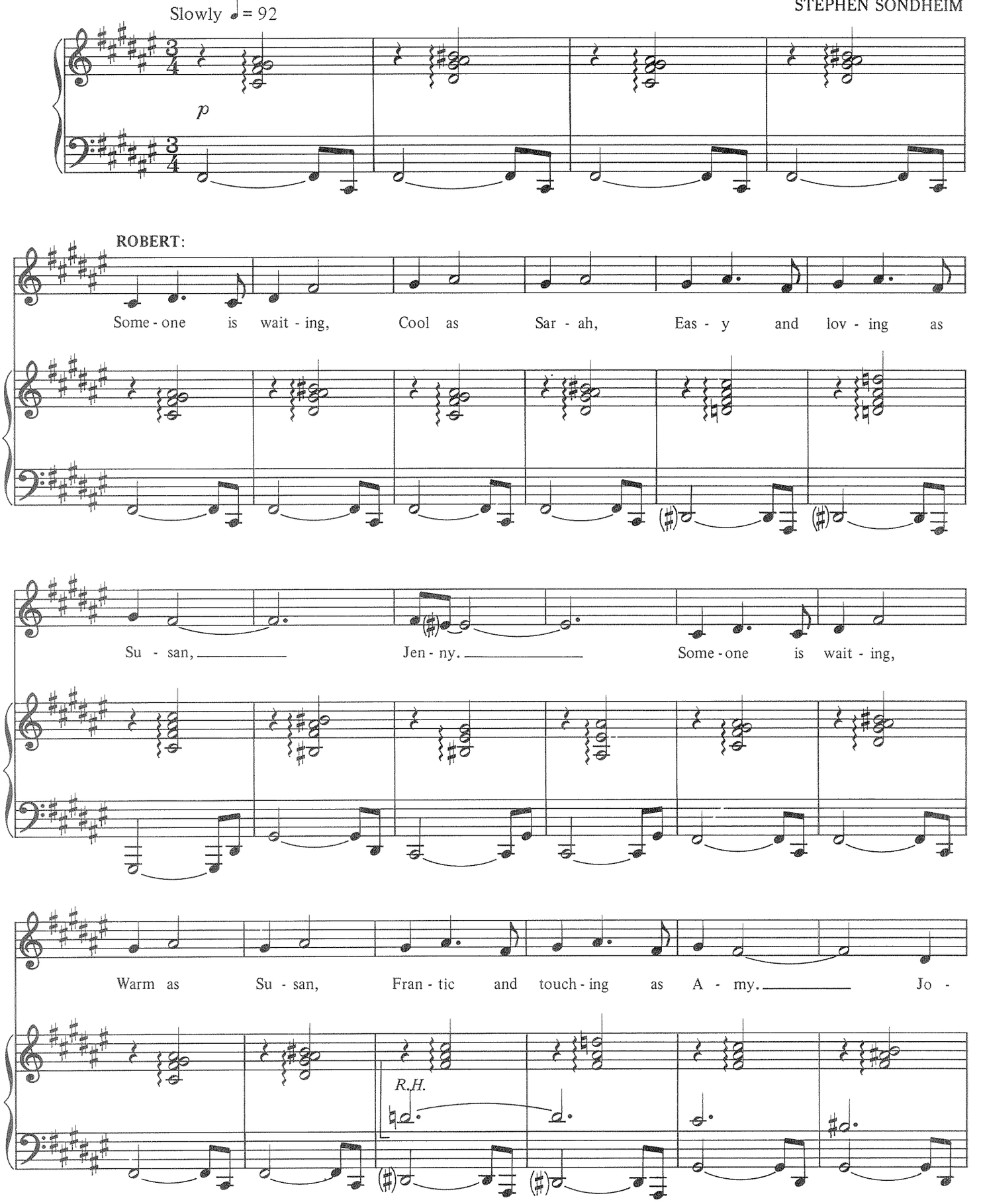

praise,
Let me be used,
Var - y my
R.H.
(R.H.)
days.
But a - lone
is a -
p
lone,
Not a - live.
mp
mf
Some - bod - y crowd me with love,
ff
(♯) subito mp


Some - bod - y force me to care.
Some - bod - y let me come through, I'll al - ways be
there as fright - ened as you To help us sur - vive
Be - ing a -
L.H.
R.H.
cresc.
poco a poco
live,
Be - ing a - live,
Be - ing a -
rit.
live!
ff
sfz
sffz
8 bassa

SOMEONE IS WAITING

from *Company*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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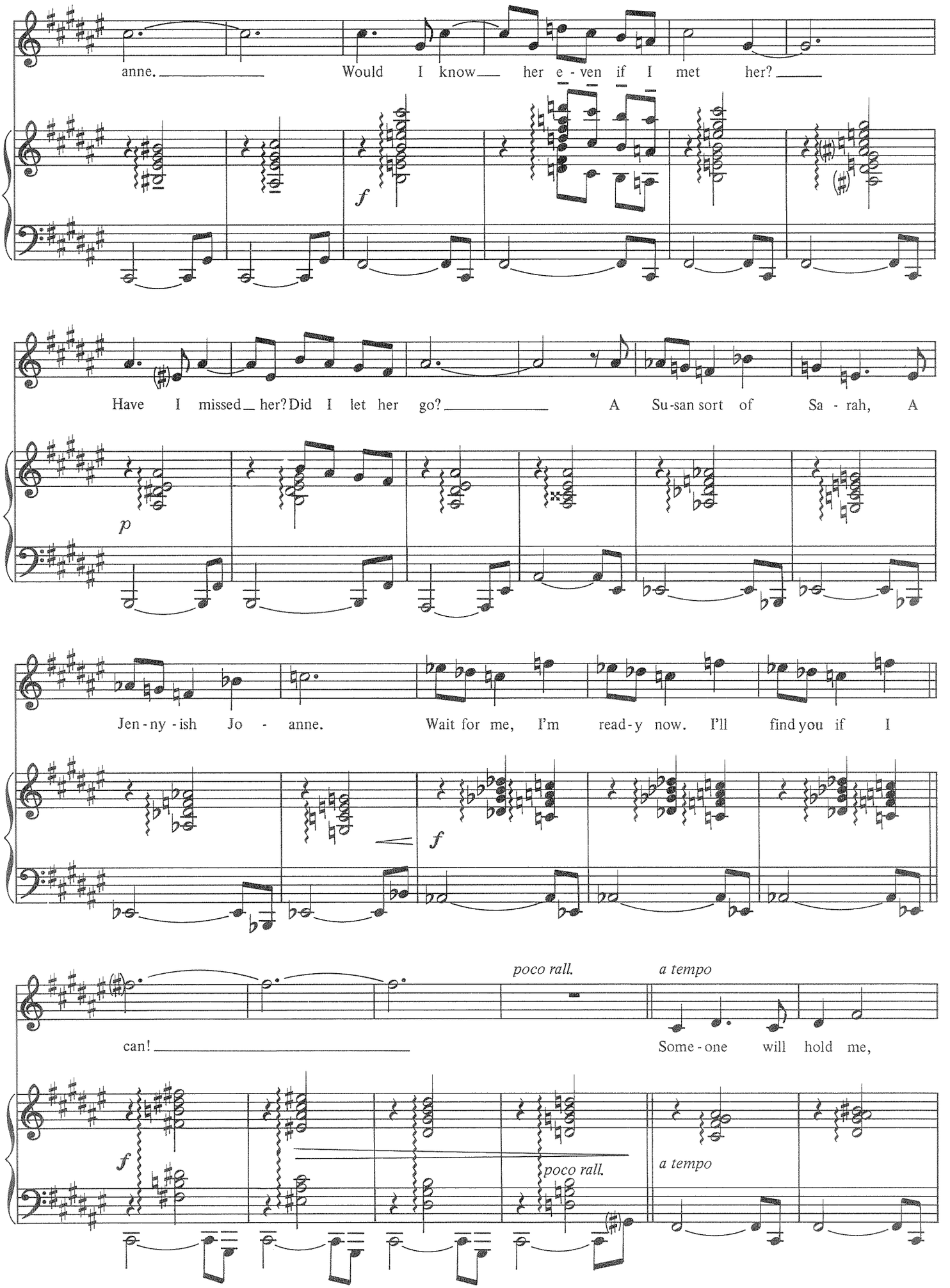
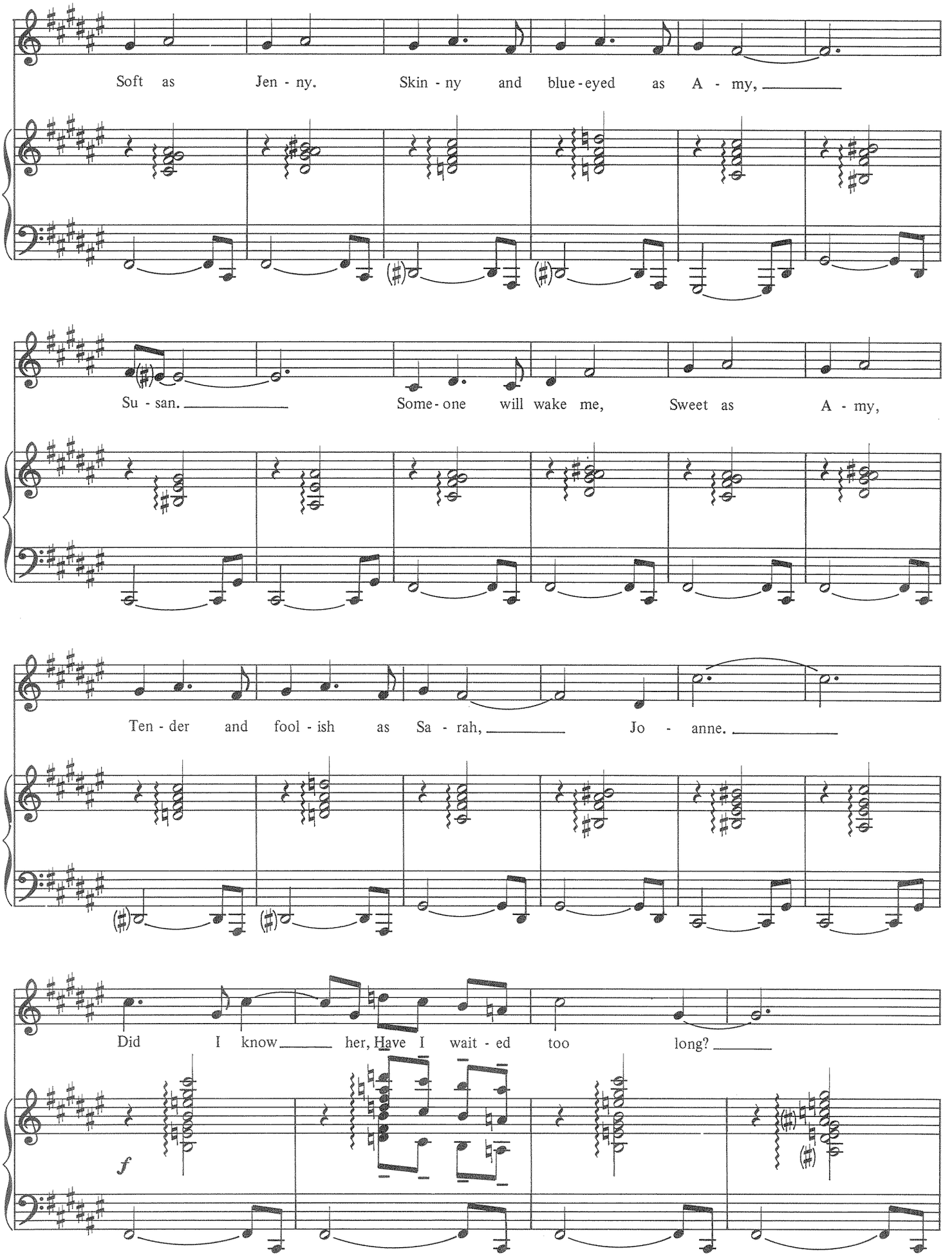
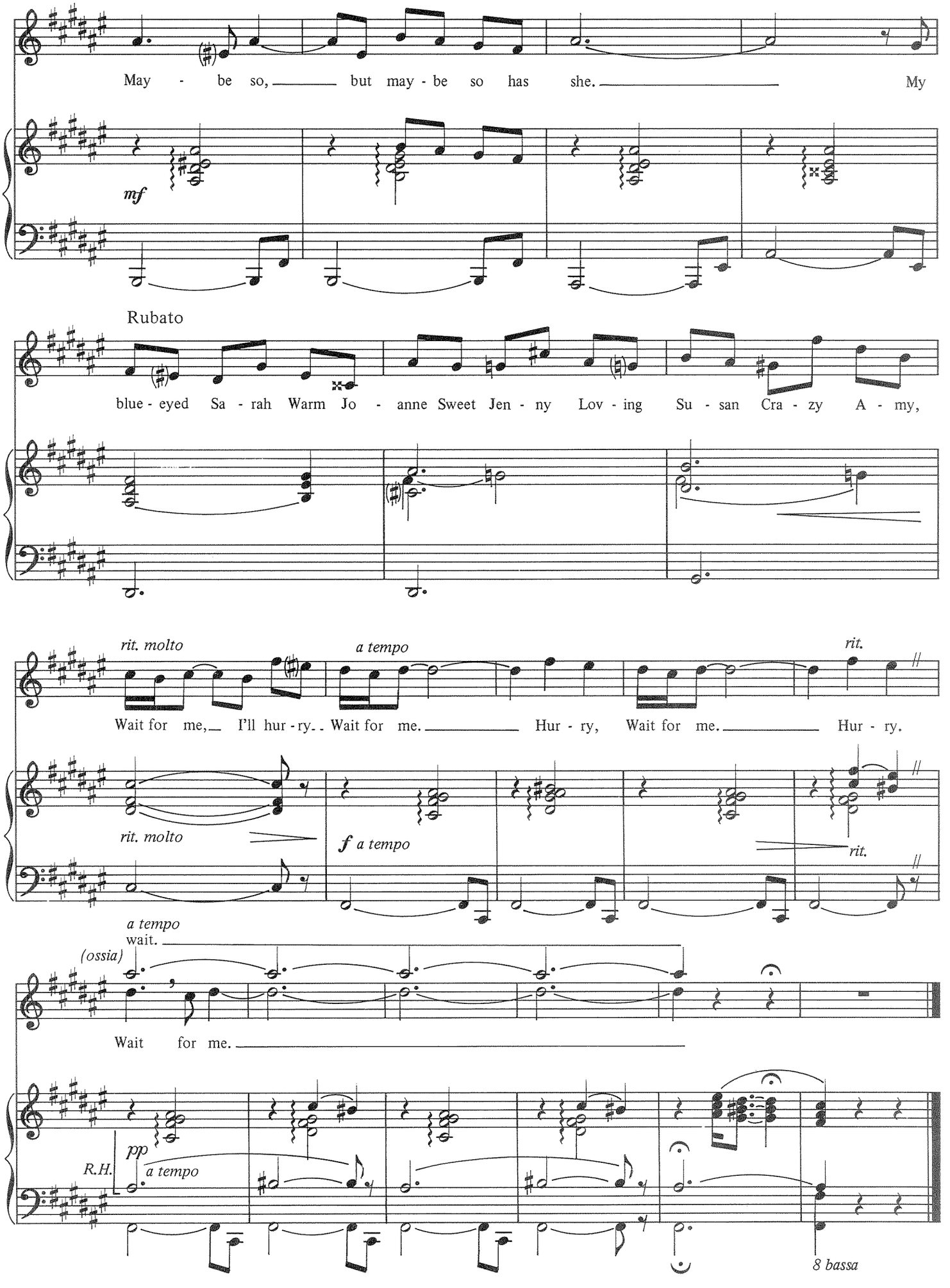

anne. Would I know her e - ven if I met her?
Have I missed her? Did I let her go? A Su-san sort of Sa - rah, A
Jen - ny - ish Jo - anne. Wait for me, I'm read - y now. I'll find you if I
can! Some - one will hold me,
poco rall.
a tempo
poco rall.
a tempo

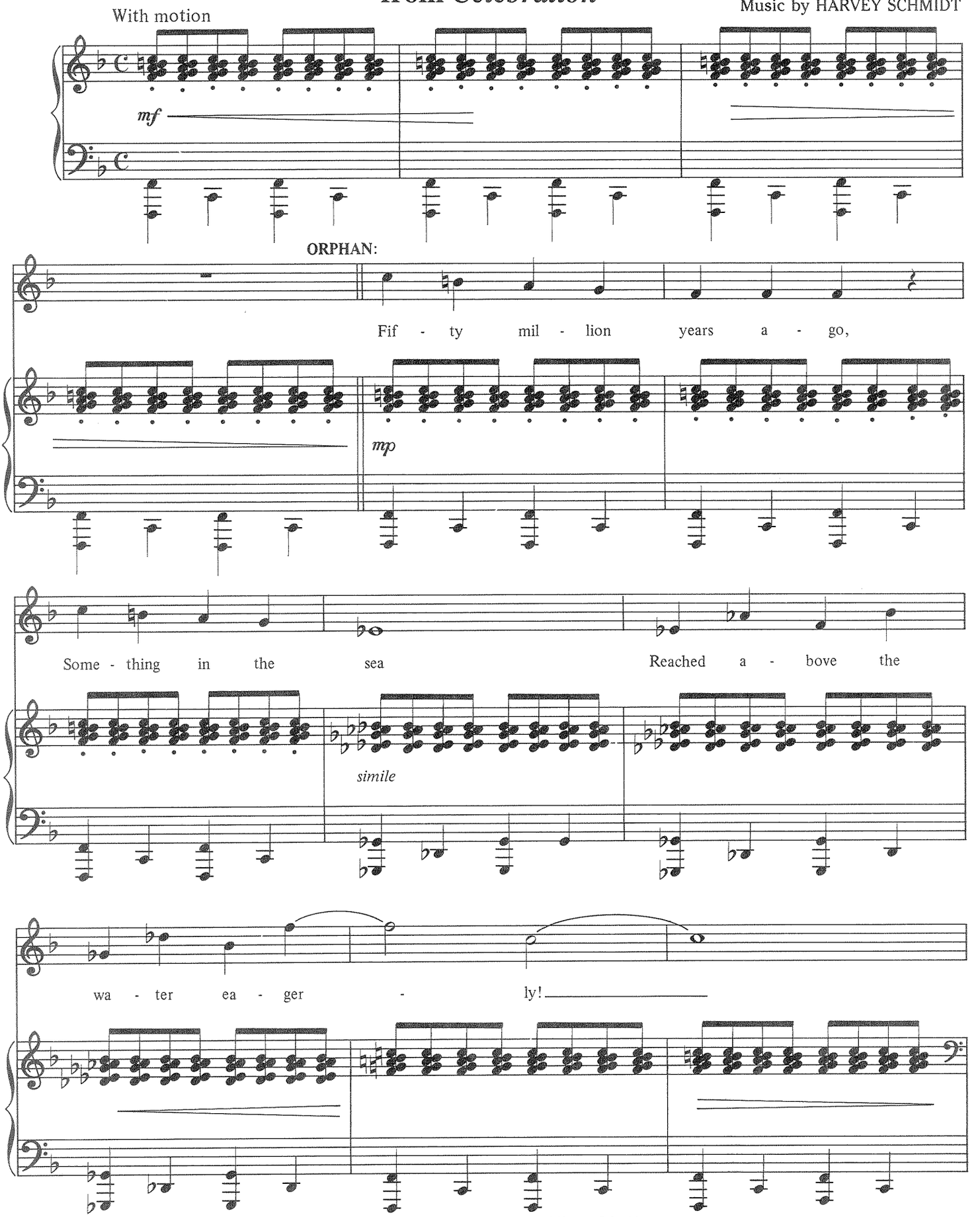

Soft as Jen - ny. Skin - ny and blue - eyed as A - my,
Su - san. Some - one will wake me, Sweet as A - my,
Ten - der and fool - ish as Sa - rah, Jo - anne.
Did I know her, Have I wait - ed too long?
f


May - be so, but may - be so has she. My
mf
Rubato
blue - eyed Sa - rah Warm Jo - anne Sweet Jen - ny Lov - ing Su - san Cra - zy A - my,
rit. molto
a tempo
rit.
Wait for me, I'll hur - ry. Wait for me. Hur - ry, Wait for me. Hur - ry.
rit. molto
f a tempo
rit.
a tempo
(ossia)
wait.
Wait for me.
pp
R.H.
a tempo
8 bassa

FIFTY MILLION YEARS AGO

from *Celebration*

Words by TOM JONES
Music by HARVEY SCHMIDT



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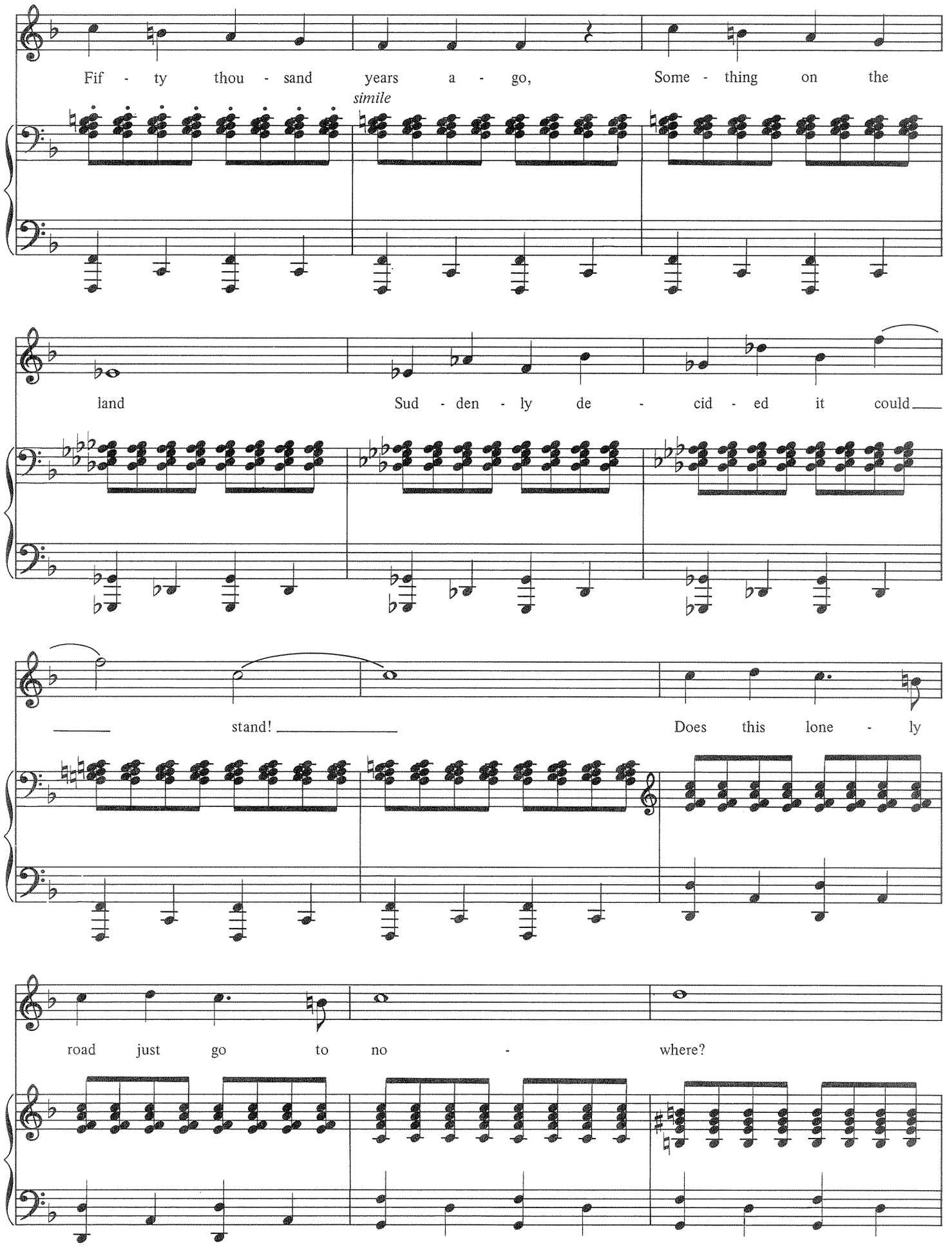
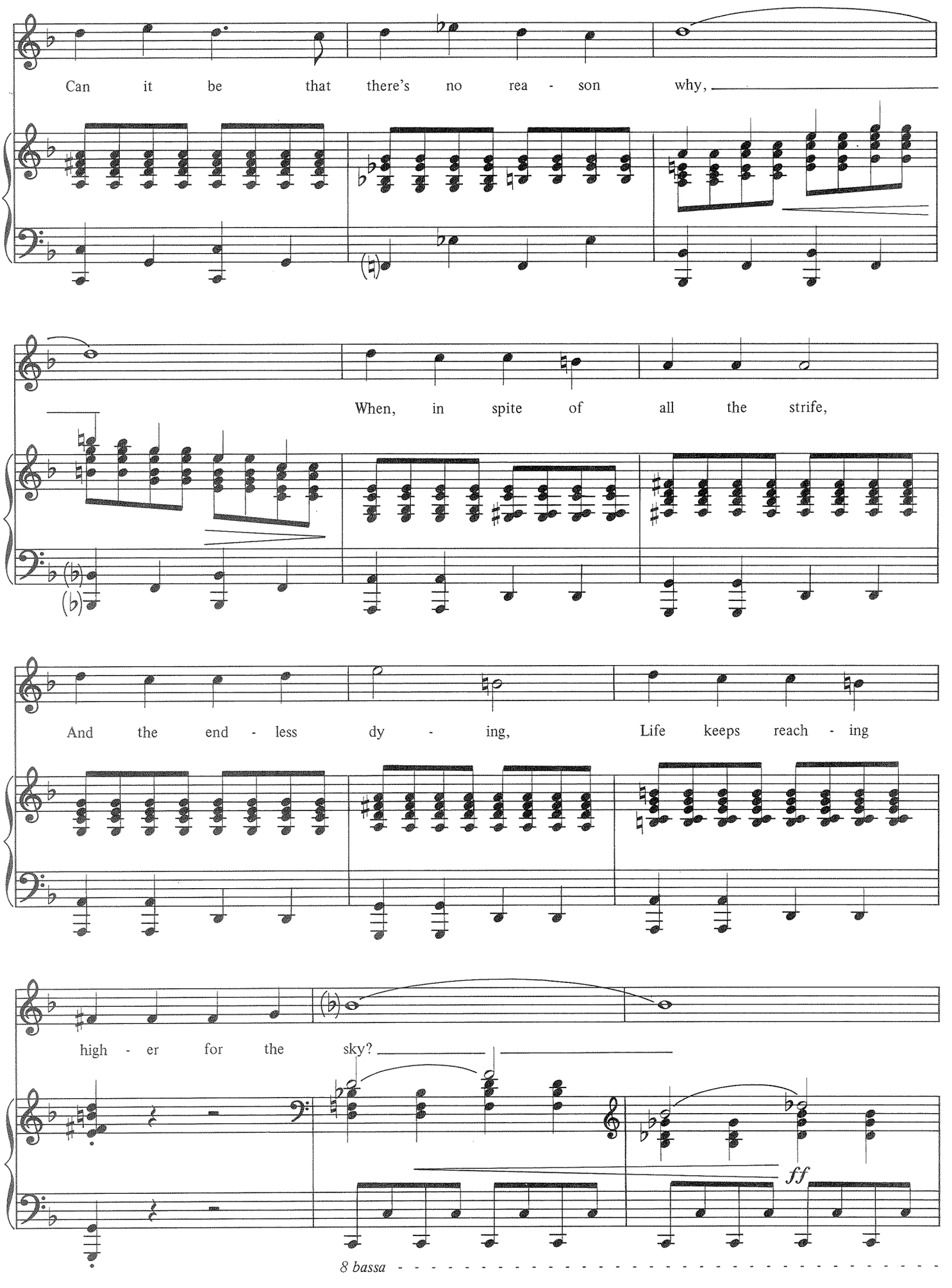
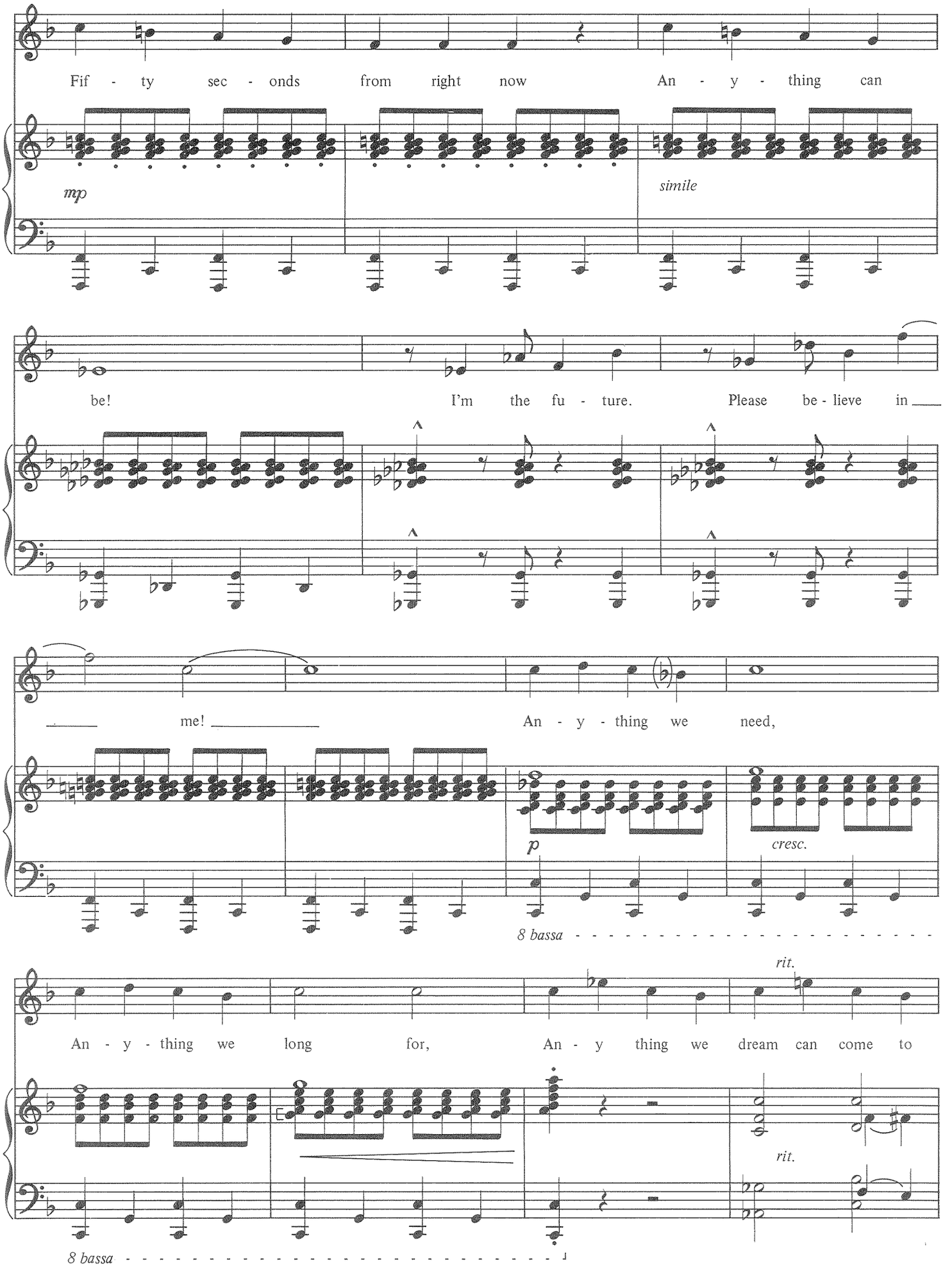
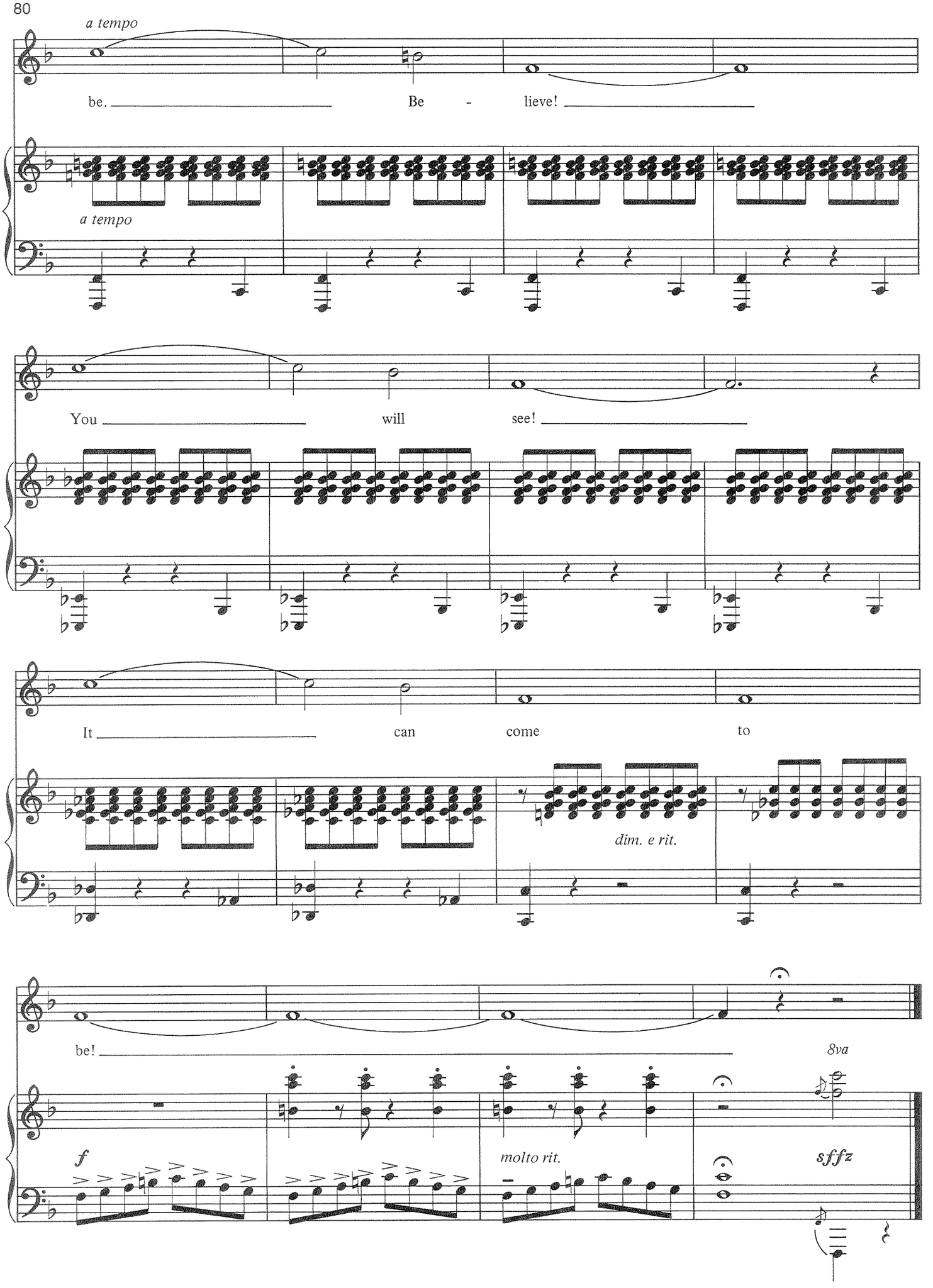

Fif - ty thou - sand years a - go, Some - thing on the
simile
land Sud - den - ly de - cid - ed it could
stand! Does this lone - ly
road just go to no - where?


Can it be that there's no rea - son why,
When, in spite of all the strife,
And the end - less dy - ing, Life keeps reach - ing
high - er for the sky?
ff
8 bassa

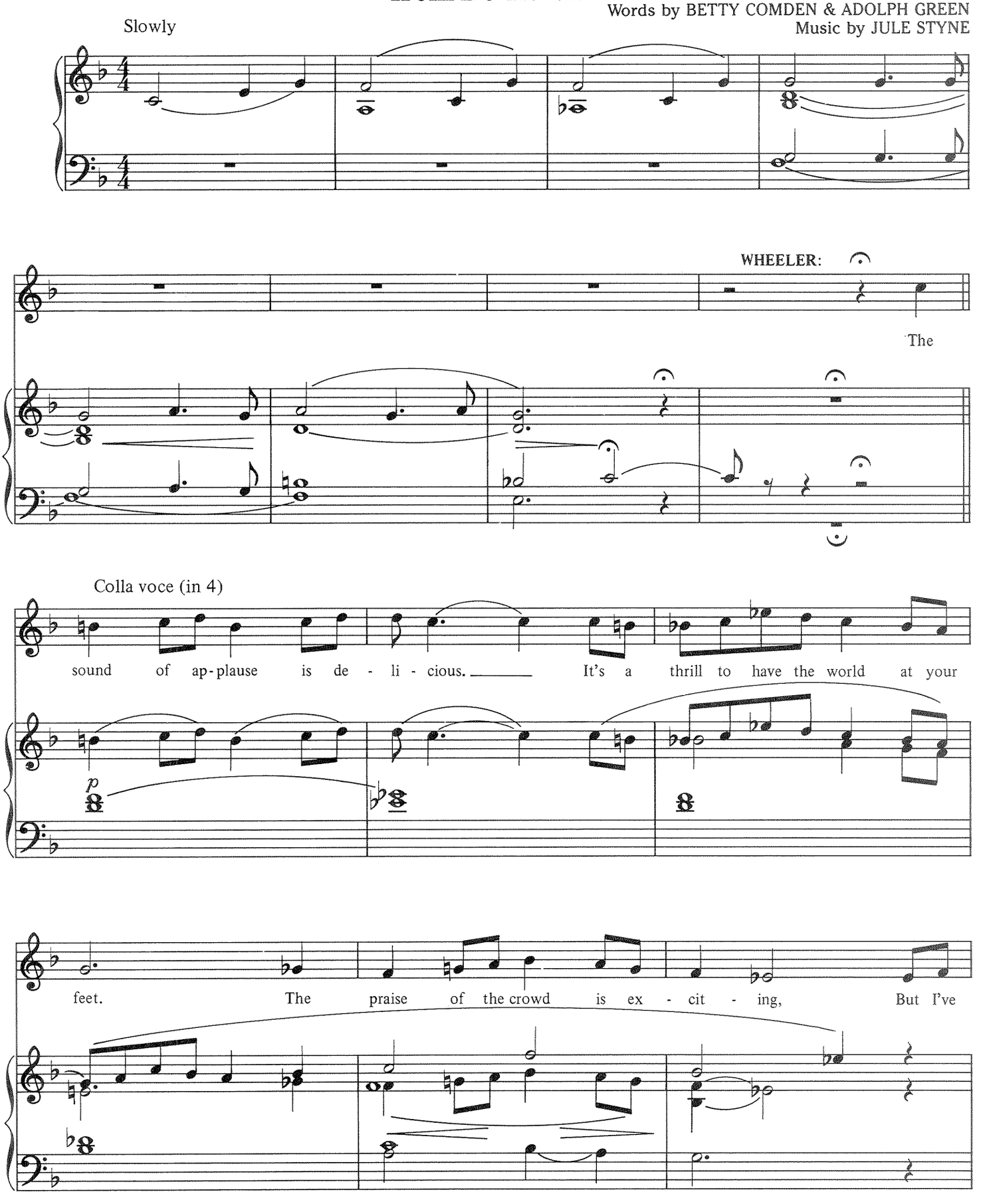

Fif - ty sec - onds from right now An - y - thing can
mp
simile
be! I'm the fu - ture. Please be - lieve in
me! An - y - thing we need,
p
cresc.
8 bassa
rit.
An - y - thing we long for, An - y thing we dream can come to
rit.
8 bassa


a tempo
be.
Be - lieve!
a tempo
You
will
see!
It
can
come
to
dim. e rit.
be!
8va
f
molto rit.
sffz

MAKE SOMEONE HAPPY

from *Do Re Mi*

Words by BETTY COMDEN & ADOLPH GREEN
Music by JULE STYNE



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ten. ten.

learned that is not what makes a life com-plete. There's one thing you can do for the

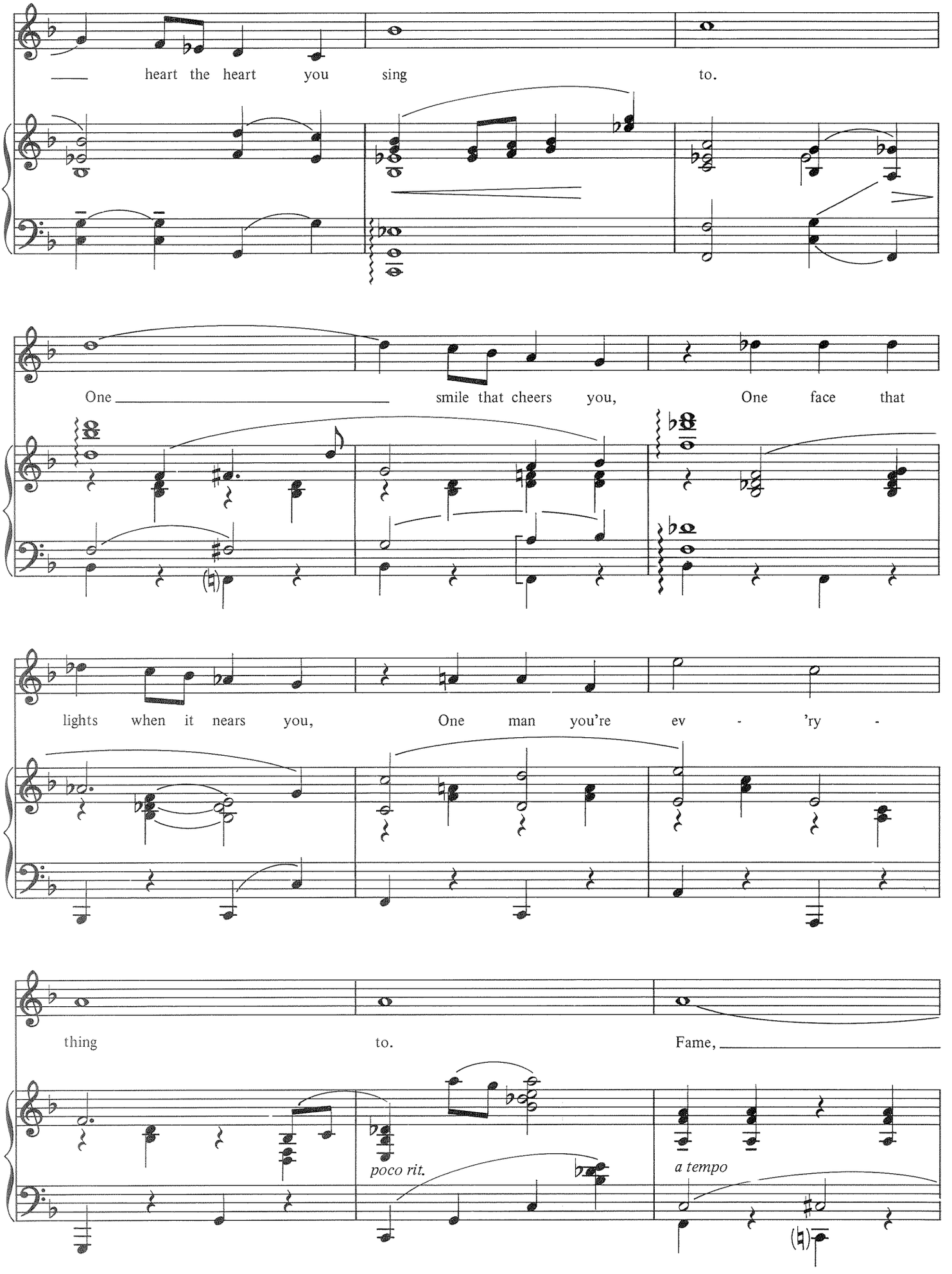
ten. ten.

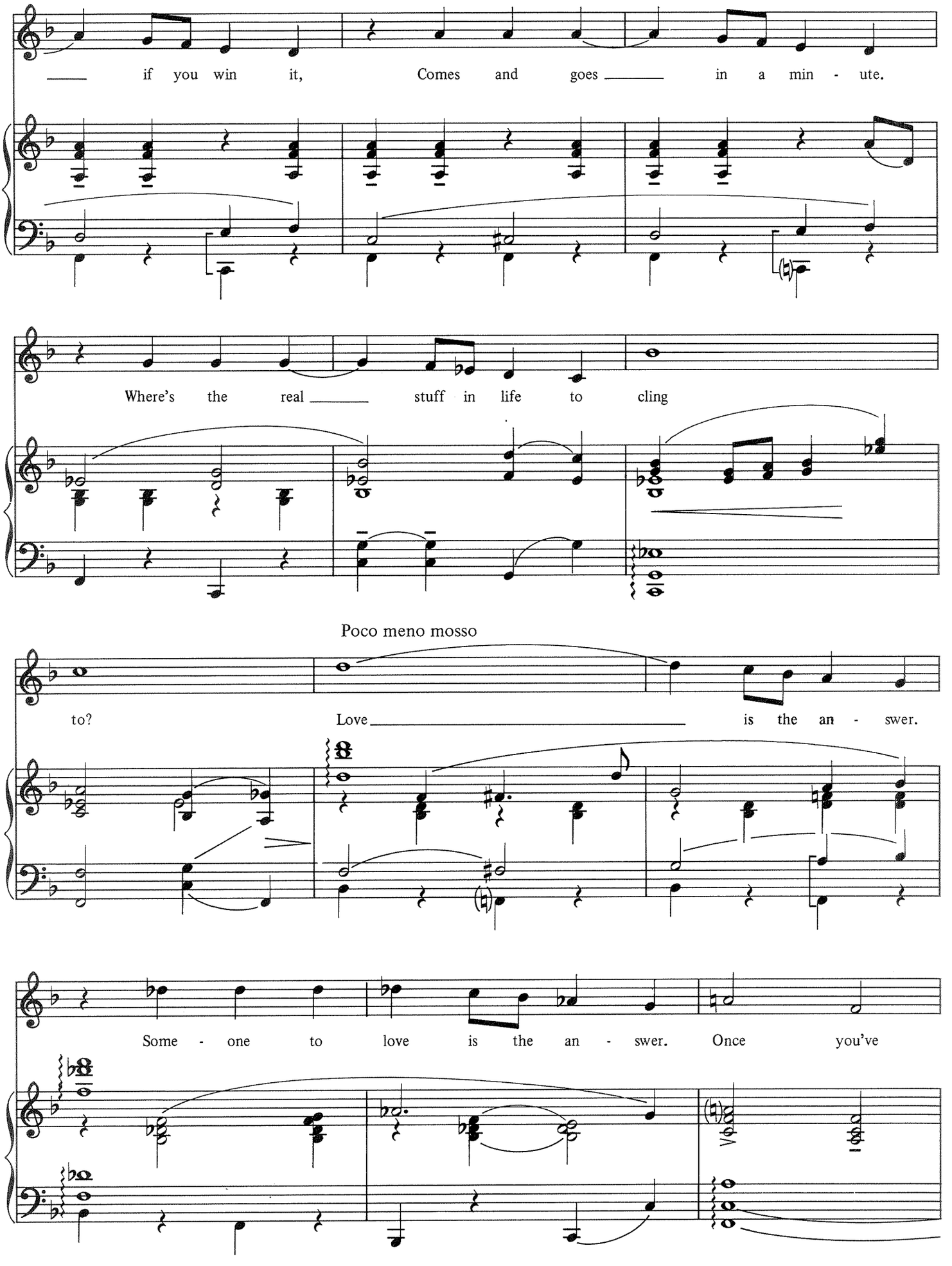
rest of your days That's worth more than ap - plause, The scream-ing

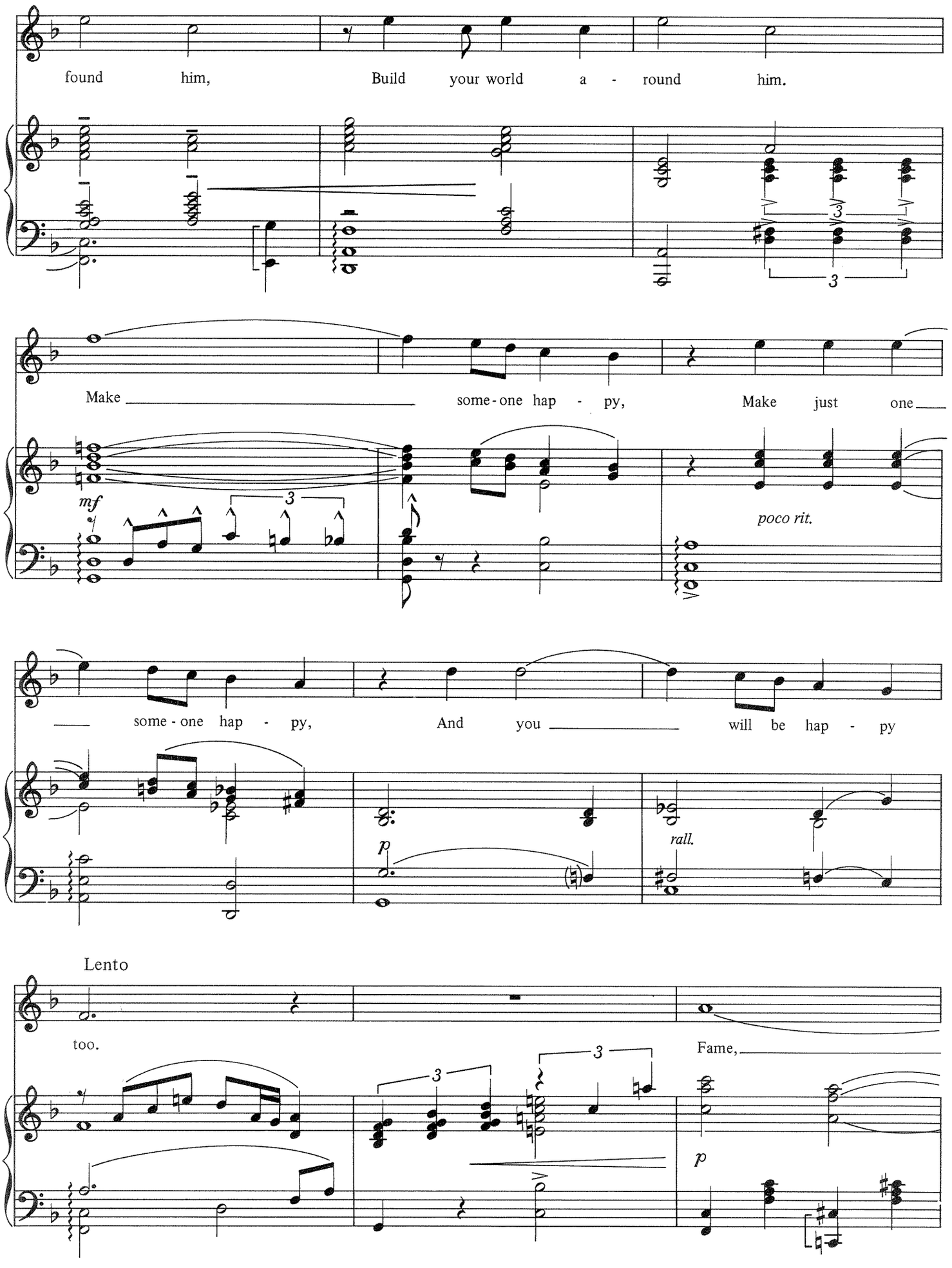
crowd, The bou - quets. Make some-one hap - py.

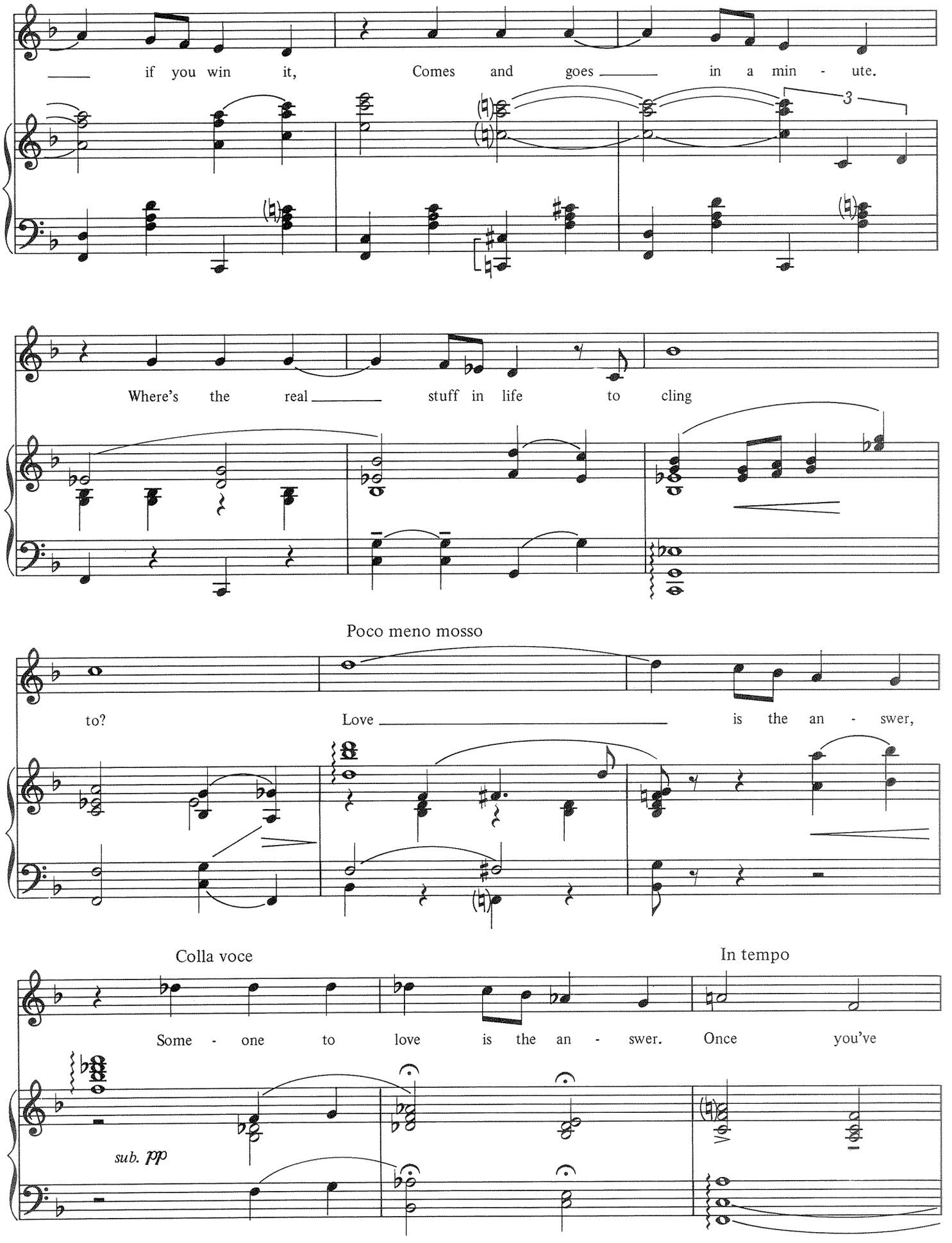
rall. a tempo

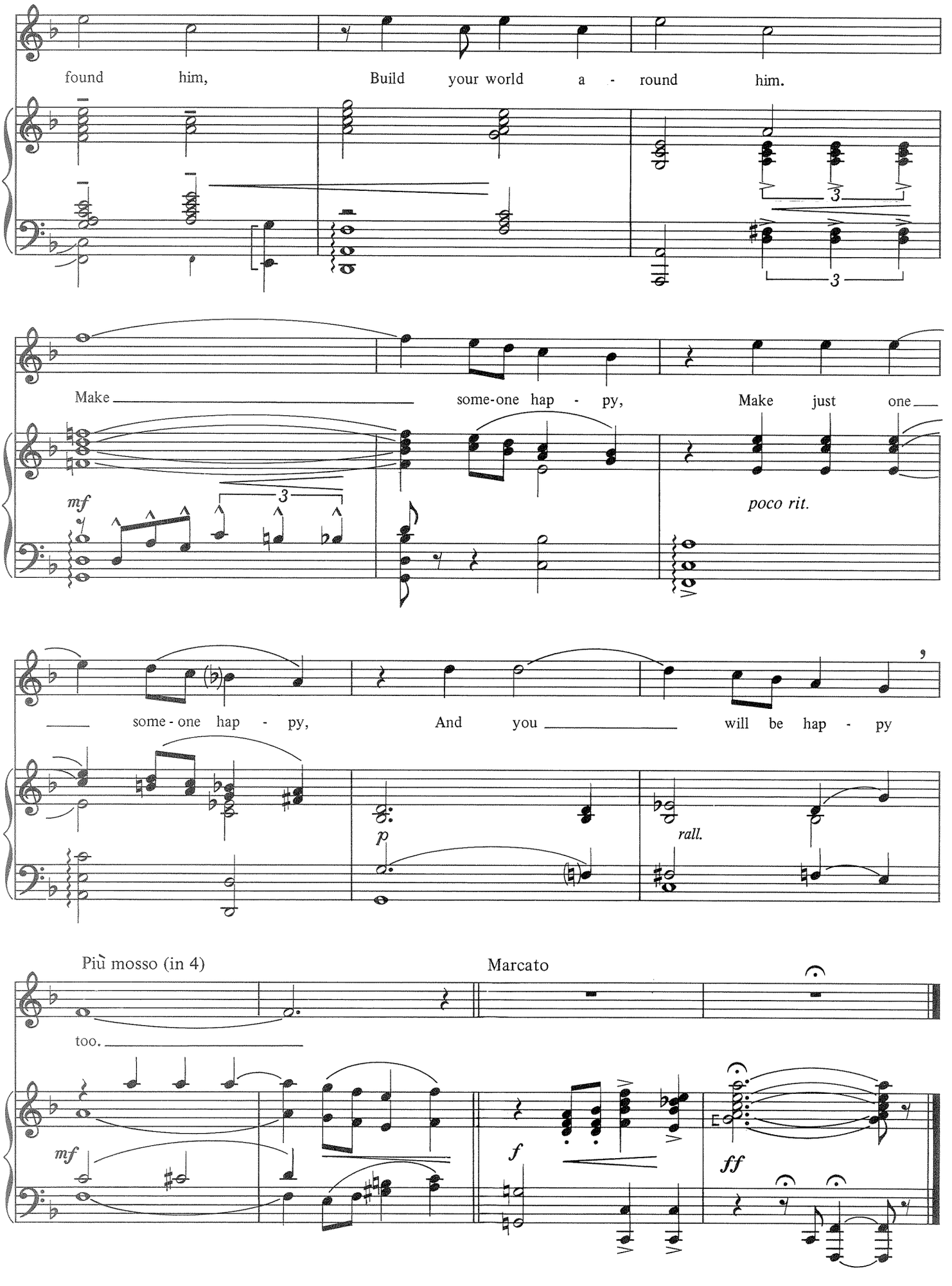
Make just one some - one hap - py. Make just one


heart the heart you sing to.
One smile that cheers you, One face that
lights when it nears you, One man you're ev - 'ry -
thing to. Fame,
poco rit.
a tempo


if you win it, Comes and goes in a min - ute.
Where's the real stuff in life to cling
Poco meno mosso
to? Love is the an - swer.
Some - one to love is the an - swer. Once you've


found him, Build your world a - round him.
Make some-one hap - py, Make just one
mf
poco rit.
some-one hap - py, And you will be hap - py
p
rall.
Lento
too.
Fame,
p

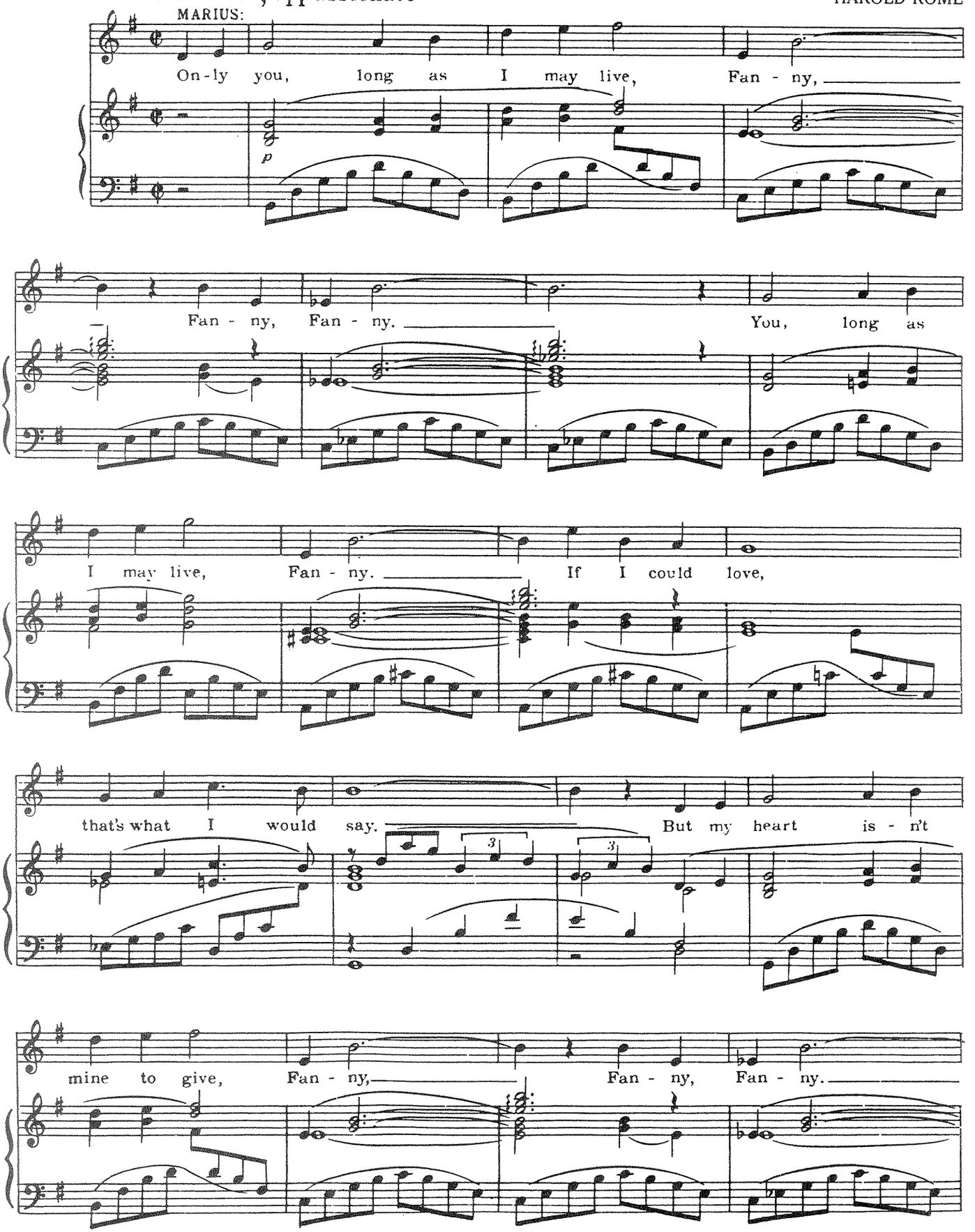

if you win it, Comes and goes in a min - ute.
3
Where's the real stuff in life to cling
Poco meno mosso
to? Love is the an - swer,
Colla voce
In tempo
Some - one to love is the an - swer. Once you've
sub. pp


found him, Build your world a - round him.
Make some-one hap - py, Make just one
mf
poco rit.
some - one hap - py, And you will be hap - py
p
rall.
Più mosso (in 4)
Marcato
too.
mf
f
ff

FANNY
from *Fanny*

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME

Con moto, appassionato



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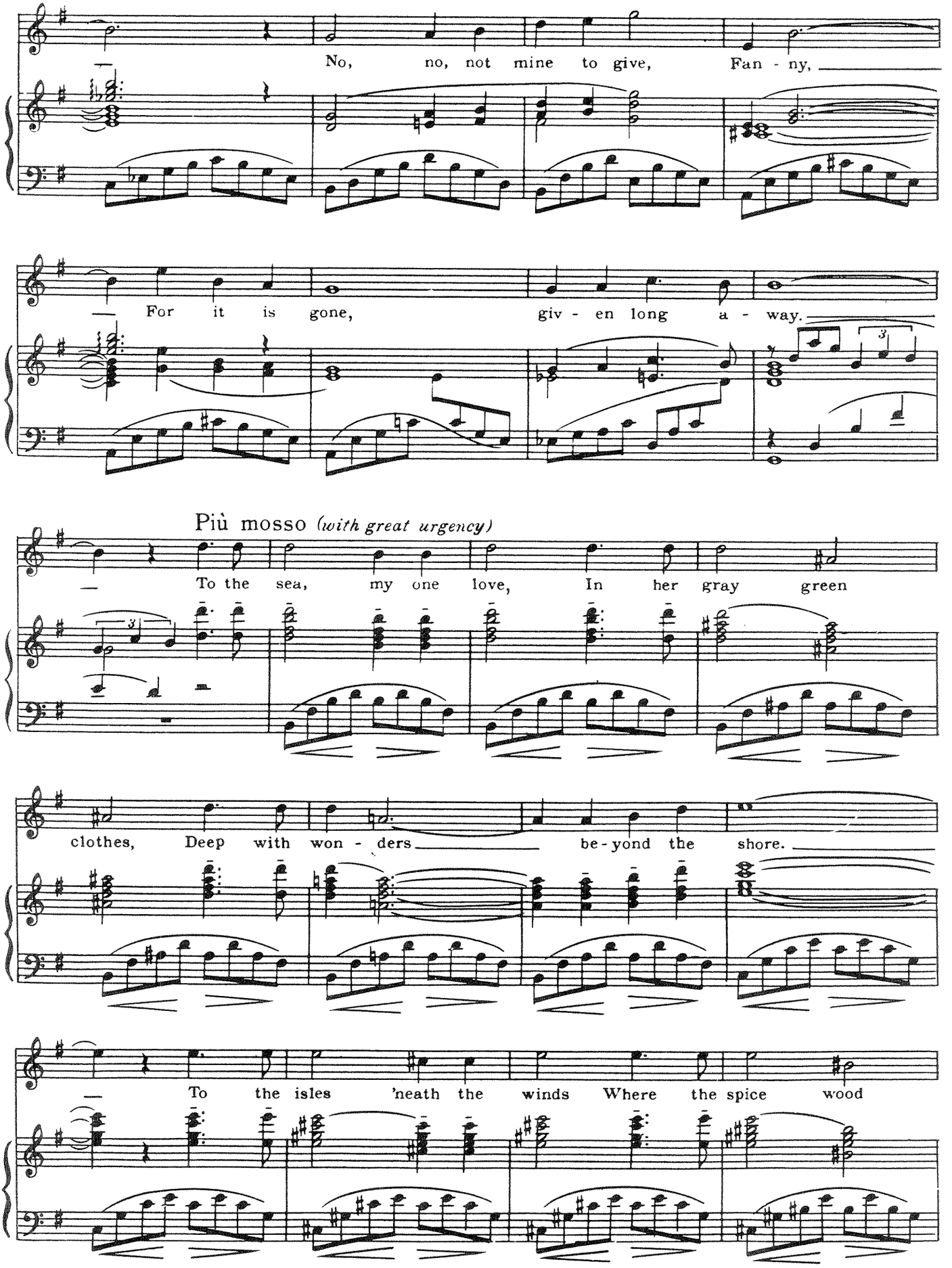
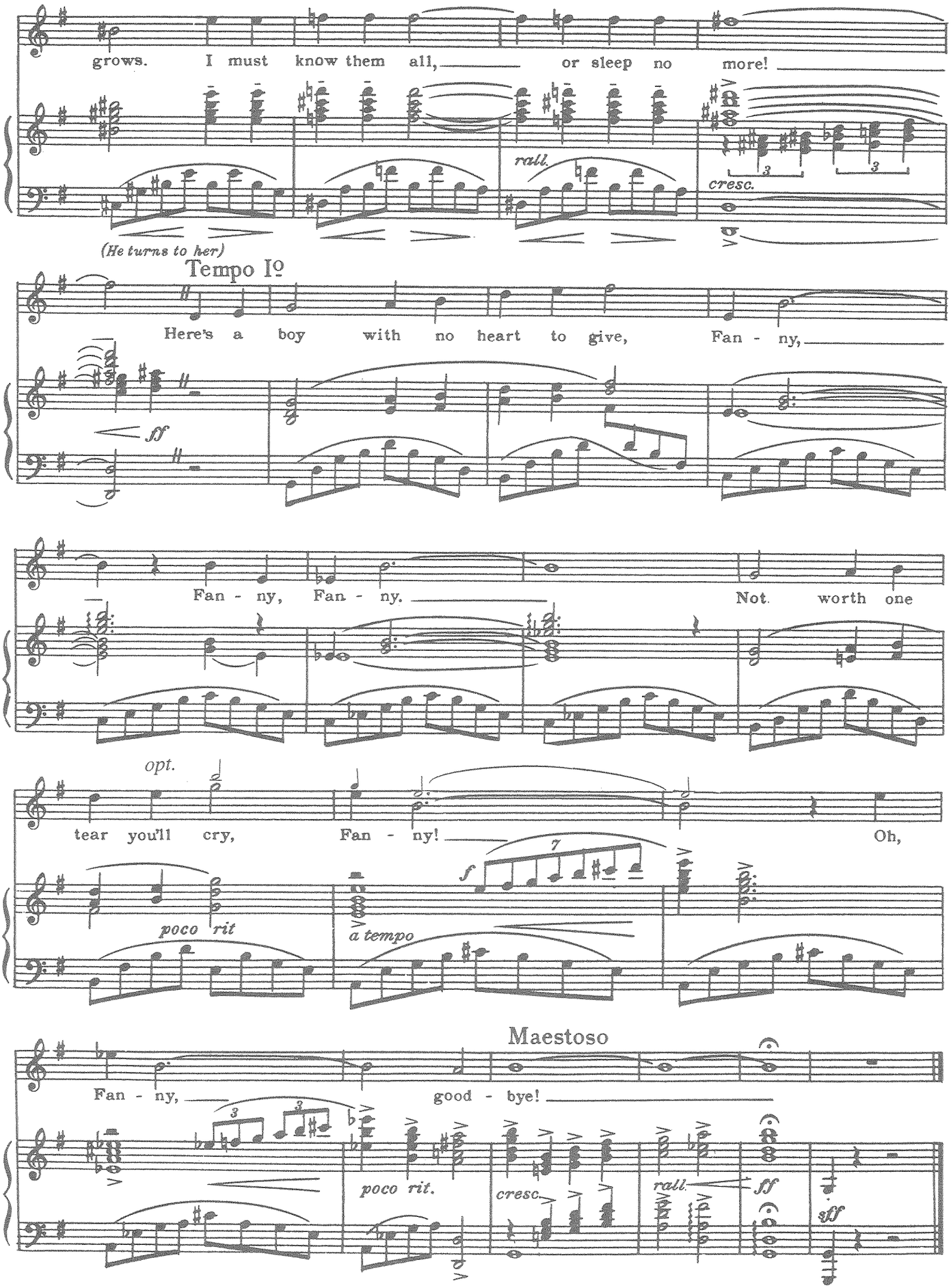
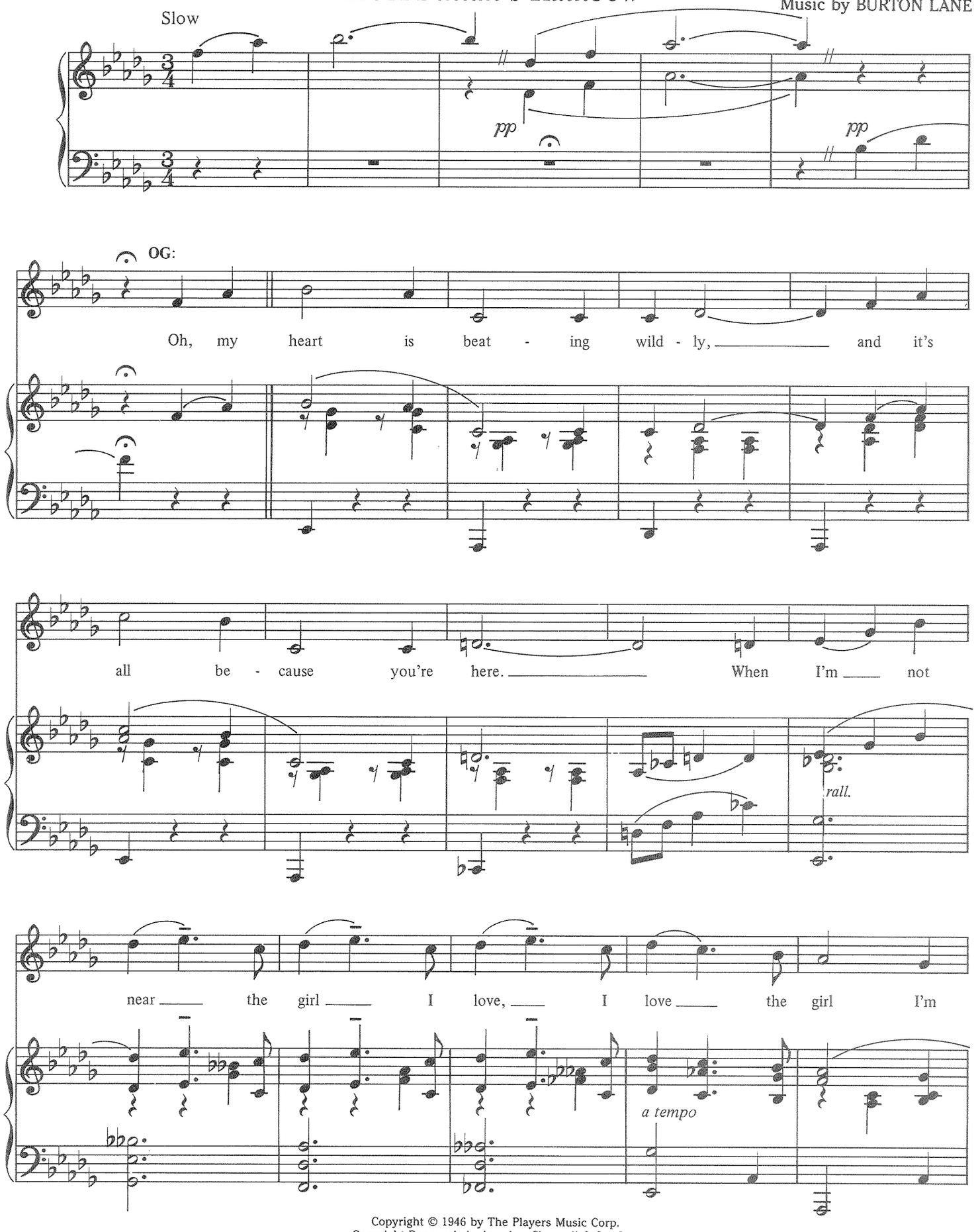

No, no, not mine to give, Fan - ny,
For it is gone, giv - en long a - way.
Più mosso (with great urgency)
To the sea, my one love, In her gray green
clothes, Deep with won - ders be - yond the shore.
To the isles 'neath the winds Where the spice wood


grows. I must know them all, or sleep no more!
rall.
cresc.
(He turns to her)
Tempo Iº
Here's a boy with no heart to give, Fan - ny,
ff
Fan - ny, Fan - ny. Not worth one
opt.
tear you'll cry, Fan - ny! Oh,
poco rit
a tempo
f
Maestoso
Fan - ny, good - bye!
poco rit.
cresc.
rall.
ff
sff

WHEN I'M NOT NEAR THE GIRL I LOVE

from *Finian's Rainbow*

Words by E.Y. HARBURG
Music by BURTON LANE



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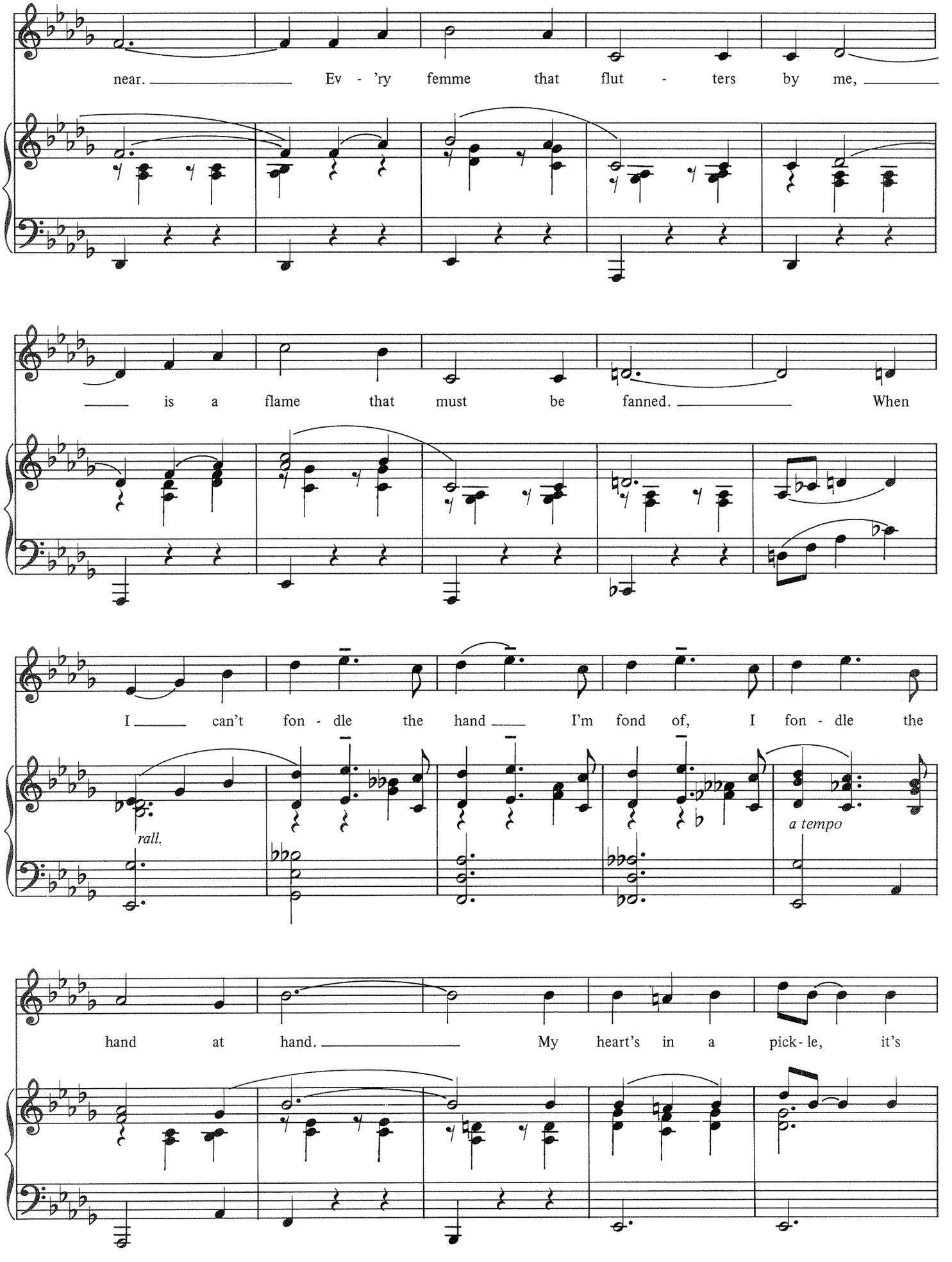
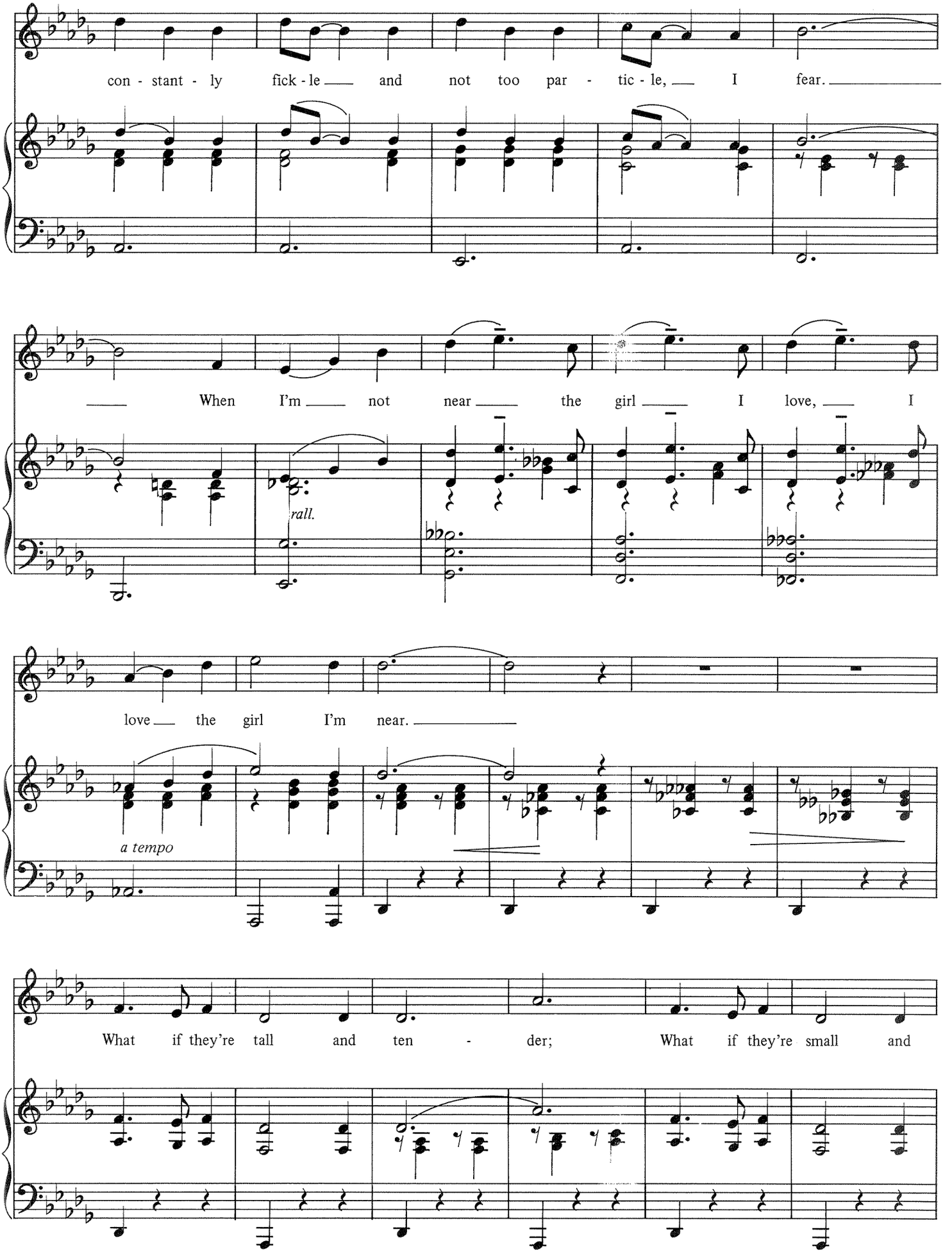
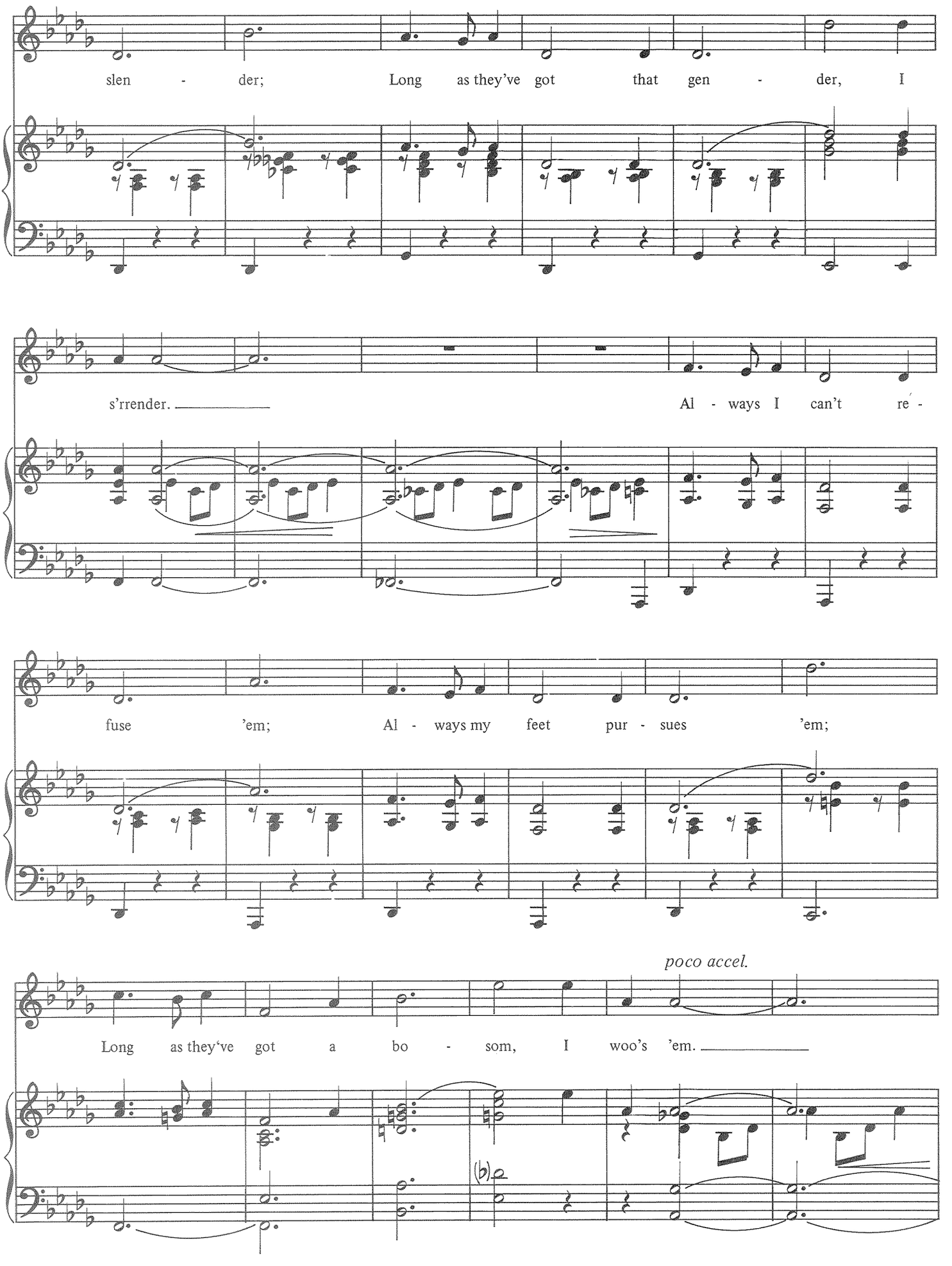
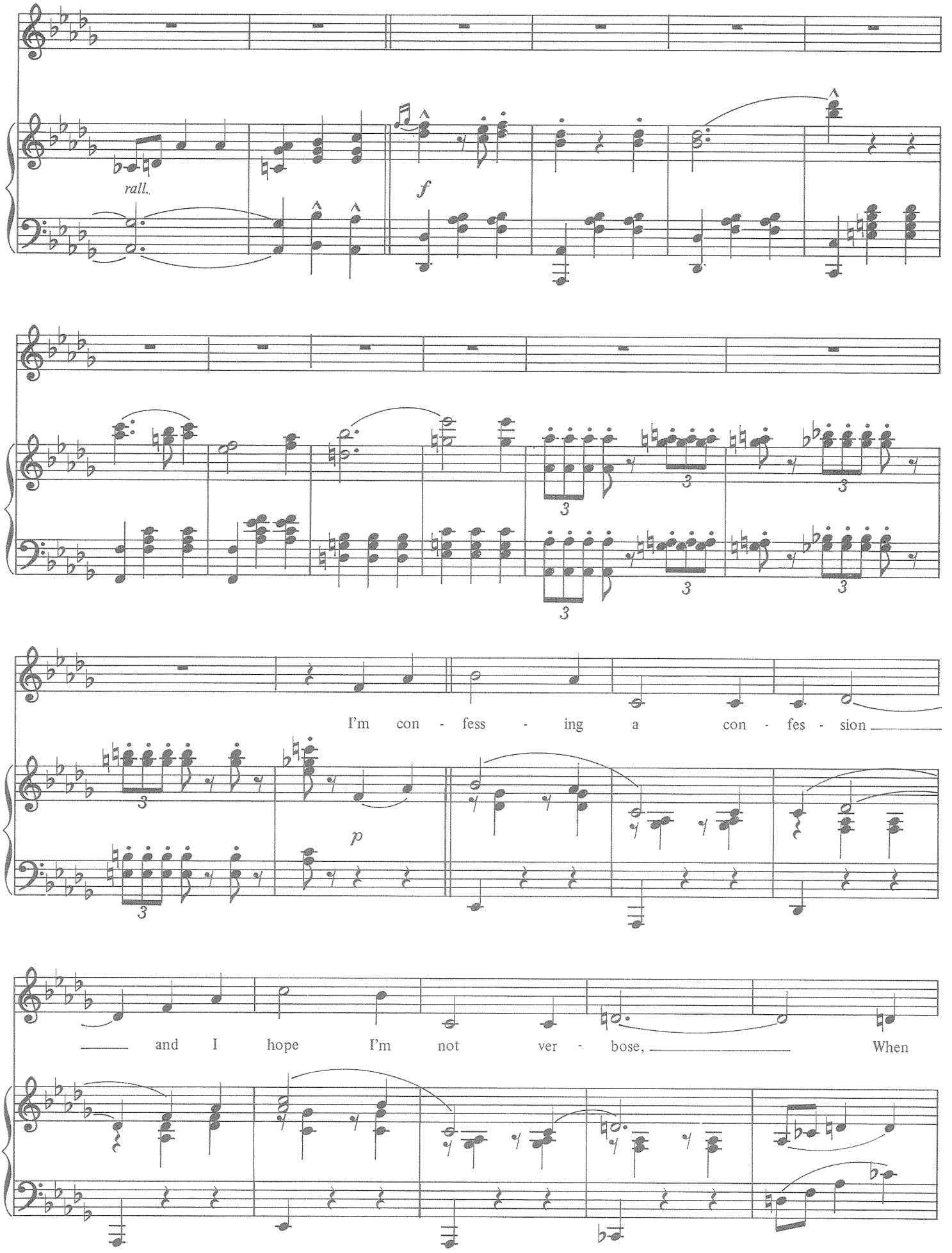
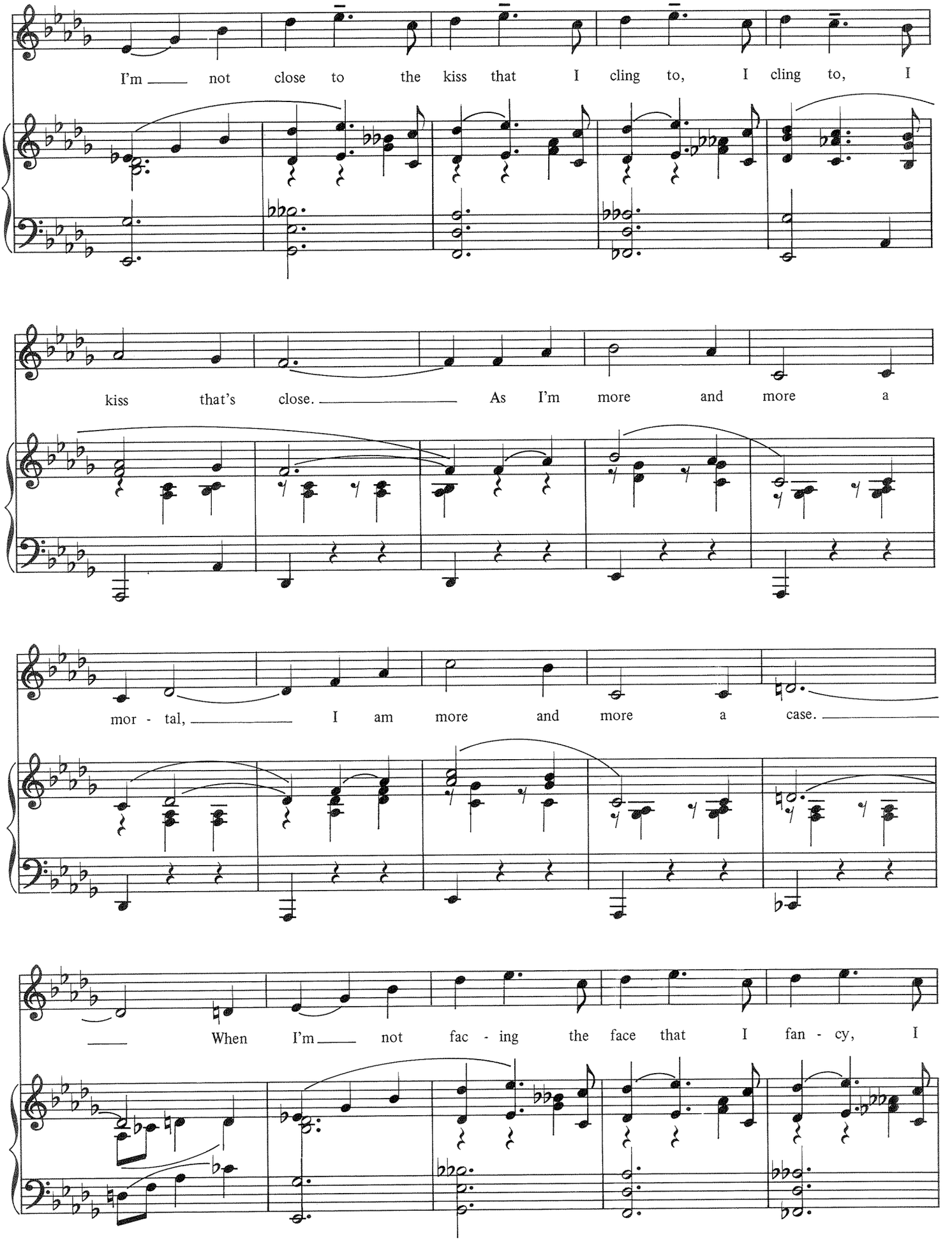
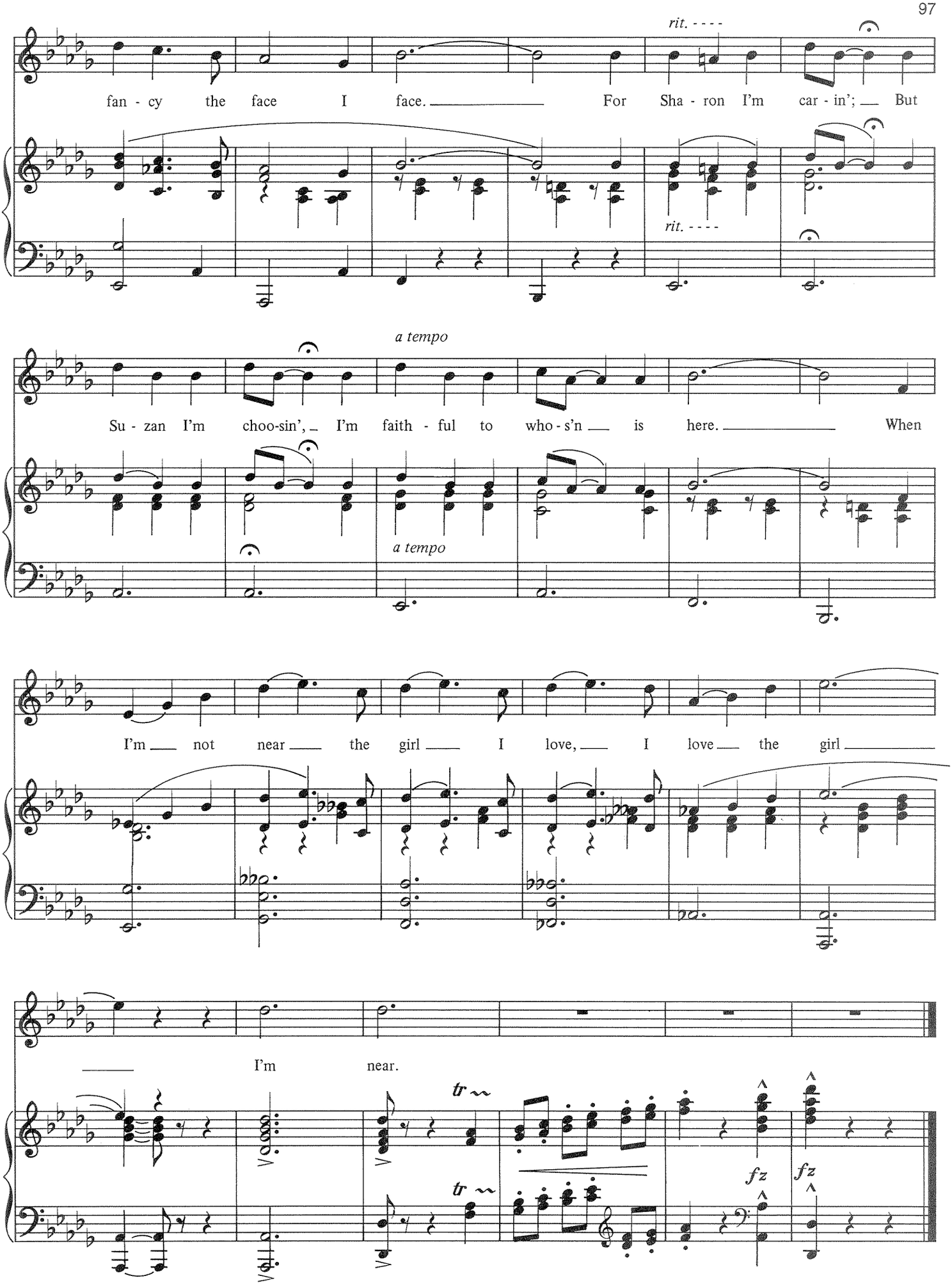

near. Ev - 'ry femme that flut - ters by me,
is a flame that must be fanned. When
I can't fon - dle the hand I'm fond of, I fon - dle the
rall.
a tempo
hand at hand. My heart's in a pick - le, it's


con - stant - ly fick - le and not too par - tic - le, I fear.
When I'm not near the girl I love, I
rall.
love the girl I'm near.
a tempo
What if they're tall and ten - der; What if they're small and


slen - der; Long as they've got that gen - der, I
s'rrender. Al - ways I can't re -
fuse 'em; Al - ways my feet pur - sues 'em;
poco accel.
Long as they've got a bo - som, I woo's 'em.


rall.
f
I'm con - fess - ing a con - fes - sion
p
and I hope I'm not ver - bose, When

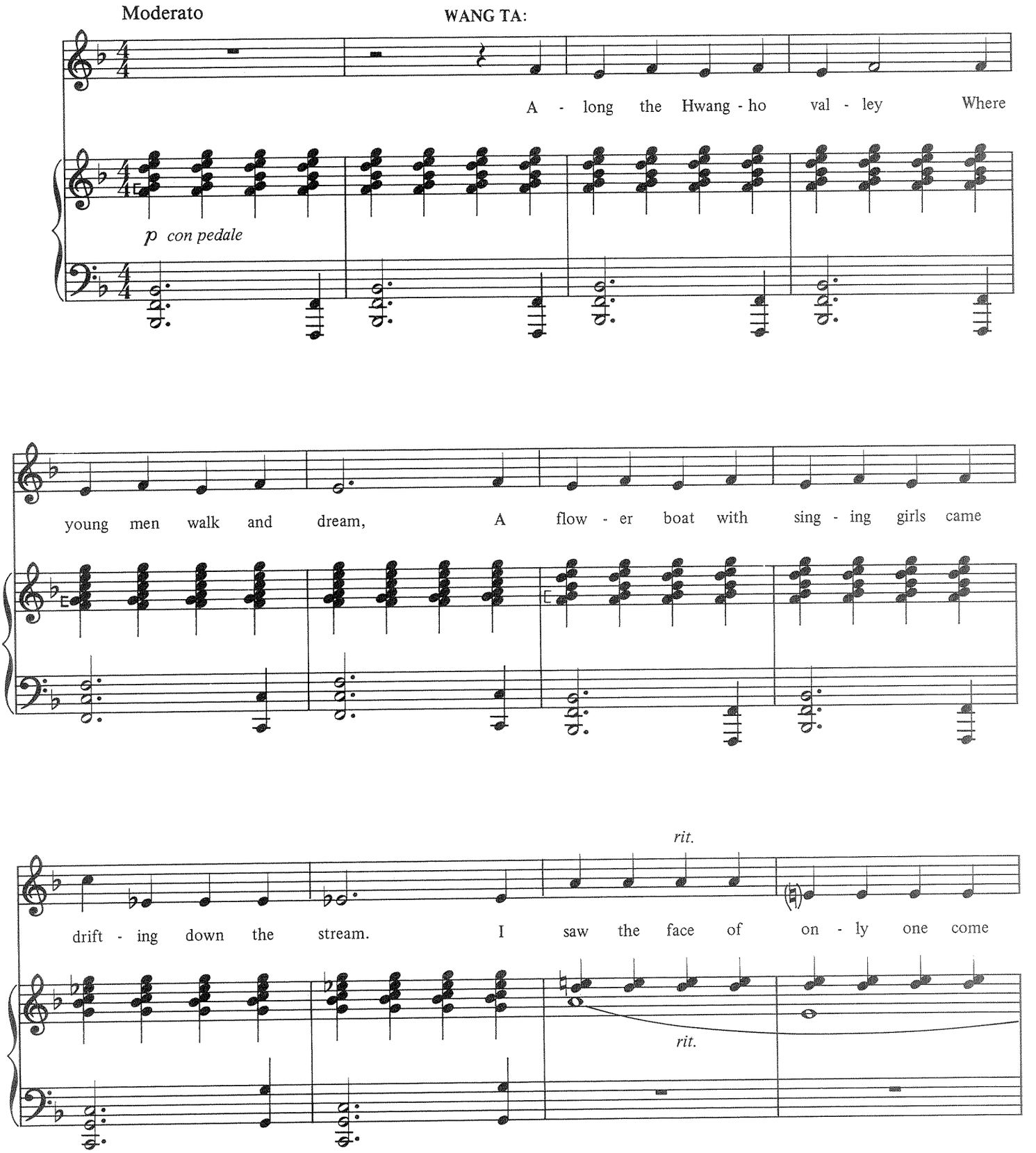

I'm not close to the kiss that I cling to, I cling to, I
kiss that's close. As I'm more and more a
mor - tal, I am more and more a case.
When I'm not fac - ing the face that I fan - cy, I


rit. - - - -
fan - cy the face I face. For Sha - ron I'm car - in'; But
rit. - - - -
a tempo
Su - zan I'm choo-sin', I'm faith - ful to who - s'n is here. When
a tempo
I'm not near the girl I love, I love the girl
I'm near.
tr
tr
fz
fz

YOU ARE BEAUTIFUL

from *Flower Drum Song*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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Moderato

a tempo

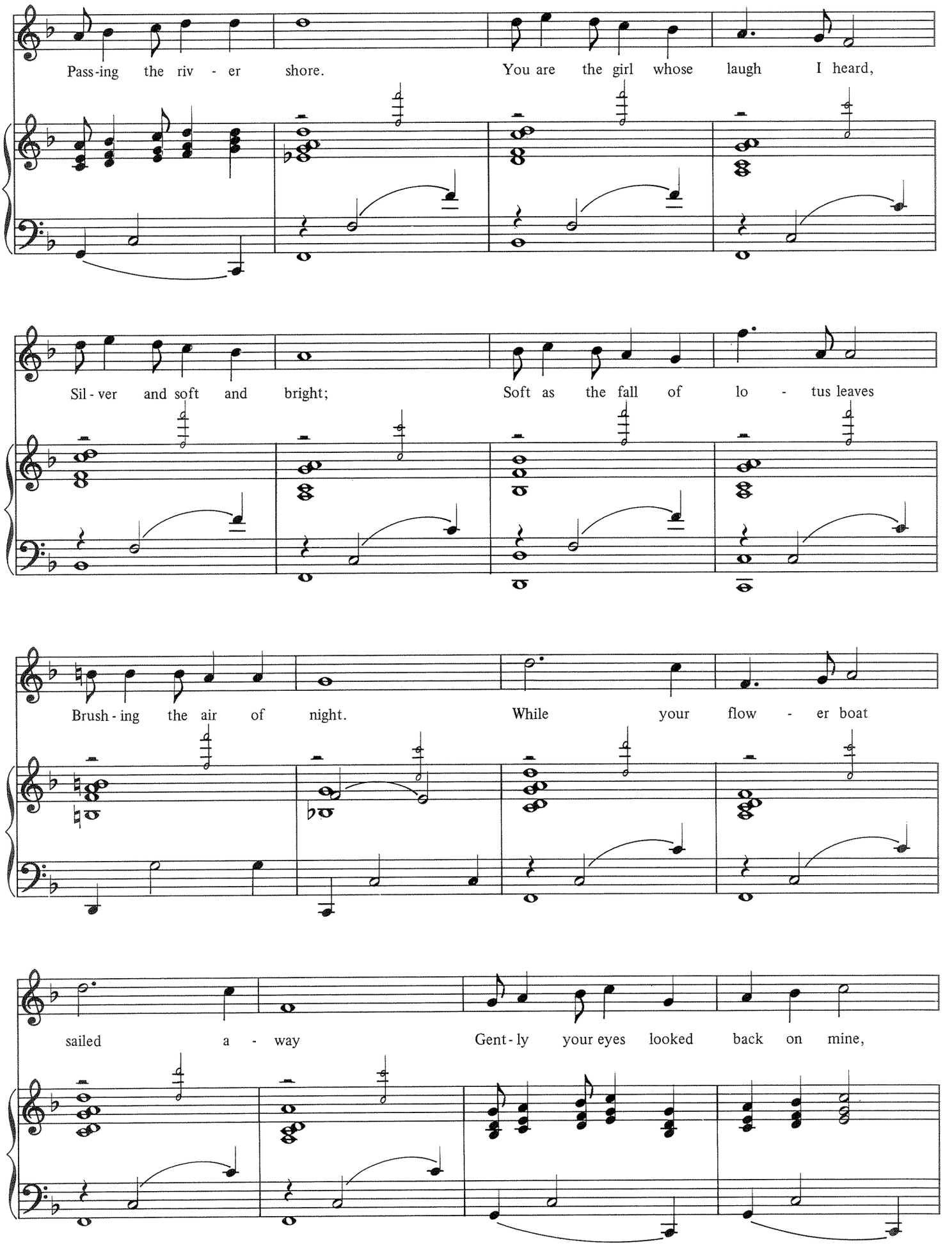
drift - ing down the stream. You are beau - ti - ful,

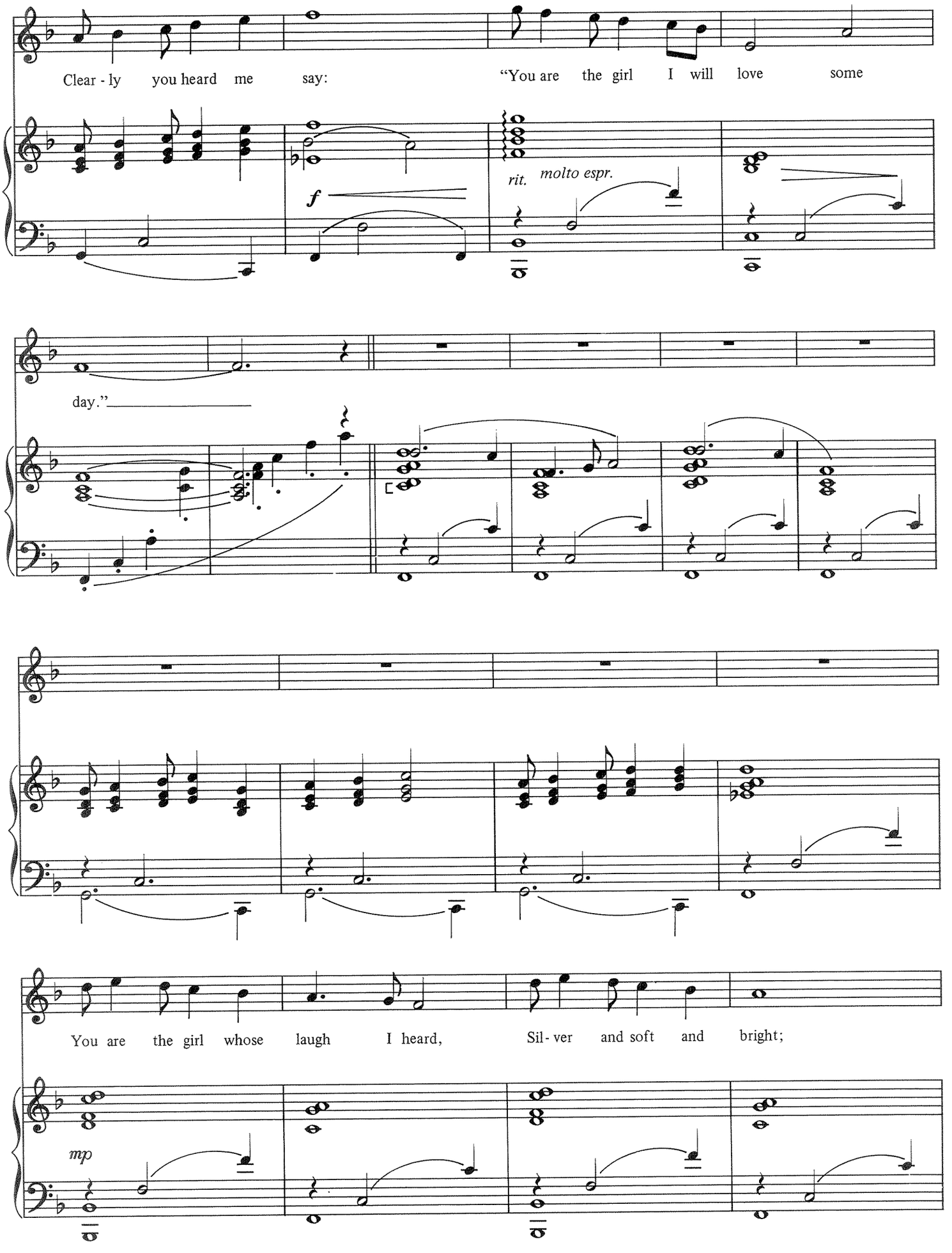
a tempo *mf espressivo*

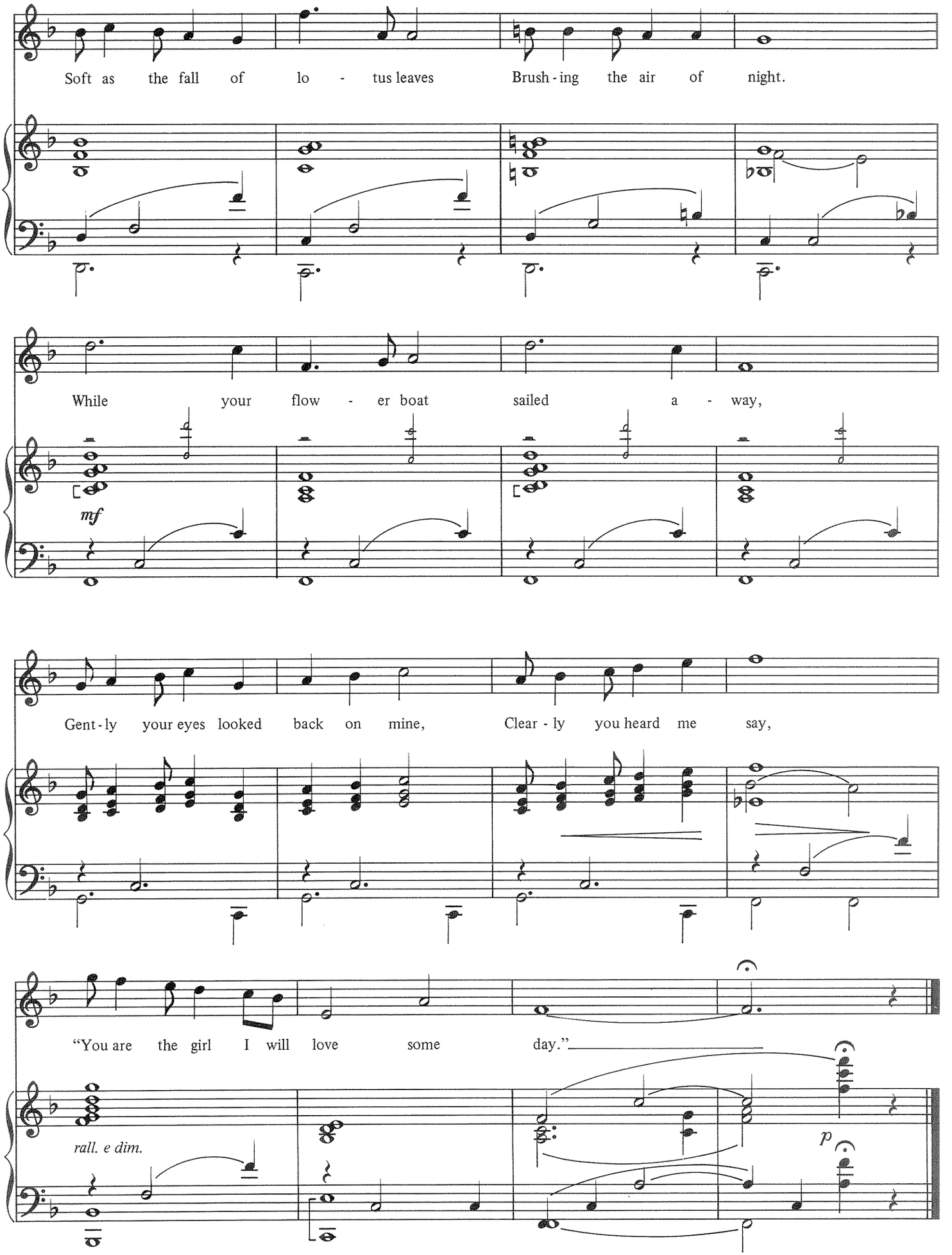
small and shy. You are the girl whose eyes met mine

Just as your boat sailed by. This I know of you,

noth - ing more: You are the girl whose eyes met mine,


Pass-ing the riv - er shore. You are the girl whose laugh I heard,
Sil - ver and soft and bright; Soft as the fall of lo - tus leaves
Brush - ing the air of night. While your flow - er boat
sailed a - way Gent - ly your eyes looked back on mine,

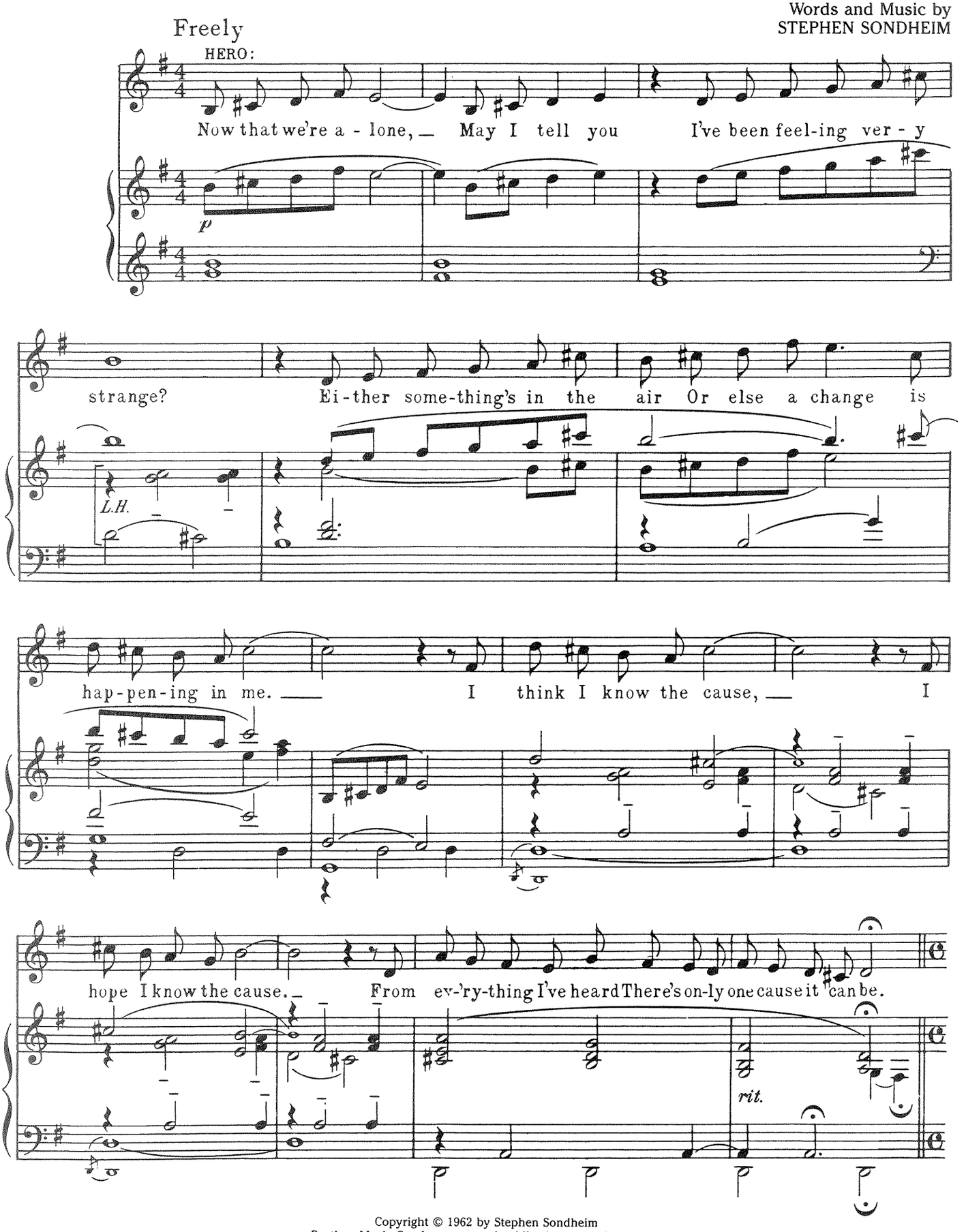

Clear - ly you heard me say: "You are the girl I will love some
f
rit. molto espr.
day."
You are the girl whose laugh I heard, Sil - ver and soft and bright;
mp


Soft as the fall of lo - tus leaves Brush - ing the air of night.
While your flow - er boat sailed a - way,
mf
Gent - ly your eyes looked back on mine, Clear - ly you heard me say,
"You are the girl I will love some day."
rall. e dim.
p

LOVE, I HEAR

from *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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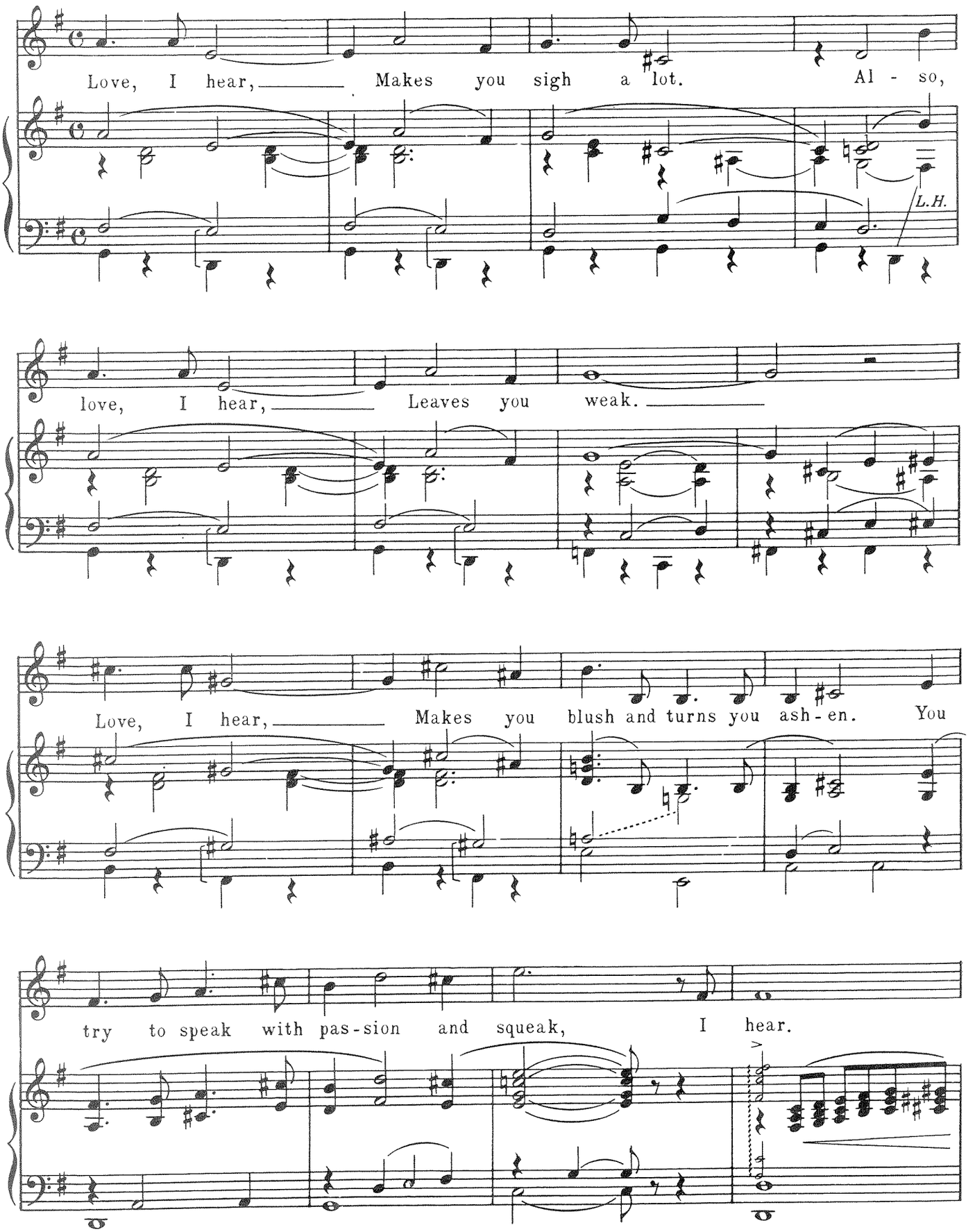
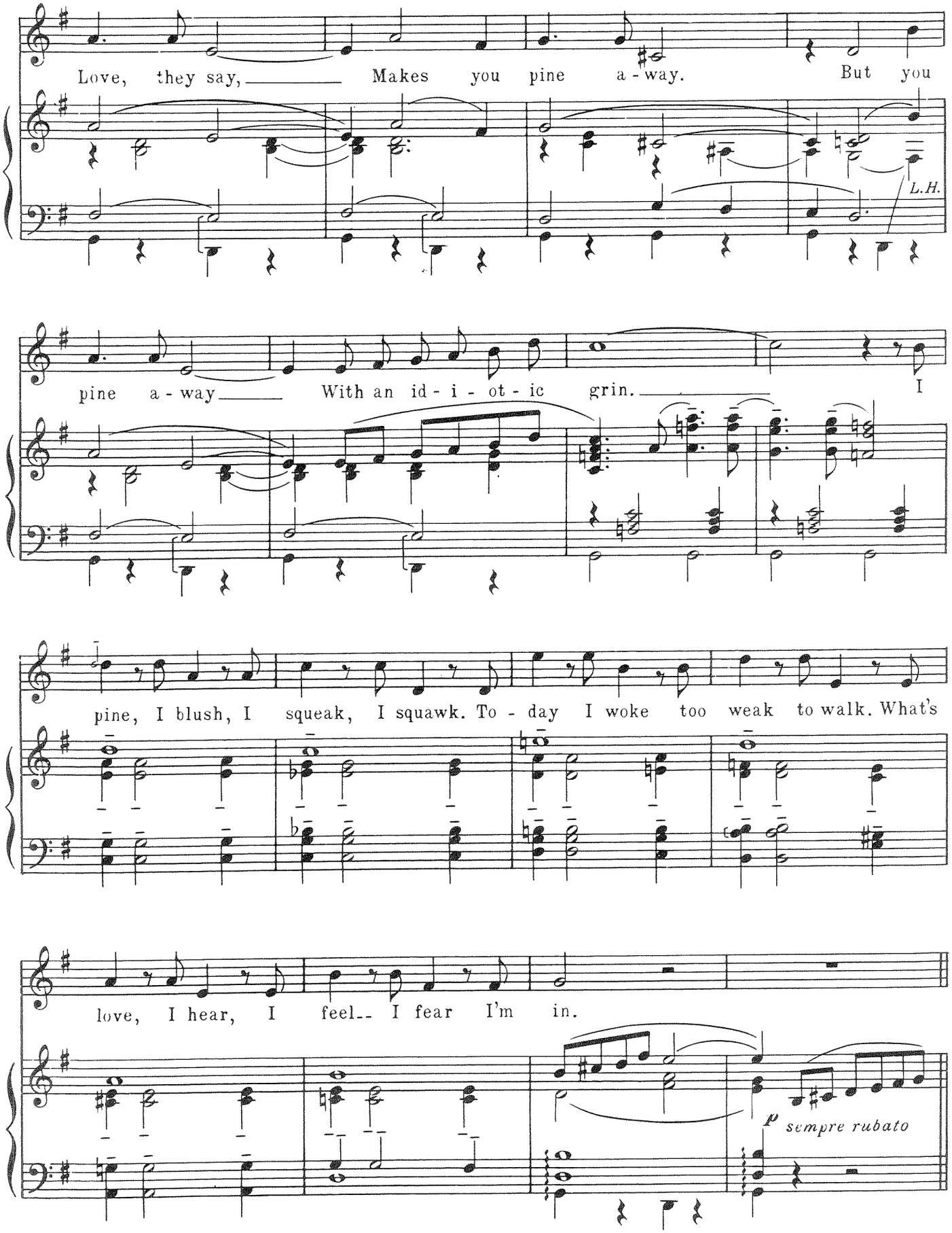
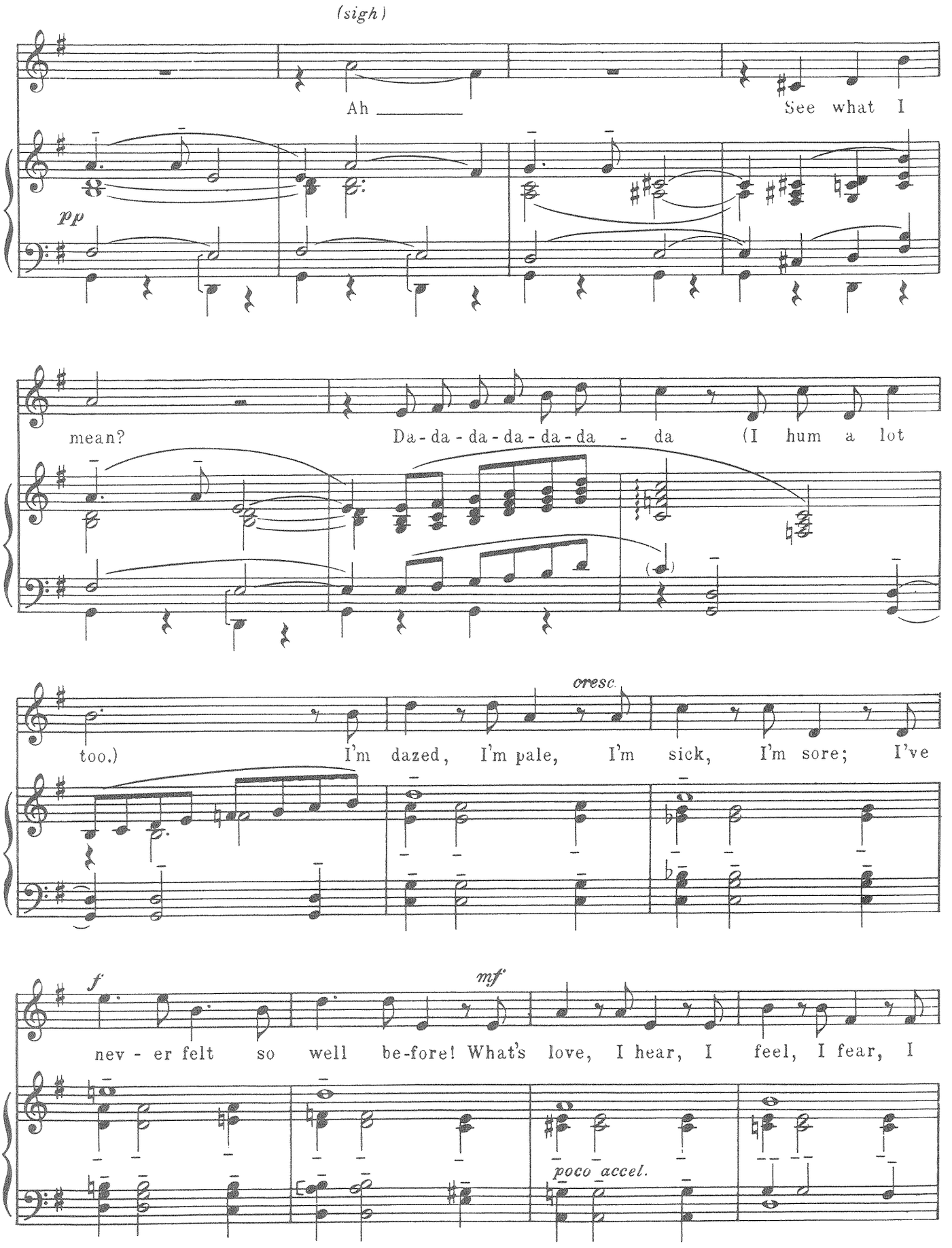
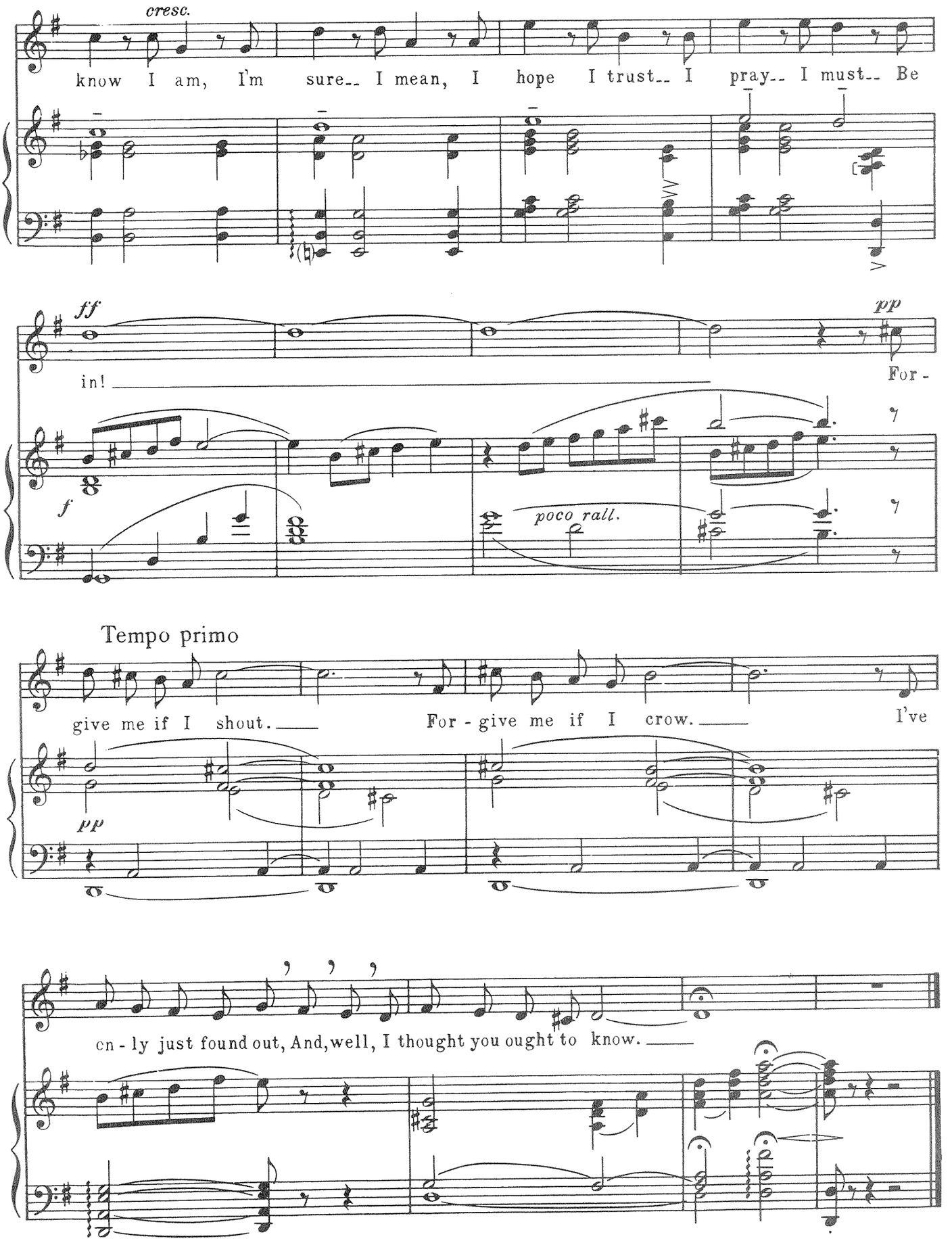
Moderately - In 4




Love, they say, Makes you pine a - way. But you
L.H.
pine a - way With an id - i - ot - ic grin. I
pine, I blush, I squeak, I squawk. To - day I woke too weak to walk. What's
love, I hear, I feel-- I fear I'm in.
p sempre rubato


(sigh)
Ah
See what I
pp
mean?
Da-da-da-da-da-da-da
(I hum a lot
too.)
cresc.
I'm dazed, I'm pale, I'm sick, I'm sore; I've
f
mf
nev-er felt so well be-fore! What's love, I hear, I feel, I fear, I
poco accel.

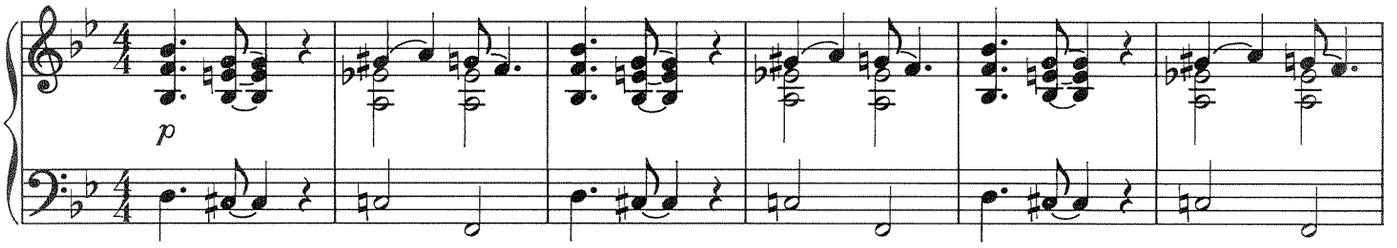

cresc.
know I am, I'm sure__ I mean, I hope I trust__ I pray__ I must__ Be
ff
pp
in!
For -
f
poco rall.
Tempo primo
give me if I shout.
For - give me if I crow.
I've
pp
cn - ly just found out, And, well, I thought you ought to know.

ALL I NEED IS THE GIRL

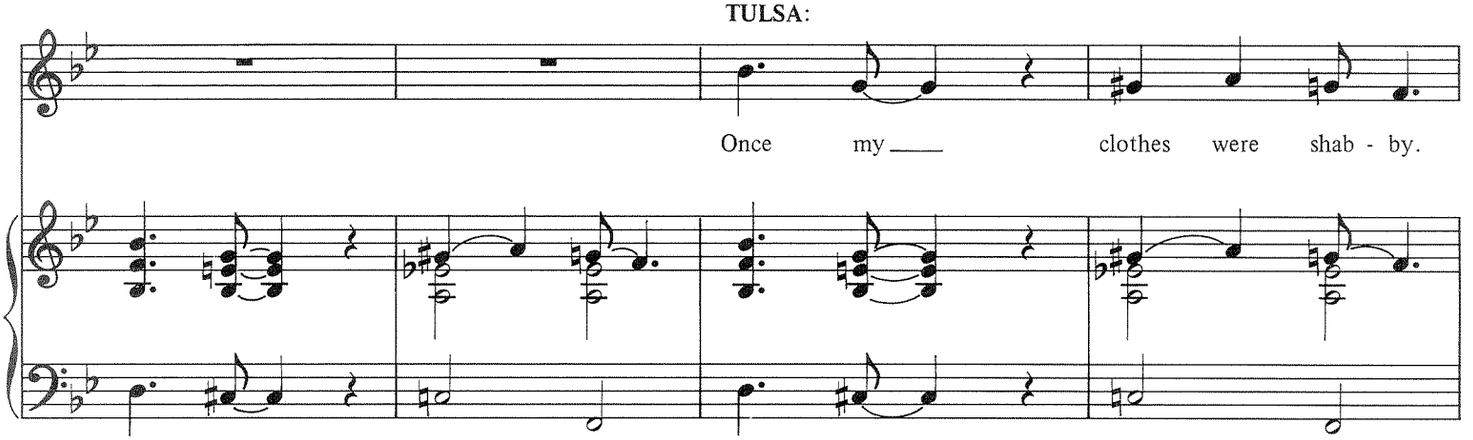
from *Gypsy*

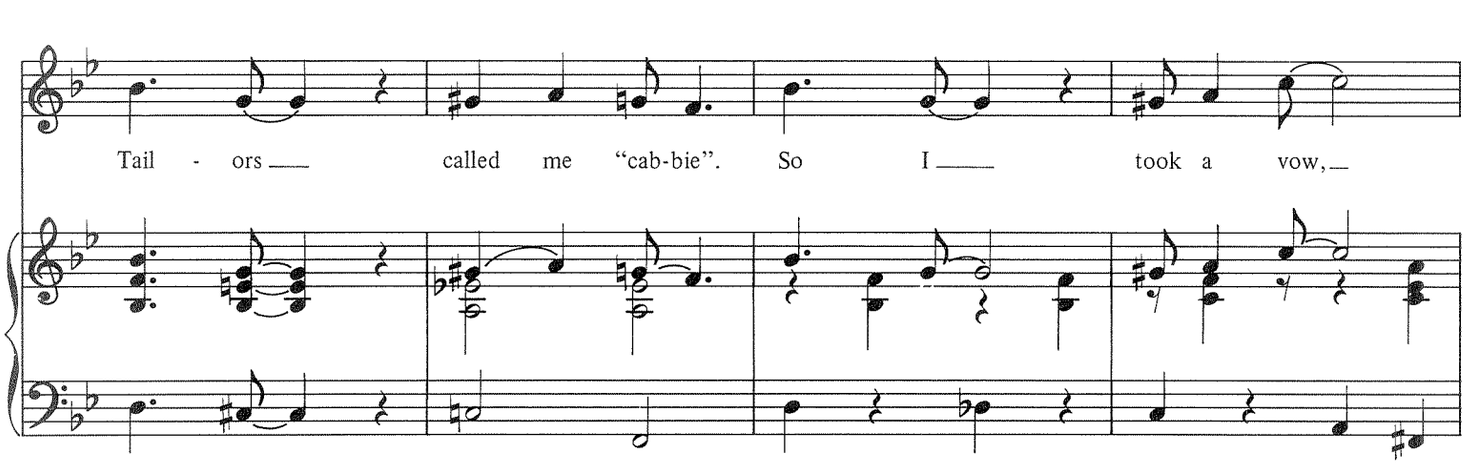
Words by STEPHEN SONDHEIM
Music by JULE STYNE

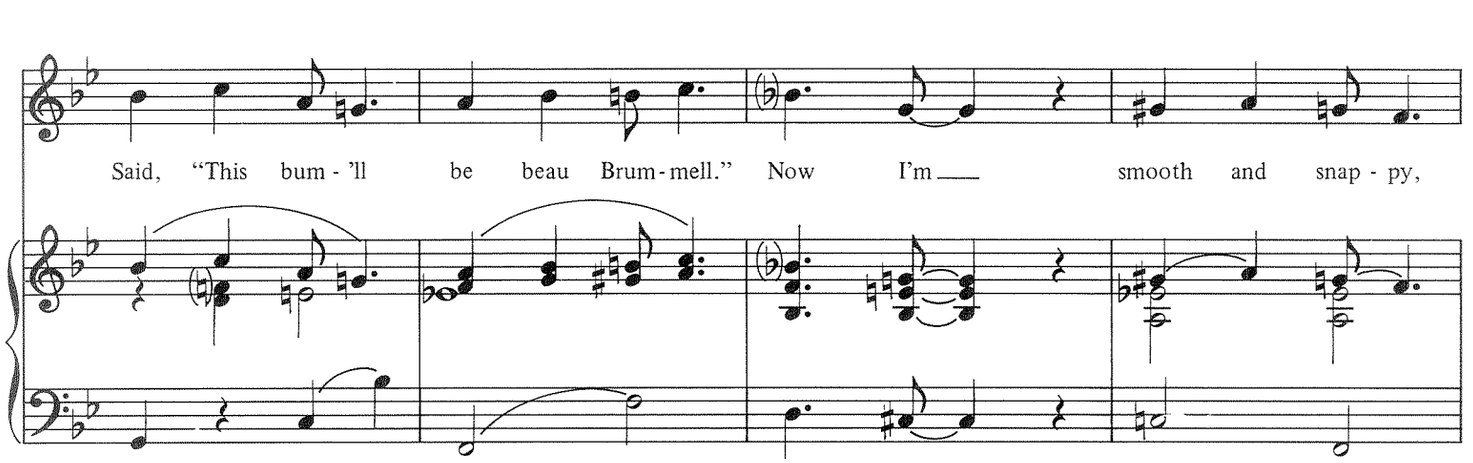
Moderato ($\frac{4}{4}$ = 92)



TULSA:







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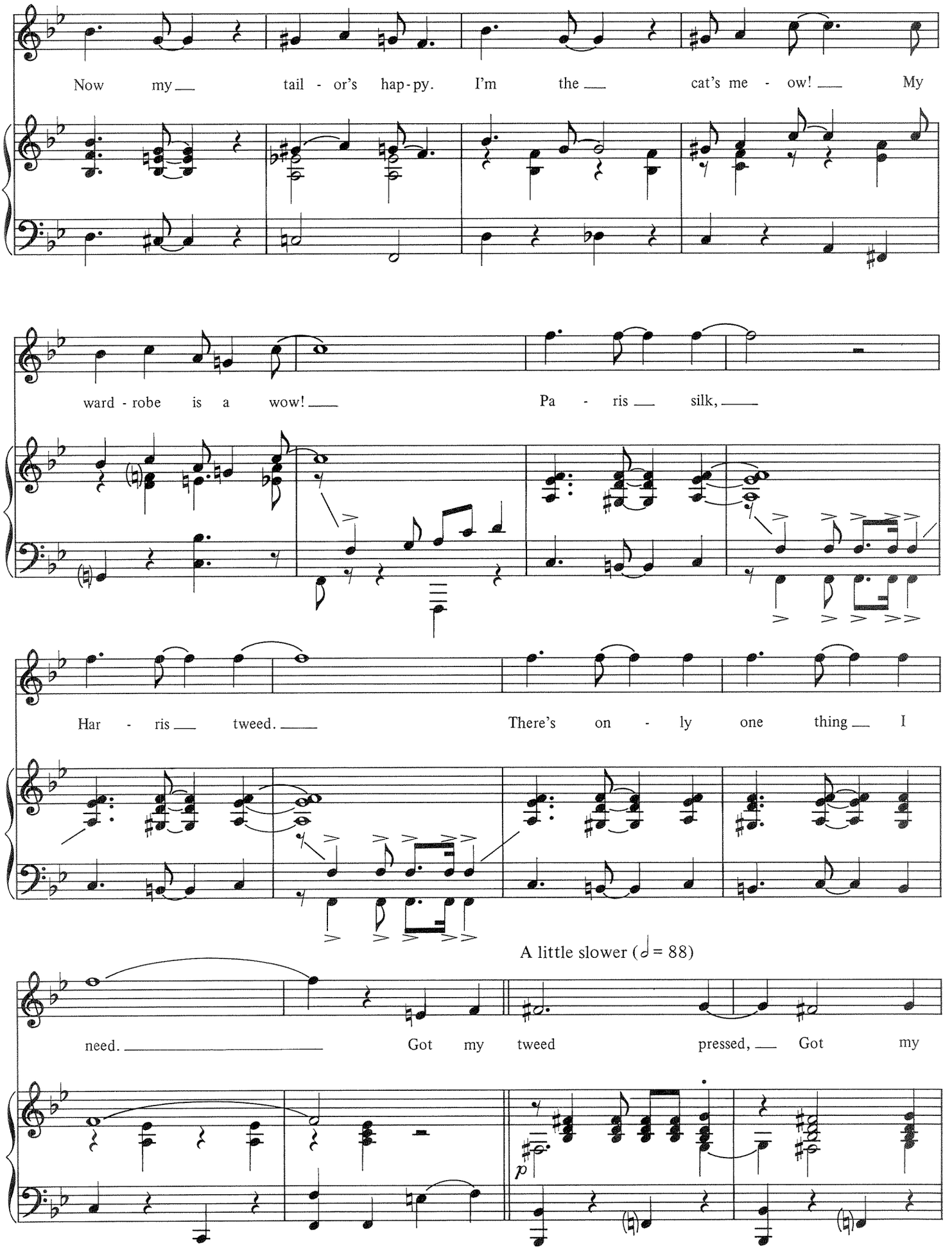
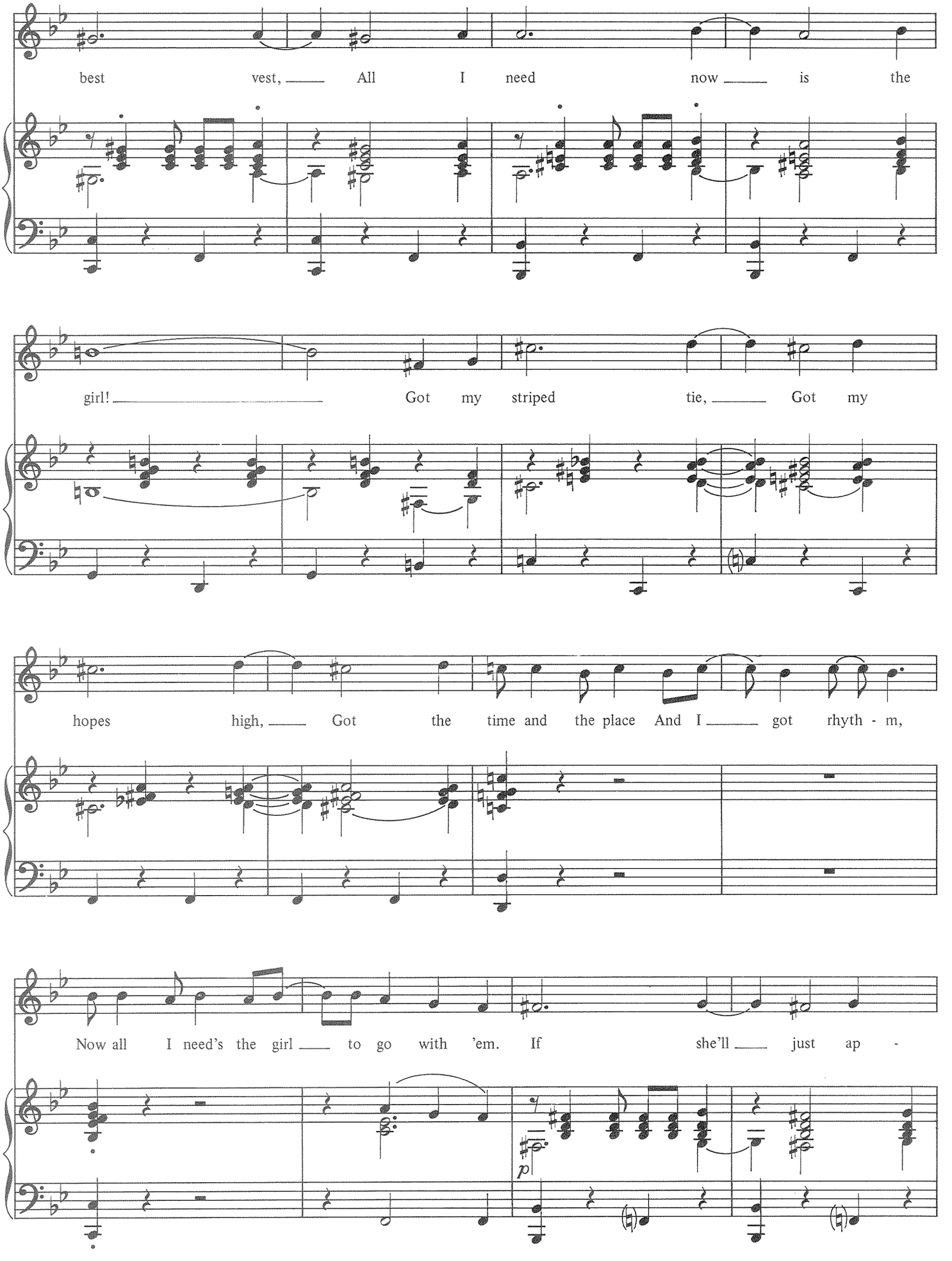
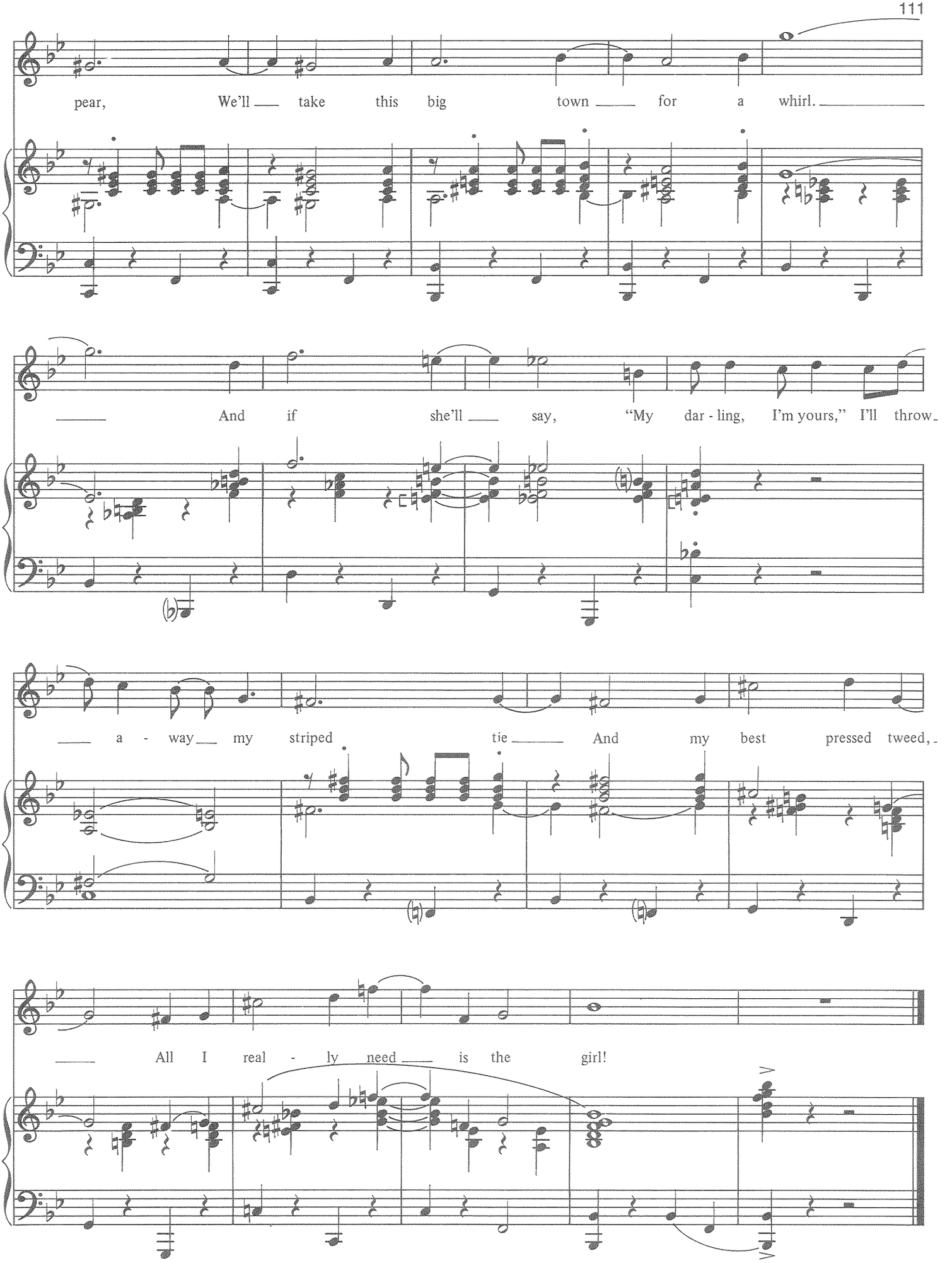

Now my tail - or's hap-py. I'm the cat's me - ow! My
ward - robe is a wow! Pa - ris silk,
Har - ris tweed. There's on - ly one thing I
A little slower (♩ = 88)
need. Got my tweed pressed, Got my
p

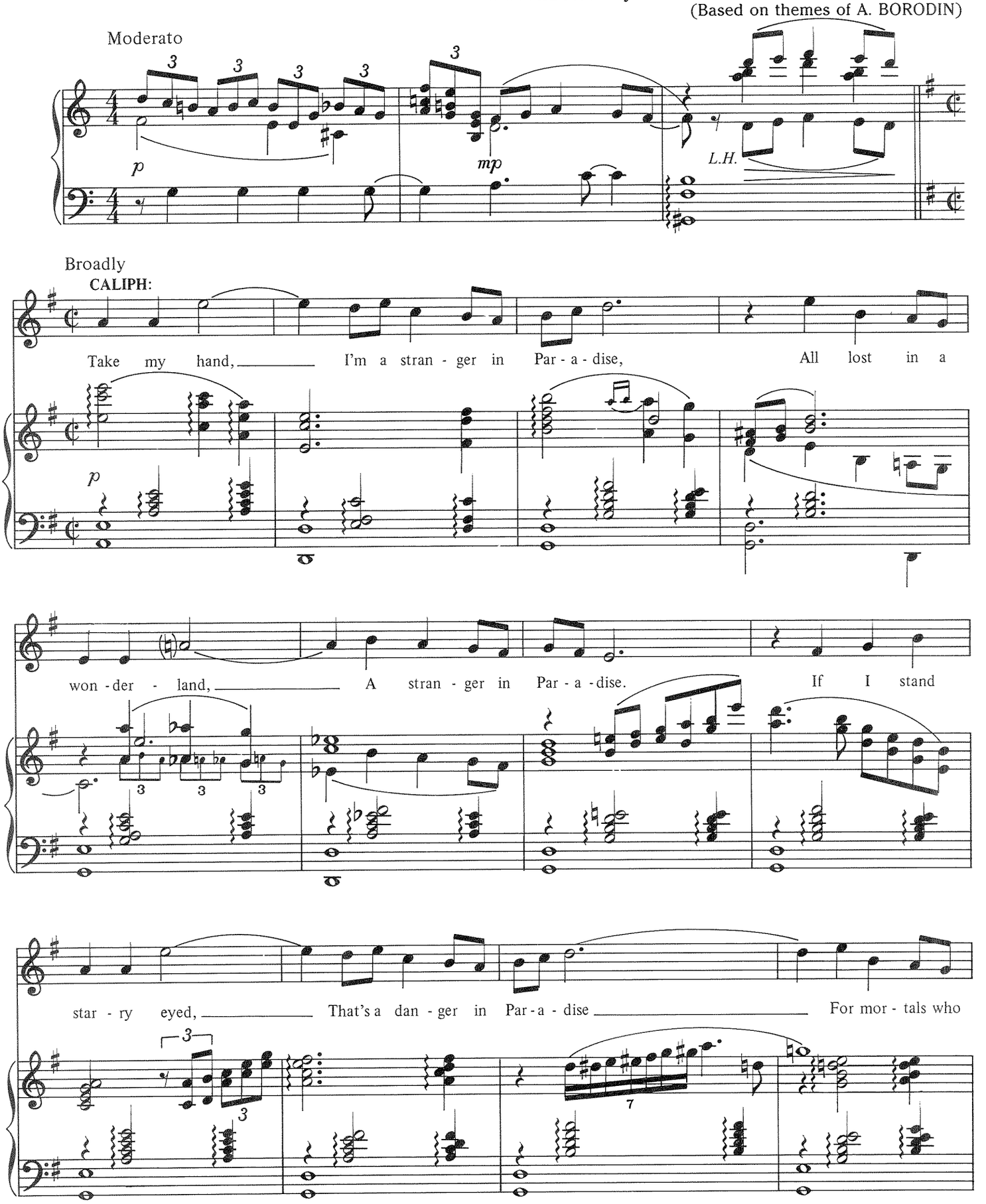

best vest, All I need now is the
girl! Got my striped tie, Got my
hopes high, Got the time and the place And I got rhyth - m,
Now all I need's the girl to go with 'em. If she'll just ap -
p


pear, We'll take this big town for a whirl.
And if she'll say, "My dar - ling, I'm yours," I'll throw
a - way my striped tie And my best pressed tweed,
All I real - ly need is the girl!

STRANGER IN PARADISE

from *Kismet*

Words and Music by ROBERT WRIGHT and GEORGE FORREST
(Based on themes of A. BORODIN)



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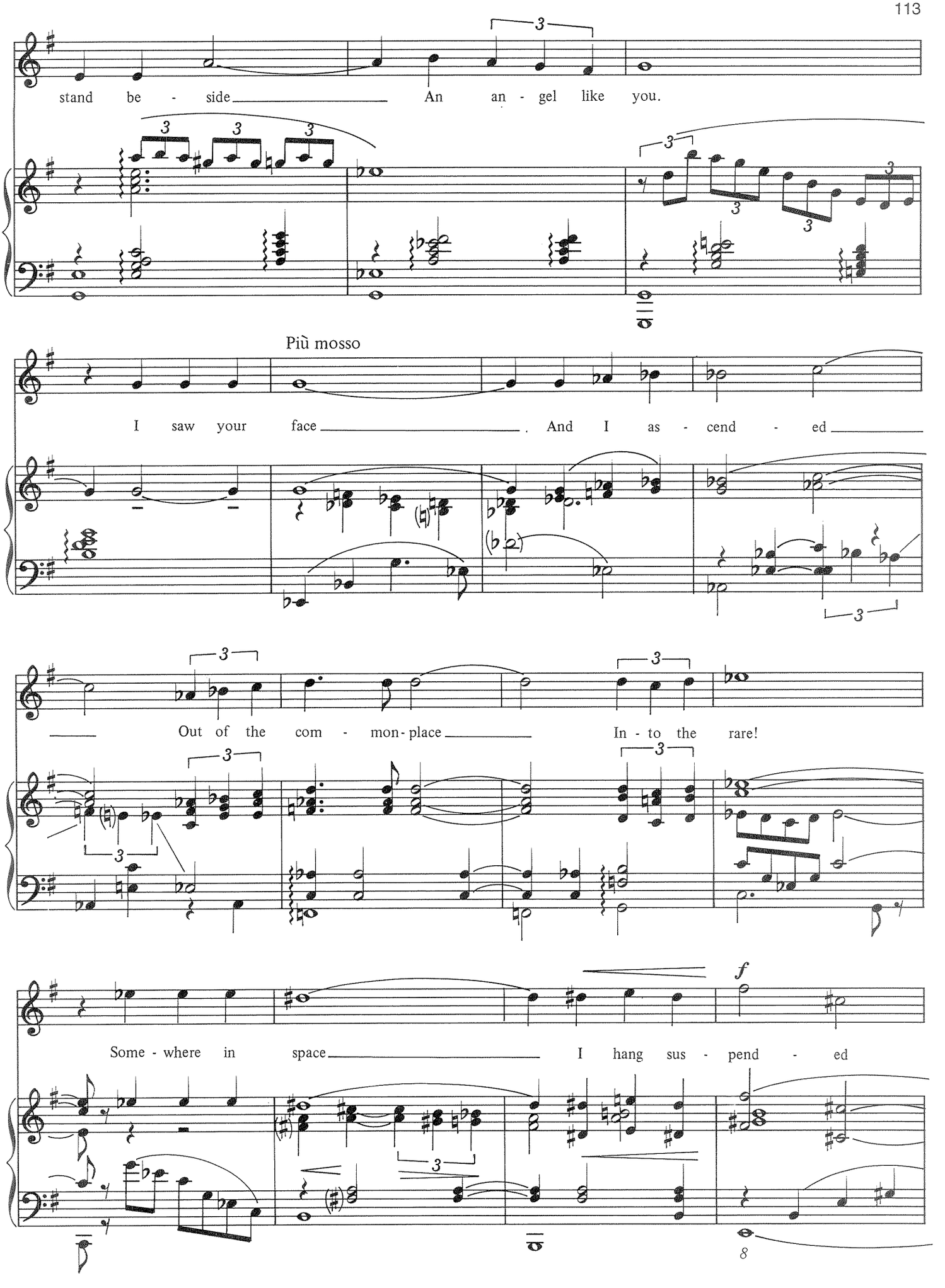
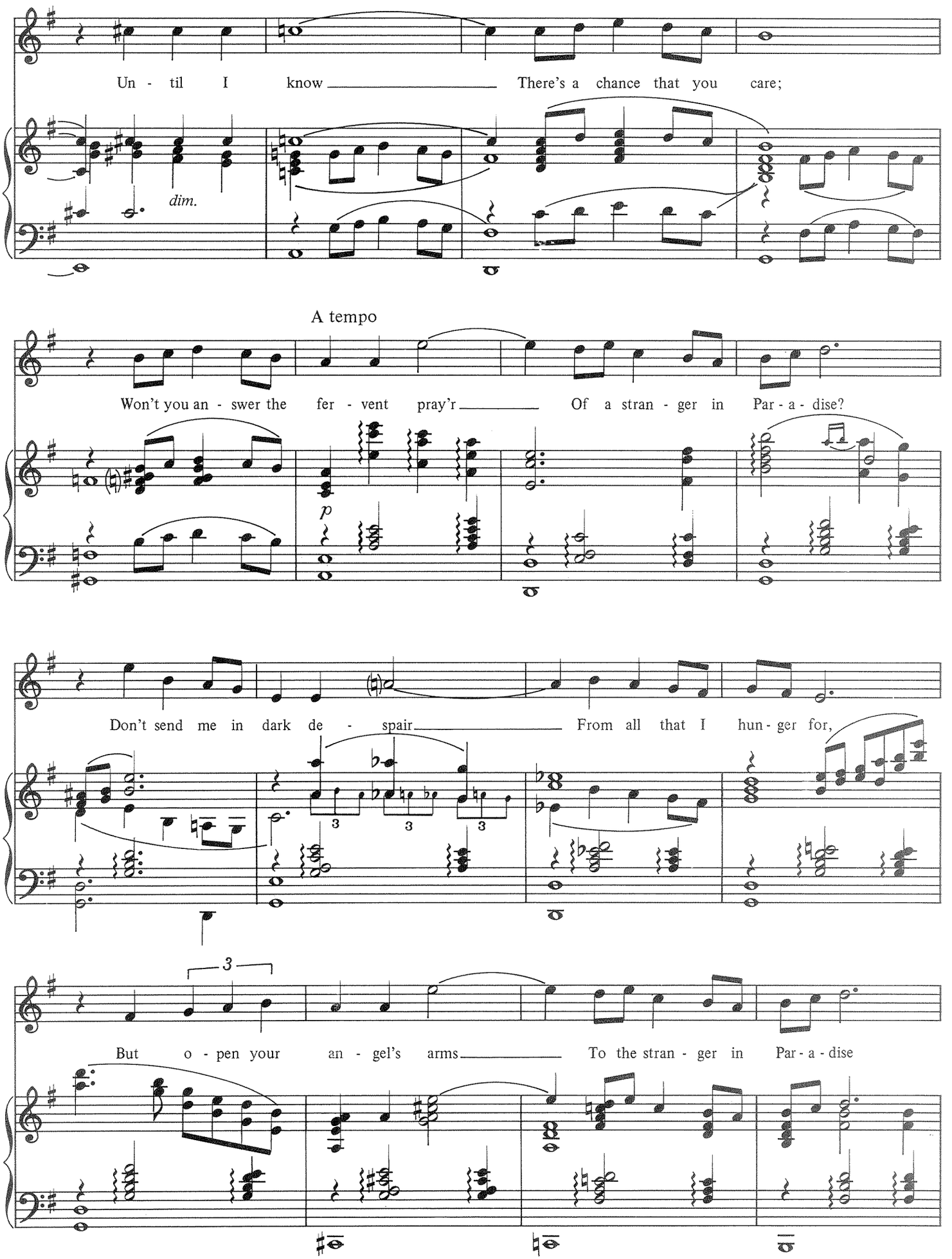
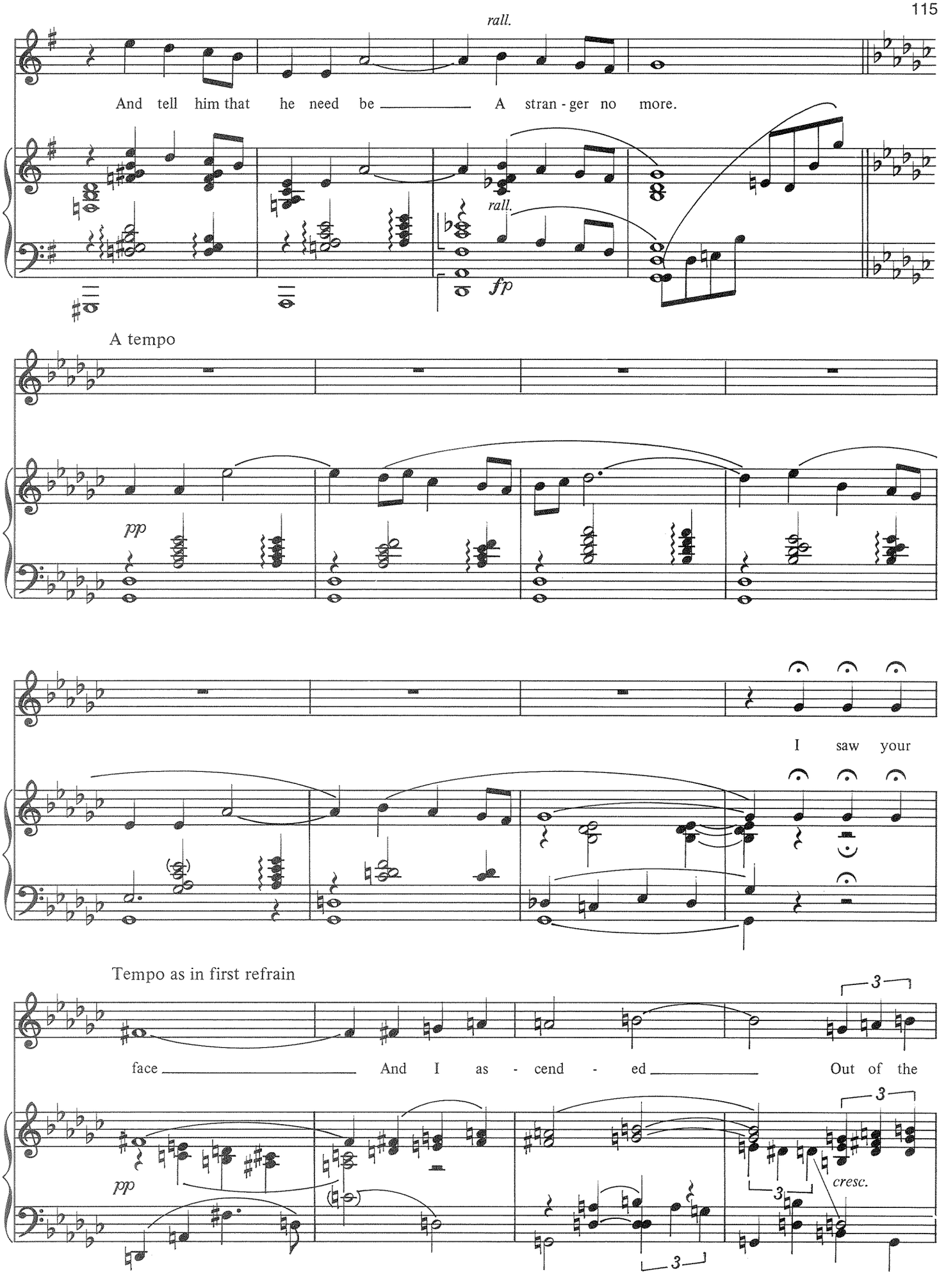
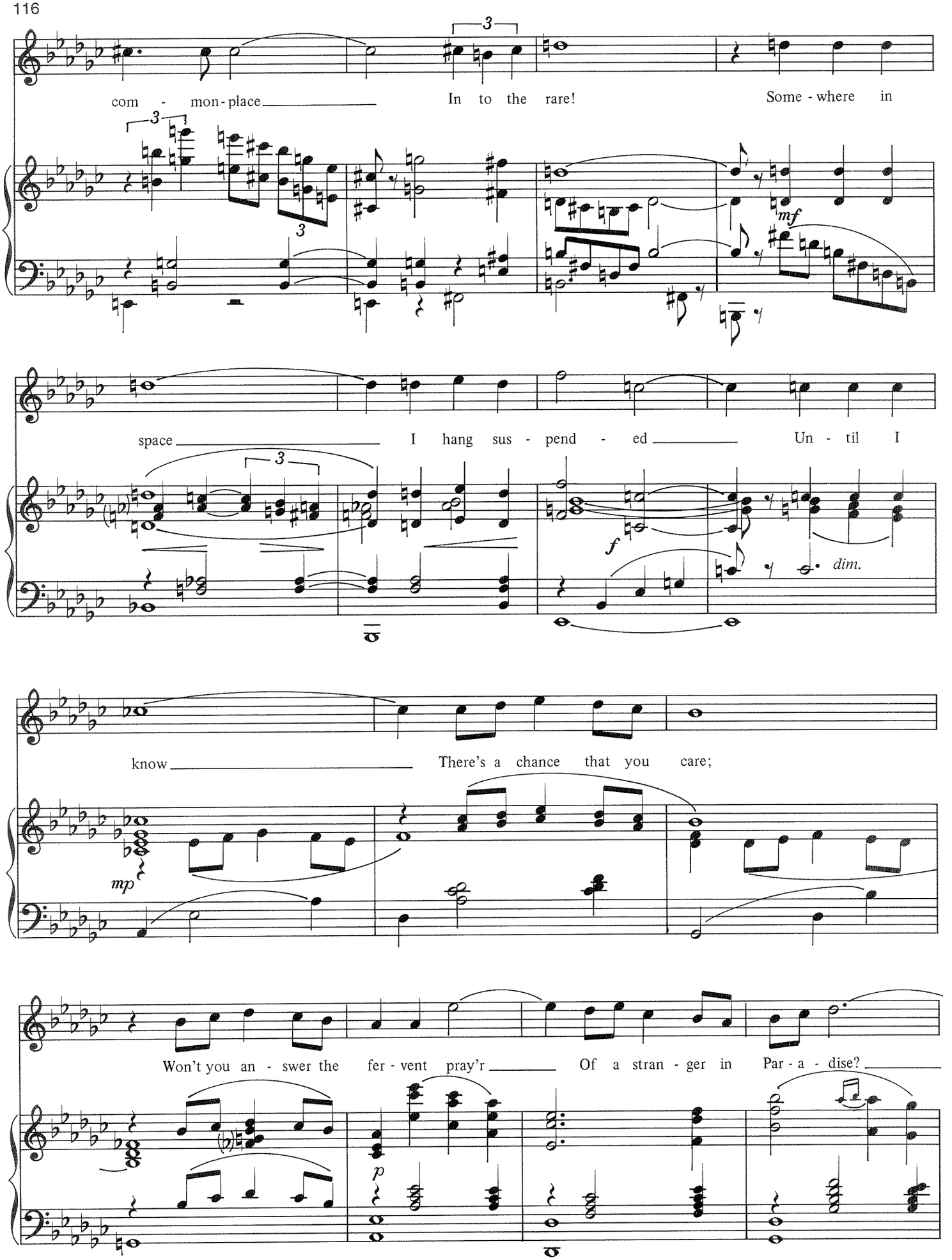
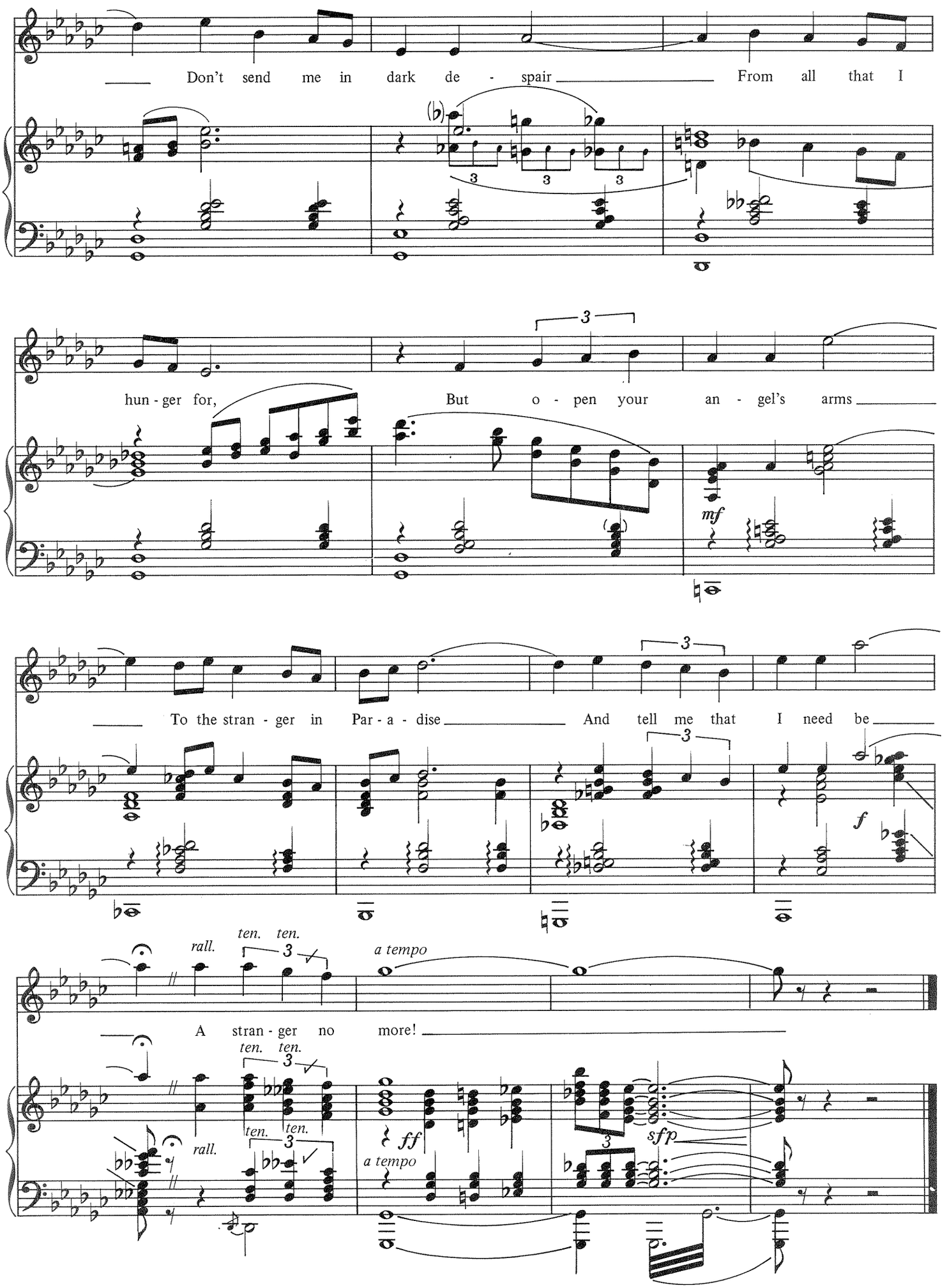

stand be - side An an - gel like you.
Più mosso
I saw your face . And I as - cend - ed
Out of the com - mon-place In - to the rare!
Some - where in space I hang sus - pend - ed
f


Un - til I know There's a chance that you care;
dim.
A tempo
Won't you an - swer the fer - vent pray'r Of a stran - ger in Par - a - dise?
p
Don't send me in dark de - spair From all that I hun - ger for,
3
3
3
3
But o - pen your an - gel's arms To the stran - ger in Par - a - dise


rall.
And tell him that he need be A stran - ger no more.
rall.
fp
A tempo
pp
I saw your
Tempo as in first refrain
face And I as - cend - ed Out of the
pp
cresc.


com - mon-place
In to the rare!
Some - where in
space
I hang sus - pend - ed
Un - til I
know
There's a chance that you care;
Won't you an - swer the fer - vent pray'r
Of a stran - ger in Par - a - dise?
mf
f
dim.
mp
p

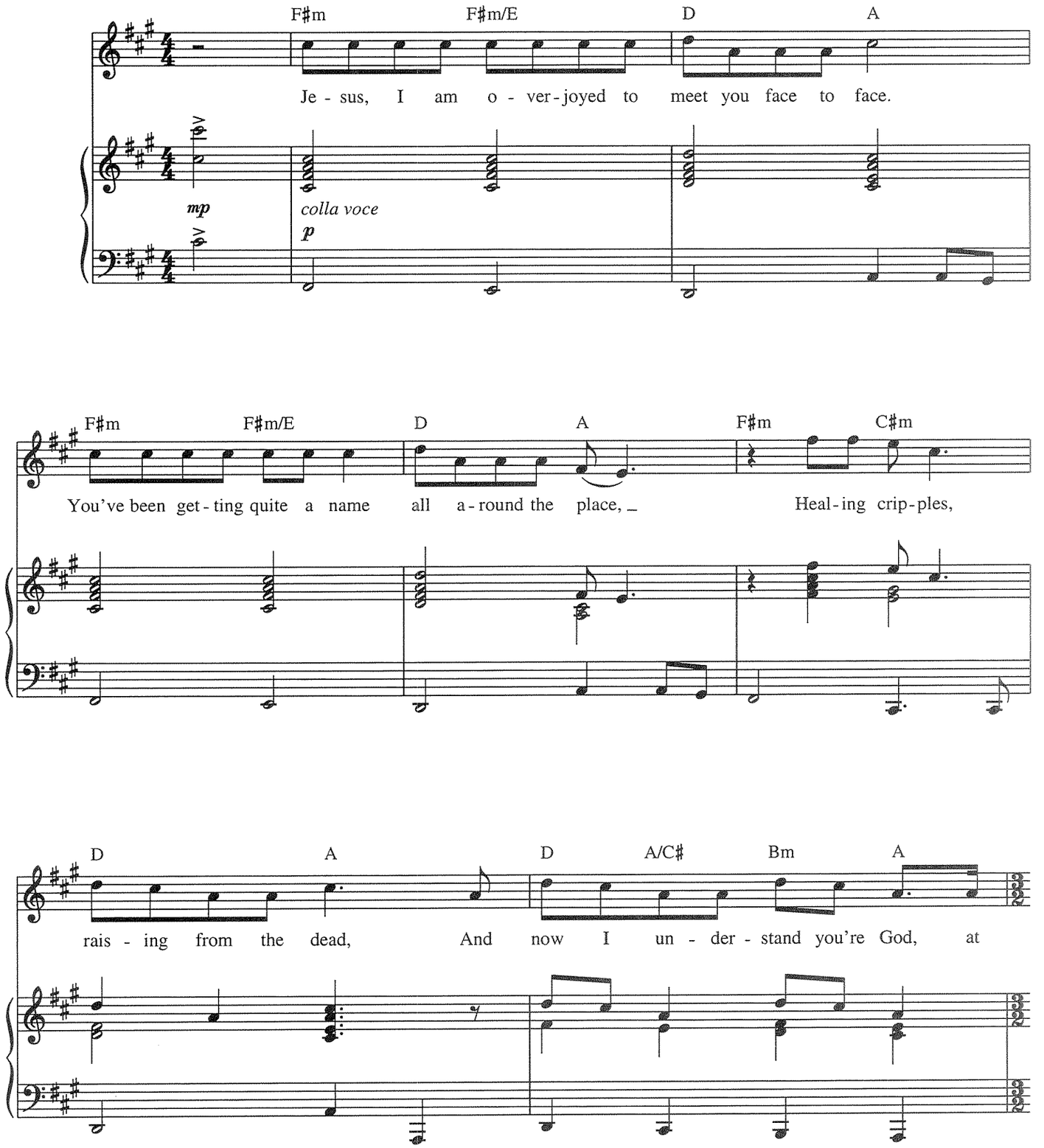

Don't send me in dark de - spair From all that I
hun - ger for, But o - pen your an - gel's arms
mf
To the stran - ger in Par - a - dise And tell me that I need be
f
rall.
ten. ten.
a tempo
A stran - ger no more!
ten. ten.
rall.
ten. ten.
a tempo
ff
sfp

KING HEROD'S SONG

from *Jesus Christ Superstar*

Words by TIM RICE
Music by ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER

Moderato, ad lib.



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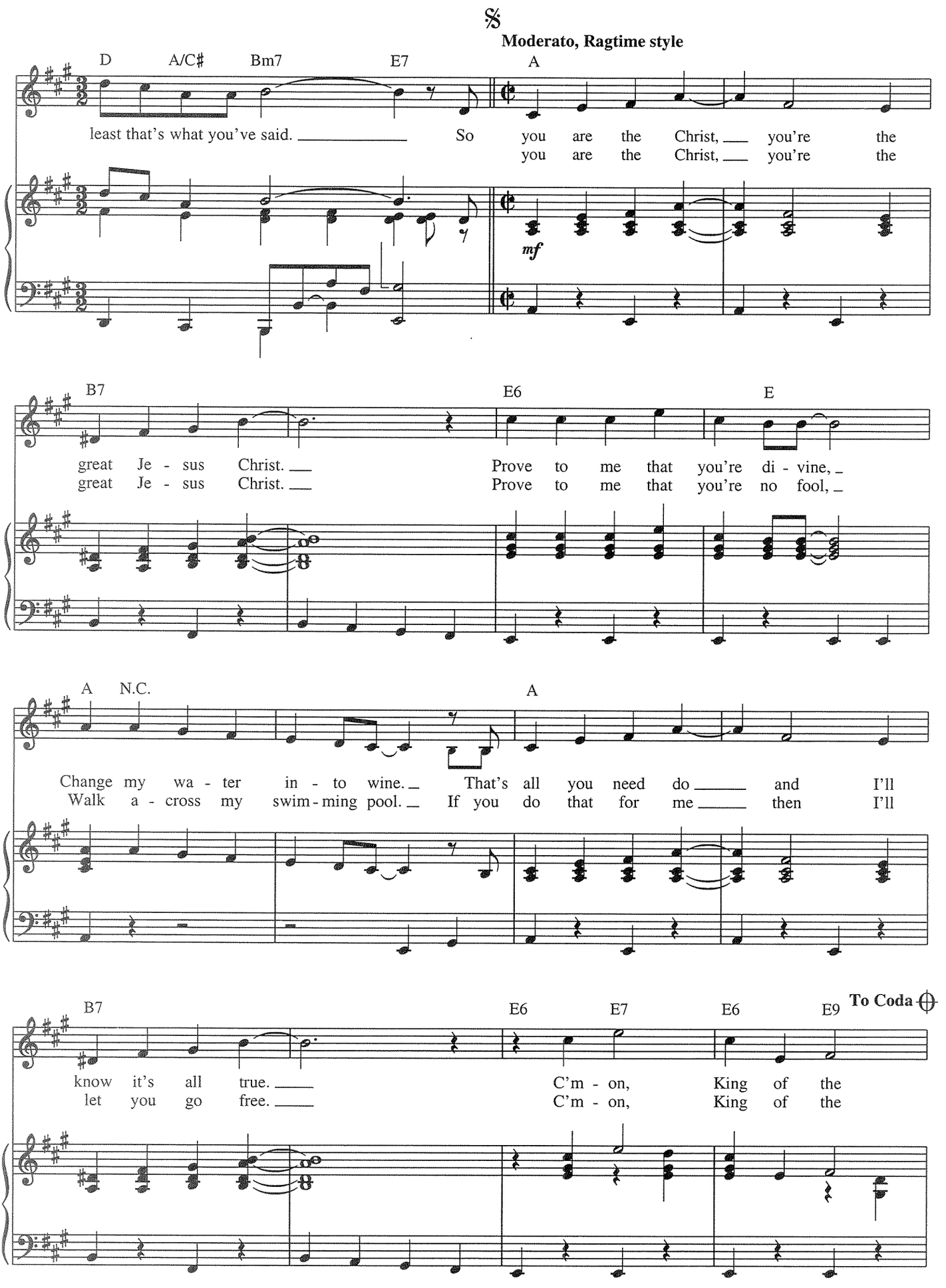
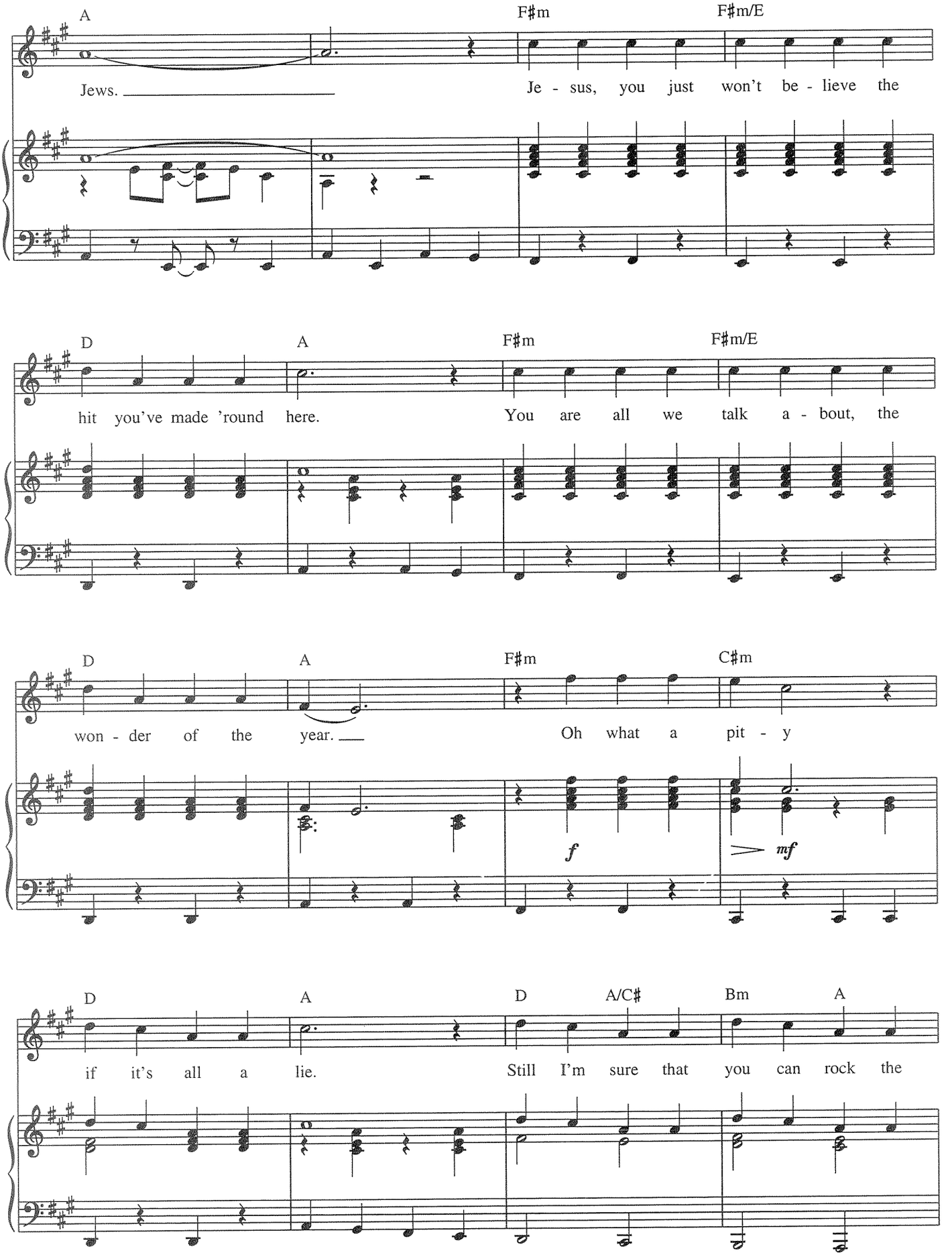
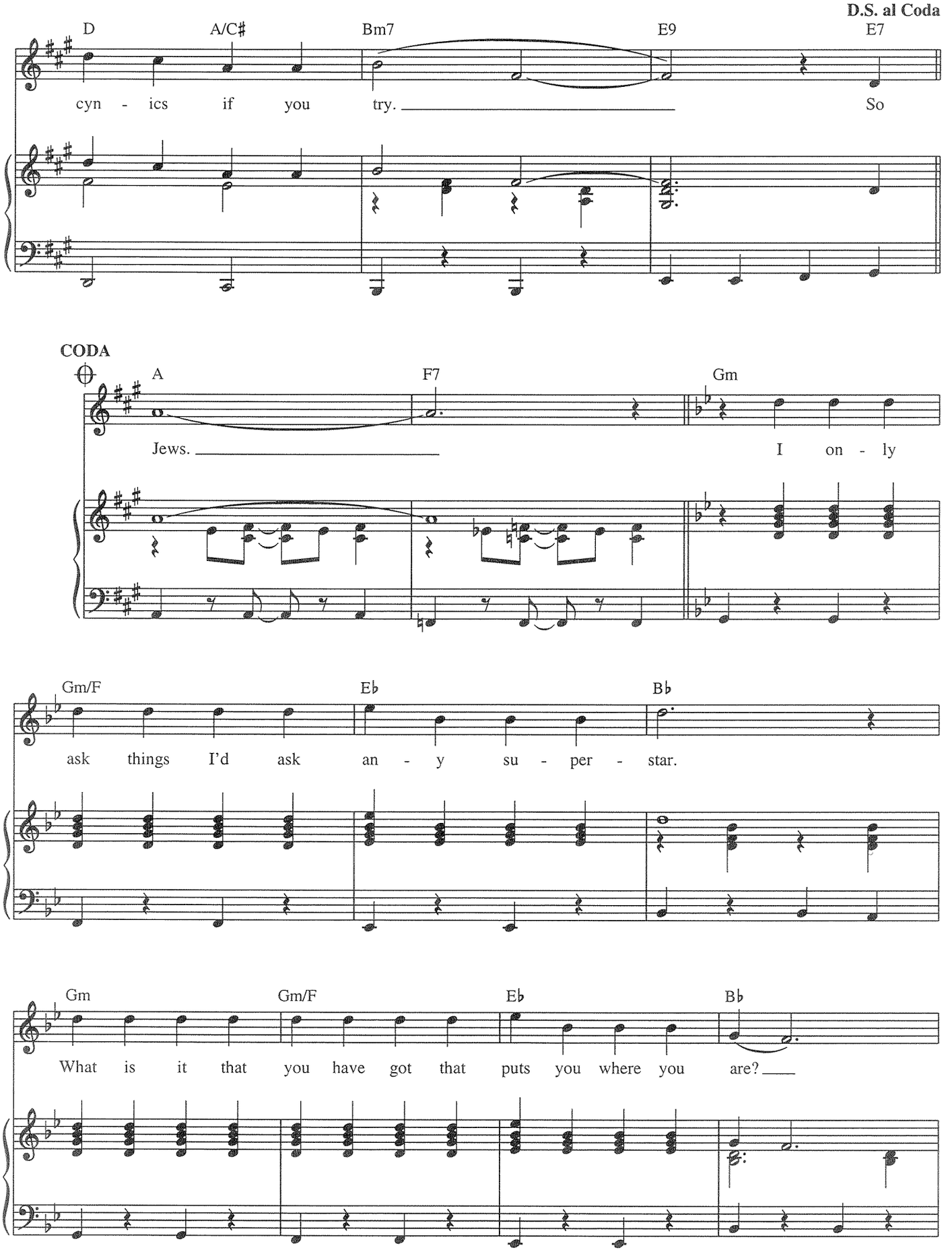
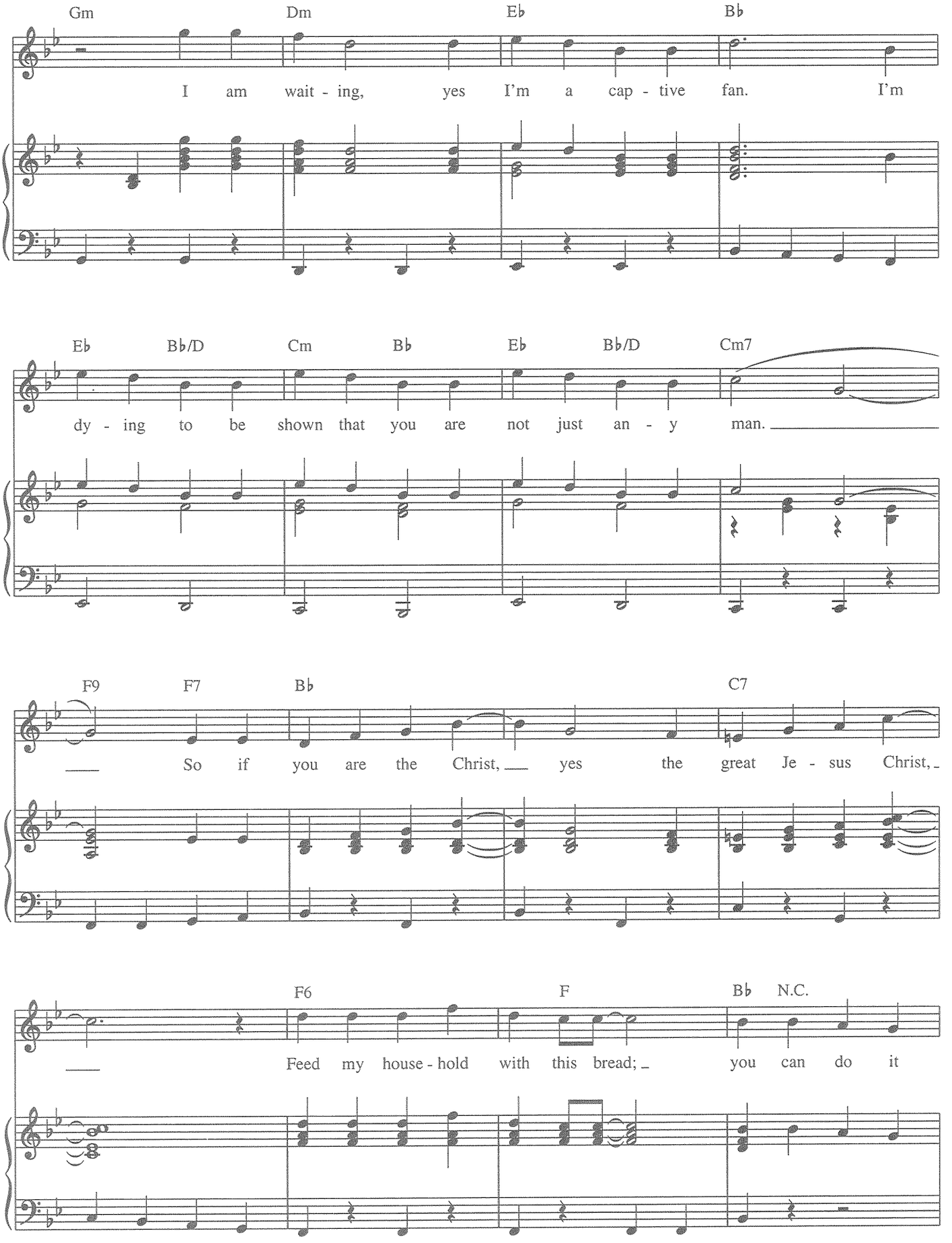
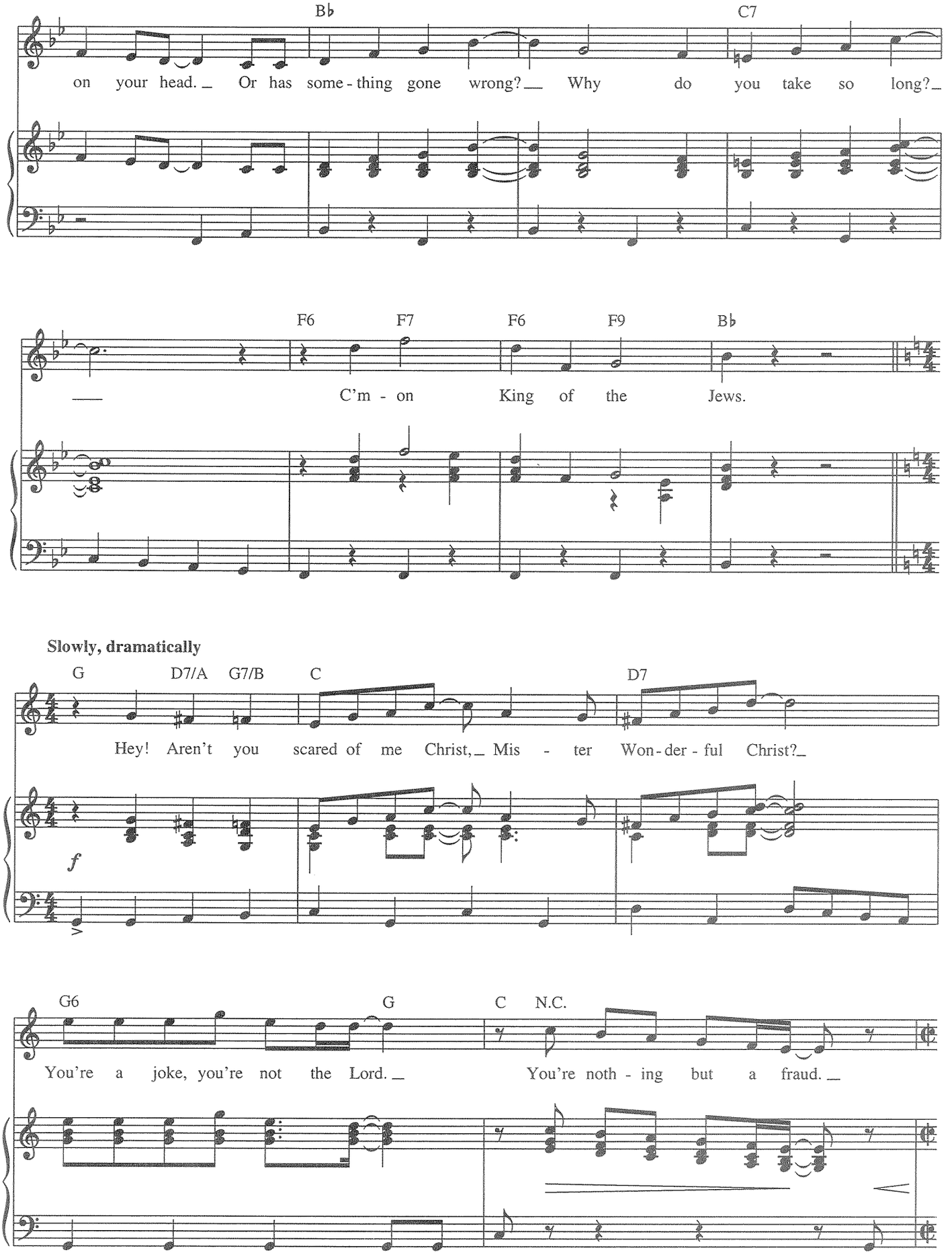
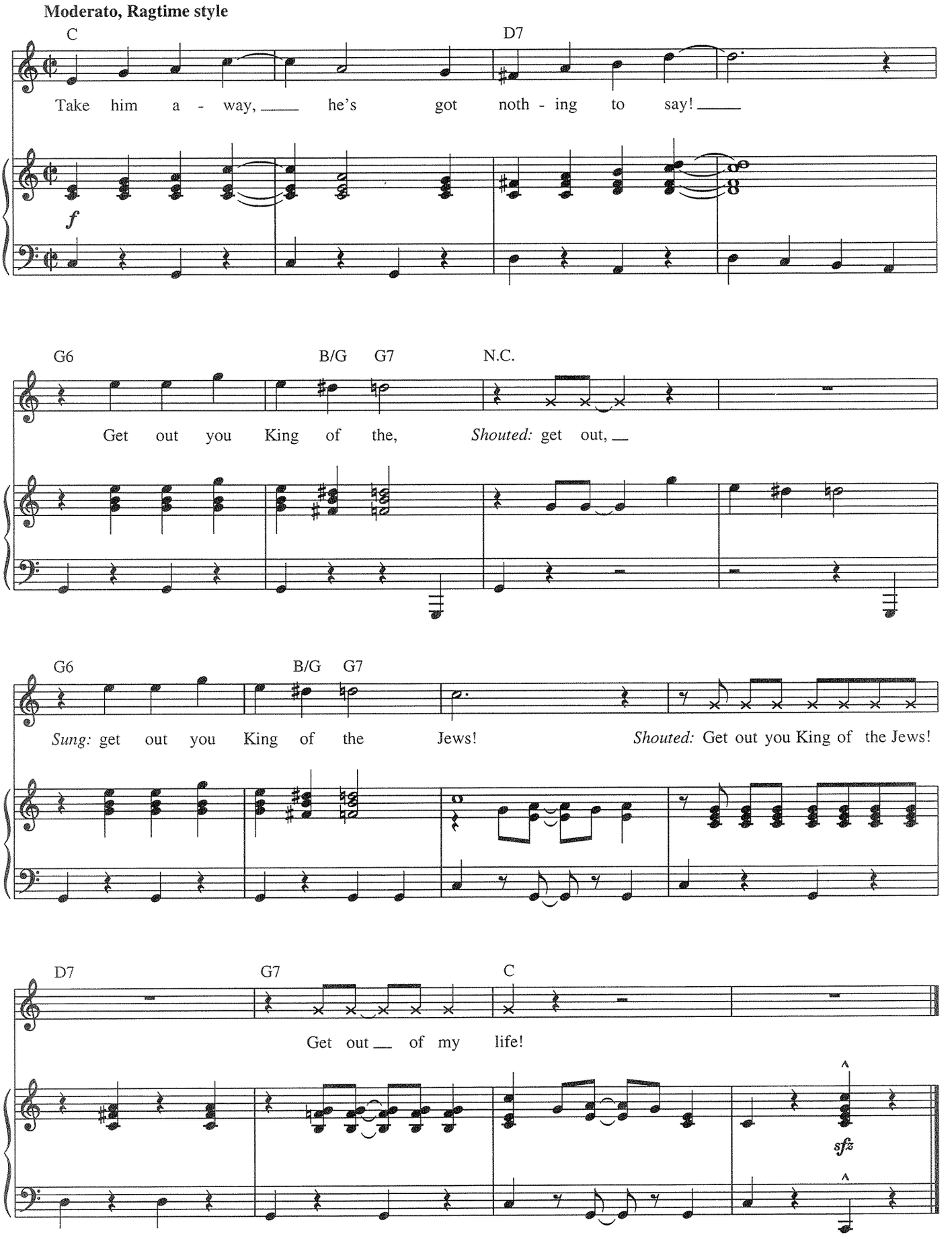

𝄋
Moderato, Ragtime style
D A/C♯ Bm7 E7 A
least that's what you've said. So you are the Christ, you're the
you are the Christ, you're the
mf
B7 E6 E
great Je - sus Christ. Prove to me that you're di - vine,
great Je - sus Christ. Prove to me that you're no fool,
A N.C. A
Change my wa - ter in - to wine. That's all you need do and I'll
Walk a - cross my swim - ming pool. If you do that for me then I'll
B7 E6 E7 E6 E9 To Coda
know it's all true. C'm - on, King of the
let you go free. C'm - on, King of the


A
F♯m
F♯m/E
Jews.
Je - sus, you just won't be - lieve the
D
A
F♯m
F♯m/E
hit you've made 'round here.
You are all we talk a - bout, the
D
A
F♯m
C♯m
won - der of the year.
Oh what a pit - y
f
mf
D
A
D
A/C♯
Bm
A
if it's all a lie.
Still I'm sure that you can rock the


D.S. al Coda
D
A/C♯
Bm7
E9
E7
cyn - ics if you try. So
CODA
A
F7
Gm
Jews. I on - ly
Gm/F
E♭
B♭
ask things I'd ask an - y su - per - star.
Gm
Gm/F
E♭
B♭
What is it that you have got that puts you where you are?


Gm Dm Eb Bb
I am wait - ing, yes I'm a cap - tive fan. I'm
Eb Bb/D Cm Bb Eb Bb/D Cm7
dy - ing to be shown that you are not just an - y man.
F9 F7 Bb C7
So if you are the Christ, yes the great Je - sus Christ,
F6 F Bb N.C.
Feed my house - hold with this bread; you can do it

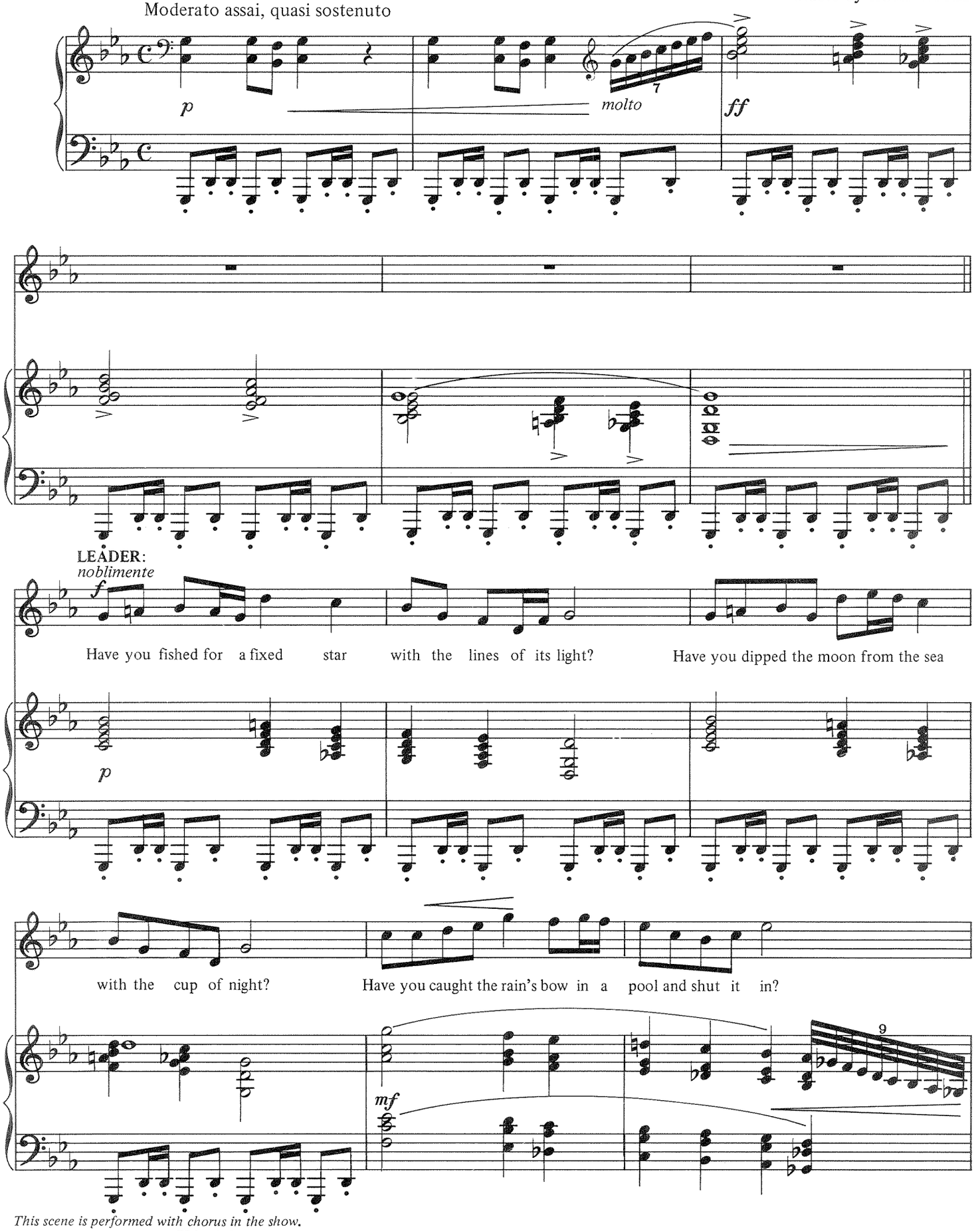

B♭
C7
on your head. _ Or has some - thing gone wrong? __ Why do you take so long? _
F6 F7 F6 F9 B♭
__ C'm - on King of the Jews.
Slowly, dramatically
G D7/A G7/B C D7
Hey! Aren't you scared of me Christ, _ Mis - ter Won - der - ful Christ? _
f
G6 G C N.C.
You're a joke, you're not the Lord. _ You're noth - ing but a fraud. _


Moderato, Ragtime style
C
D7
Take him a - way, he's got noth - ing to say!
f
G6
B/G
G7
N.C.
Get out you King of the,
Shouted: get out,
G6
B/G
G7
Sung: get out you King of the Jews!
Shouted: Get out you King of the Jews!
D7
G7
C
Get out of my life!
sfz

THE WILD JUSTICE

from *Lost in the Stars*

Words by MAXWELL ANDERSON
Music by KURT WEILL



This scene is performed with chorus in the show.

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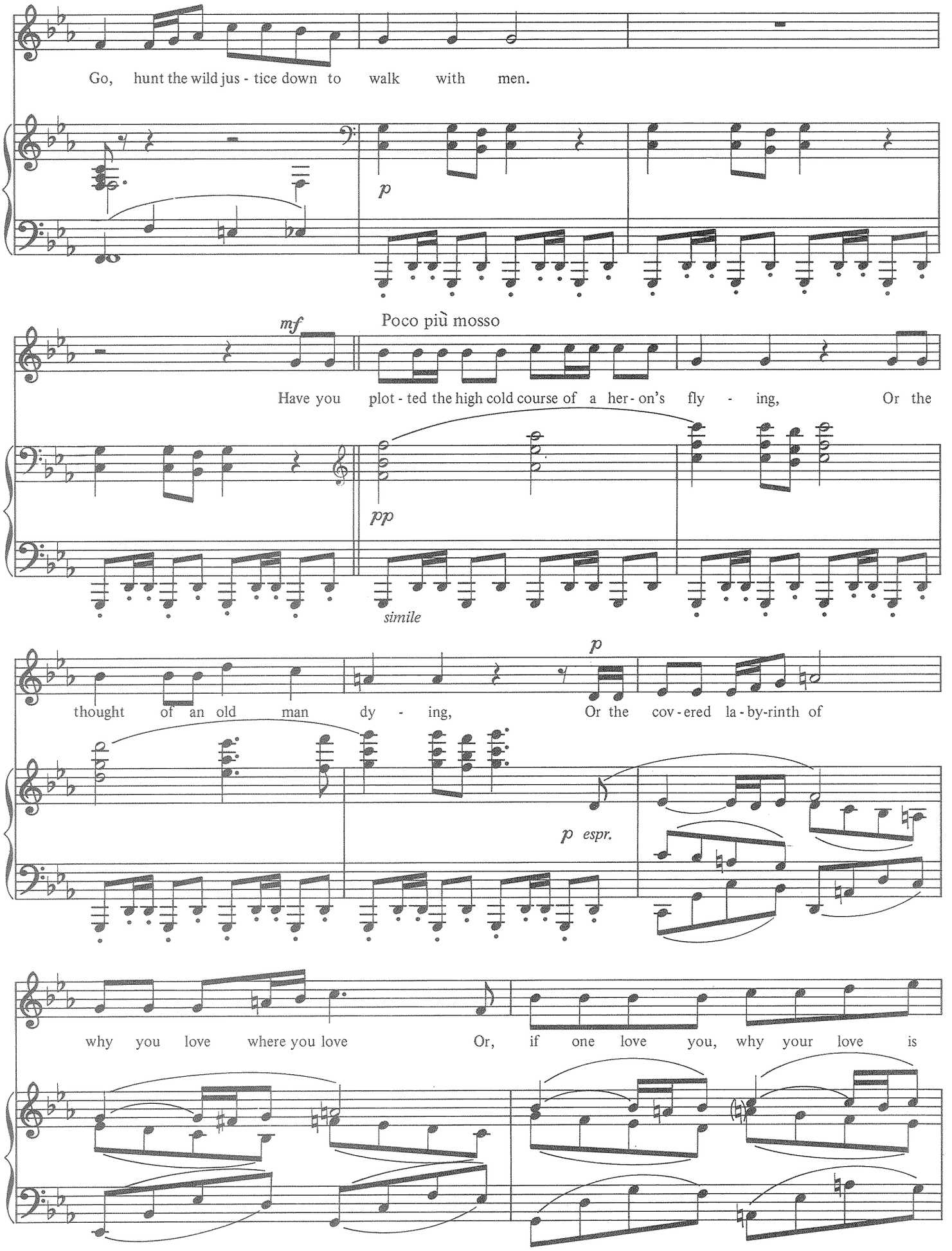
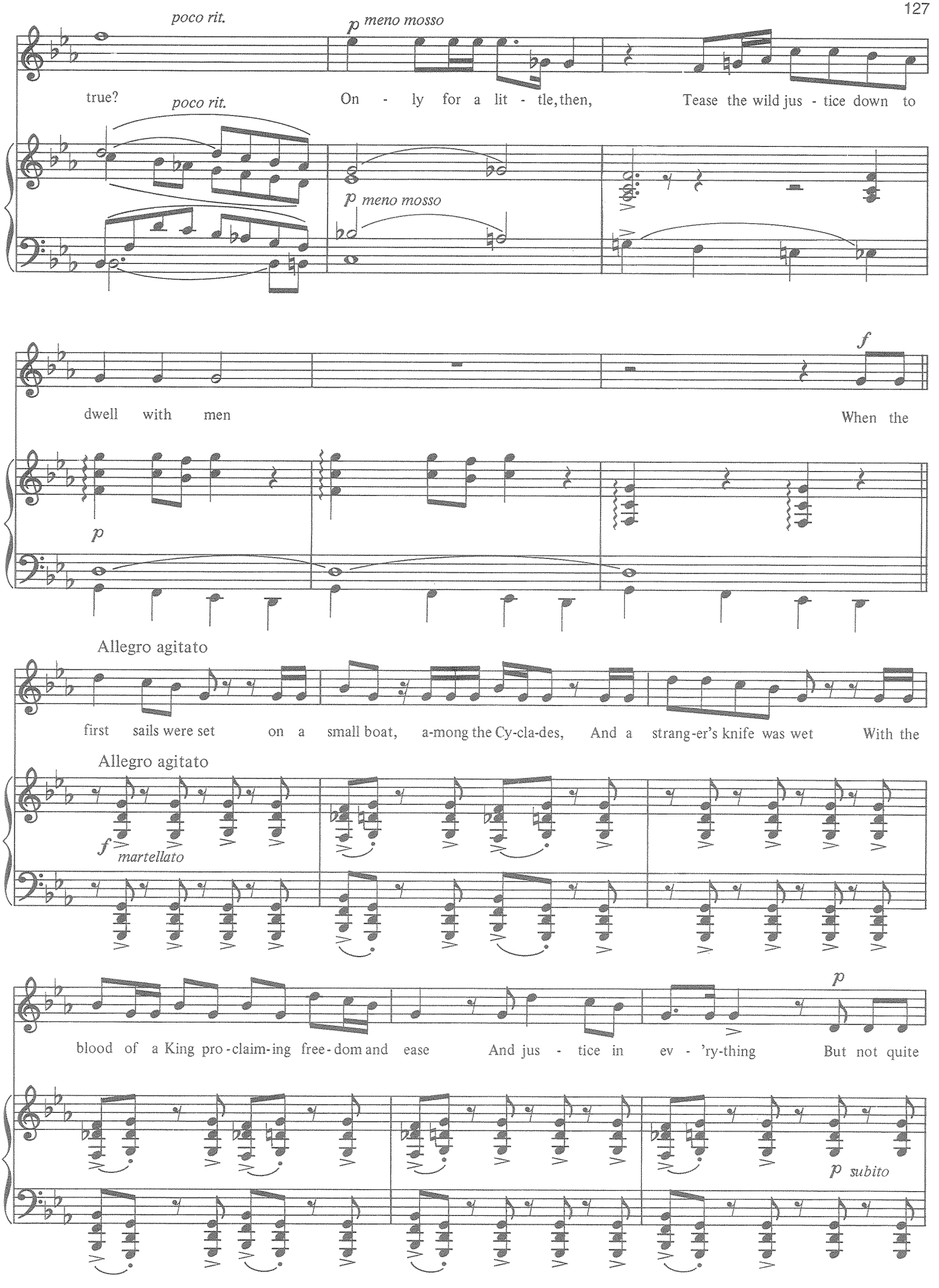
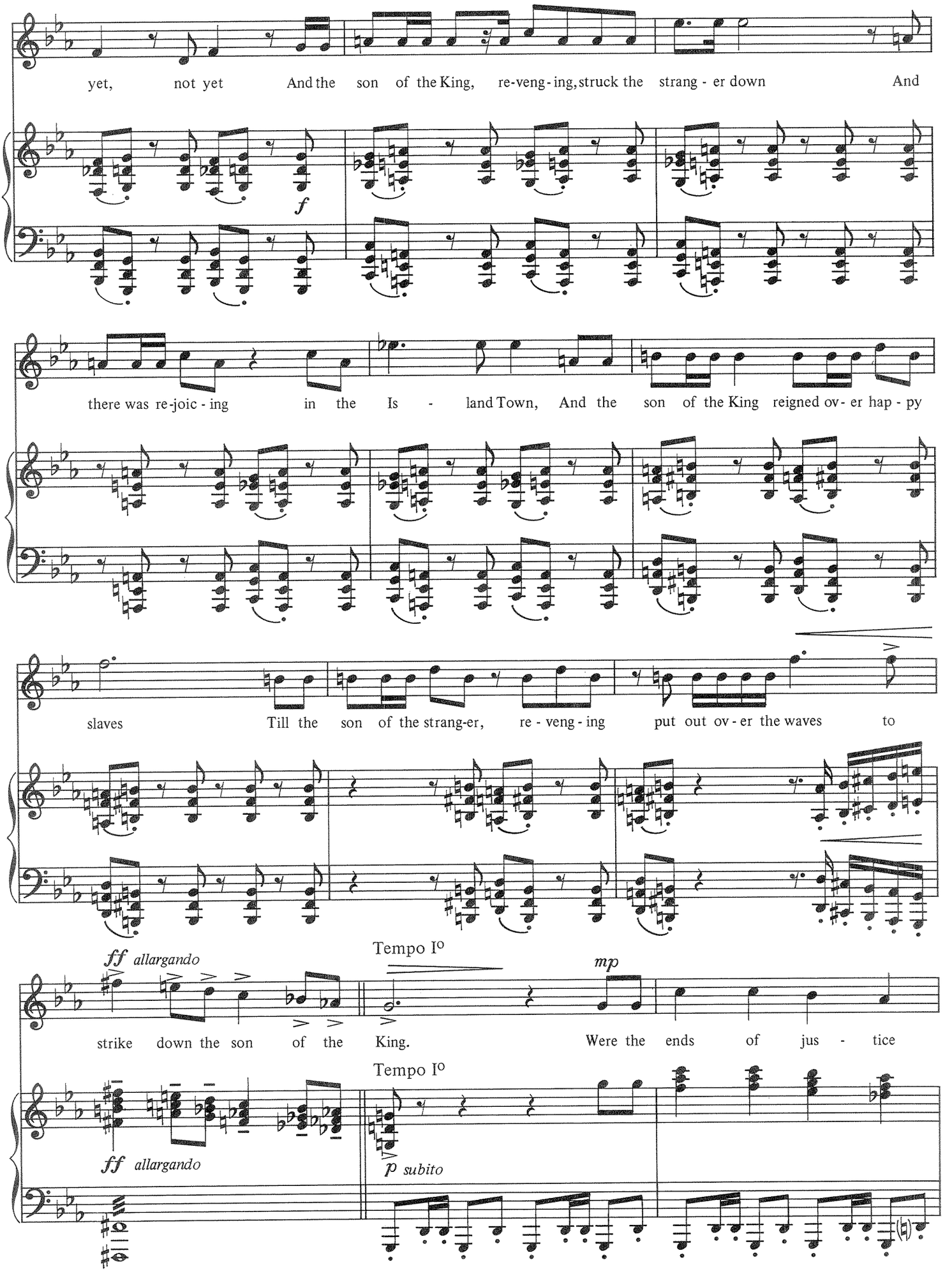
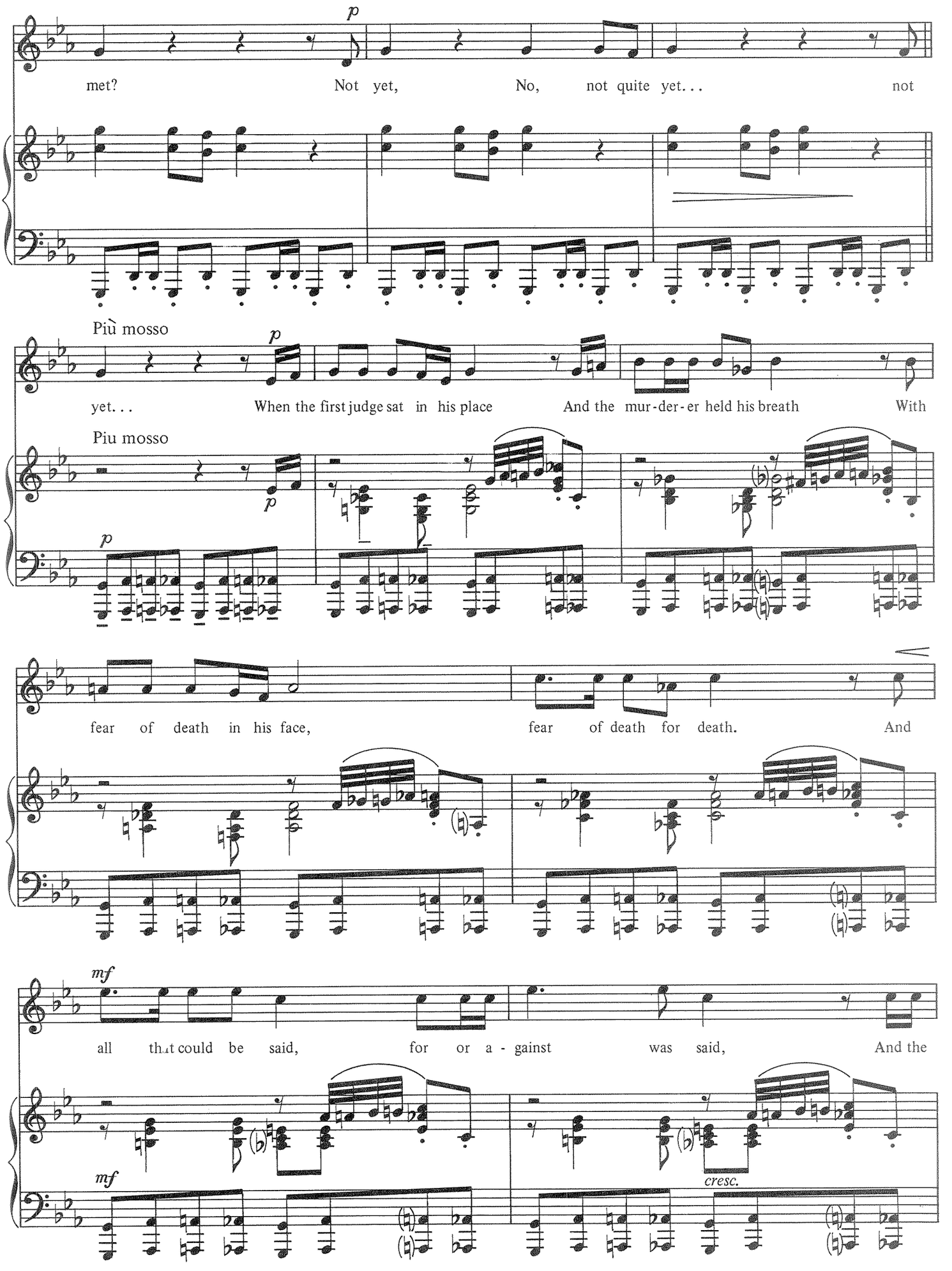
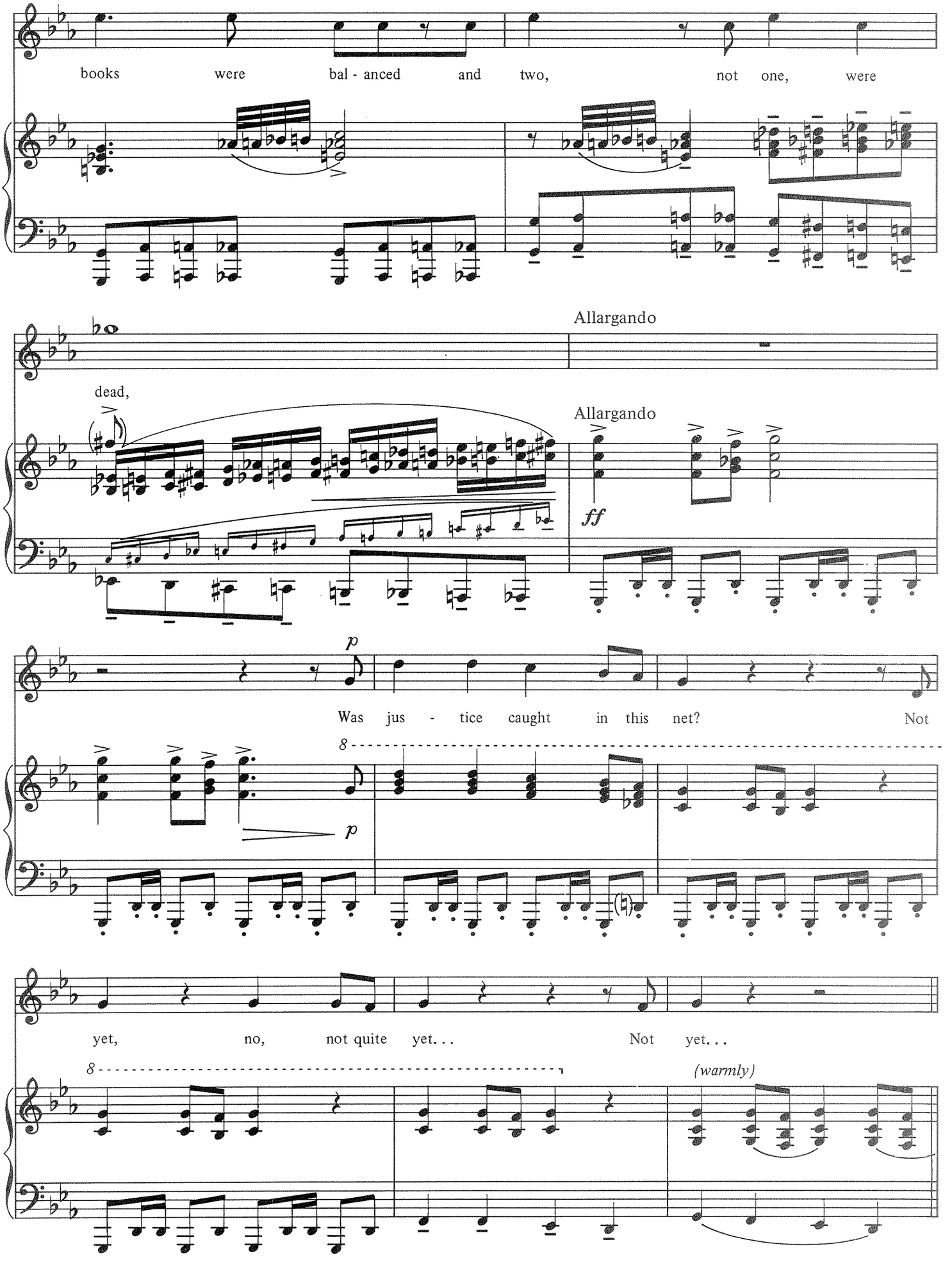
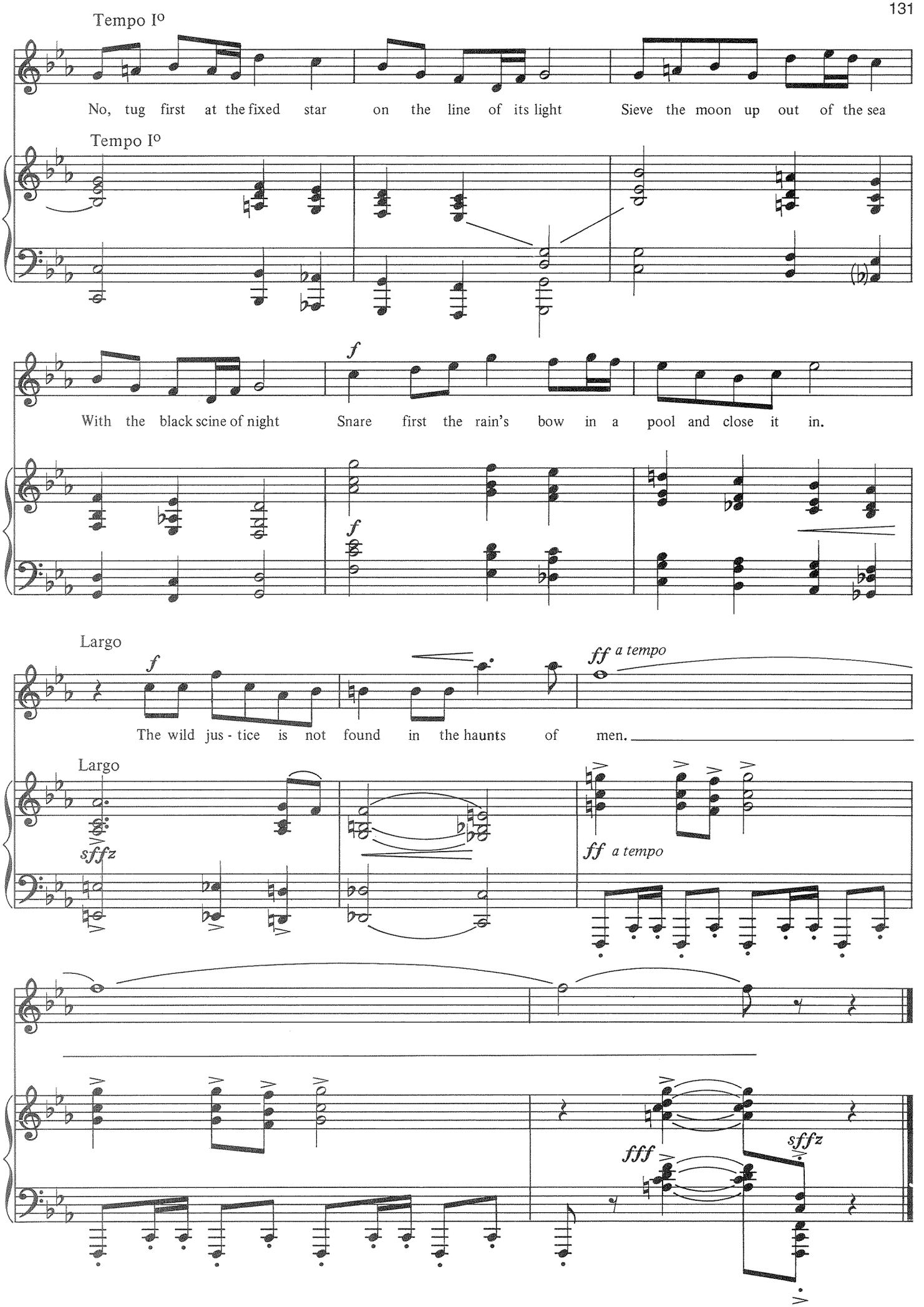

Go, hunt the wild jus - tice down to walk with men.
p
mf
Poco più mosso
Have you plot - ted the high cold course of a her - on's fly - ing, Or the
pp
simile
p
thought of an old man dy - ing, Or the cov - ered la - by-rinth of
p espr.
why you love where you love Or, if one love you, why your love is


poco rit.
p meno mosso
true?
On - ly for a lit - tle, then,
Tease the wild jus - tice down to
poco rit.
p meno mosso
dwell with men
When the
f
p
Allegro agitato
first sails were set on a small boat, a-mong the Cy-cla-des, And a strang-er's knife was wet With the
Allegro agitato
f martellato
blood of a King pro-claim-ing free-dom and ease
And jus - tice in ev - 'ry-thing
But not quite
p
p subito


yet, not yet And the son of the King, re-veng-ing, struck the strang - er down And
f
there was re-joic - ing in the Is - land Town, And the son of the King reigned ov- er hap - py
slaves Till the son of the strang-er, re - veng - ing put out ov - er the waves to
ff allargando
Tempo Io
mp
strike down the son of the King. Were the ends of jus - tice
Tempo Io
ff allargando
p subito


p
met? Not yet, No, not quite yet... not
Più mosso
p
yet... When the first judge sat in his place And the mur-der-er held his breath With
Piu mosso
p
p
fear of death in his face, fear of death for death. And
mf
all that could be said, for or a-gainst was said, And the
mf
cresc.

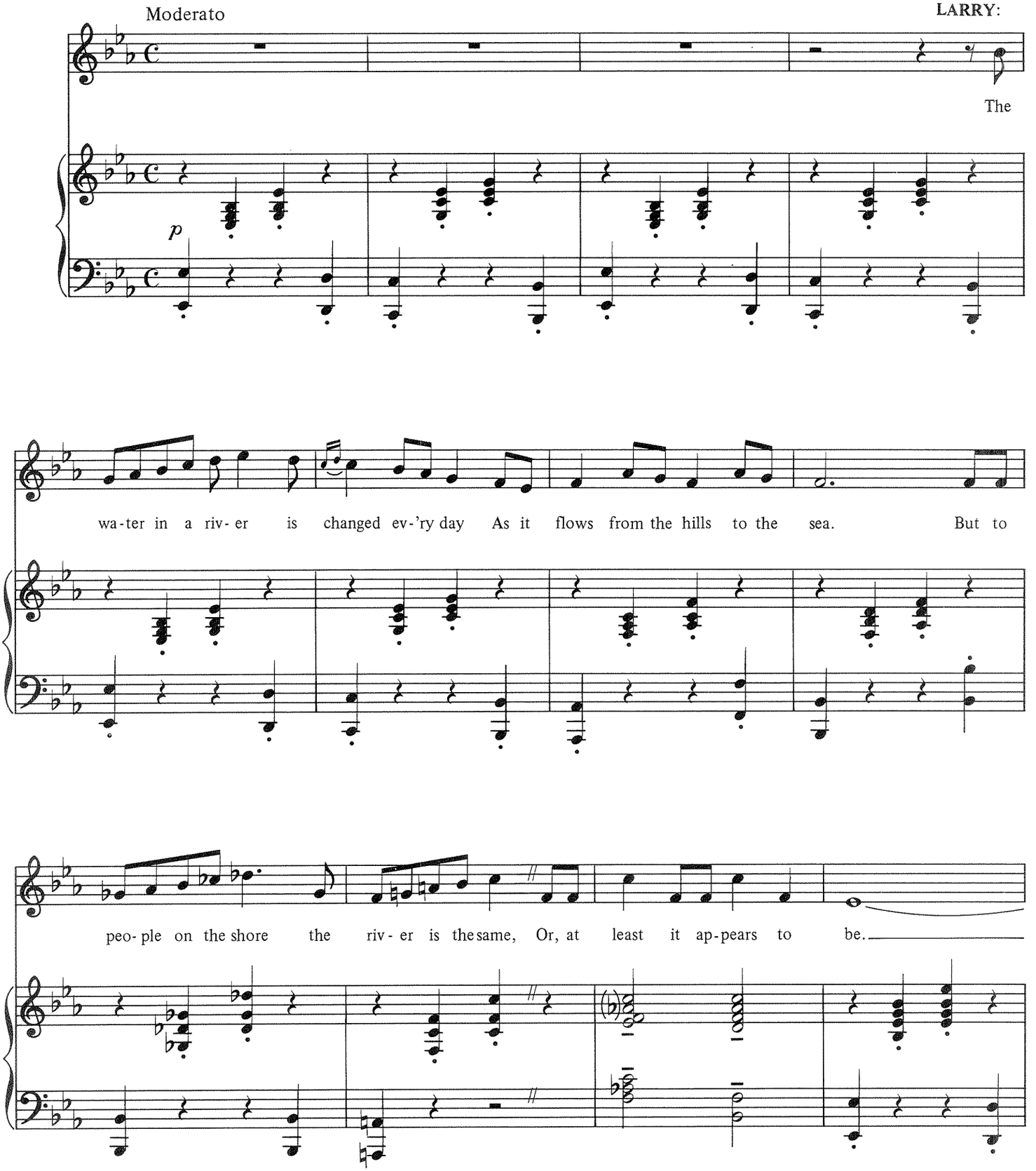

books were bal - anced and two, not one, were
Allargando
dead,
Allargando
ff
p
Was jus - tice caught in this net? Not
8
p
yet, no, not quite yet... Not yet...
8
(warmly)


Tempo I°
No, tug first at the fixed star on the line of its light Sieve the moon up out of the sea
Tempo I°
f
With the black scine of night Snare first the rain's bow in a pool and close it in.
f
Largo
f
ff a tempo
The wild jus - tice is not found in the haunts of men.
Largo
sffz
ff a tempo
fff
sffz

THE BIG BLACK GIANT

from *Me and Juliet*

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II



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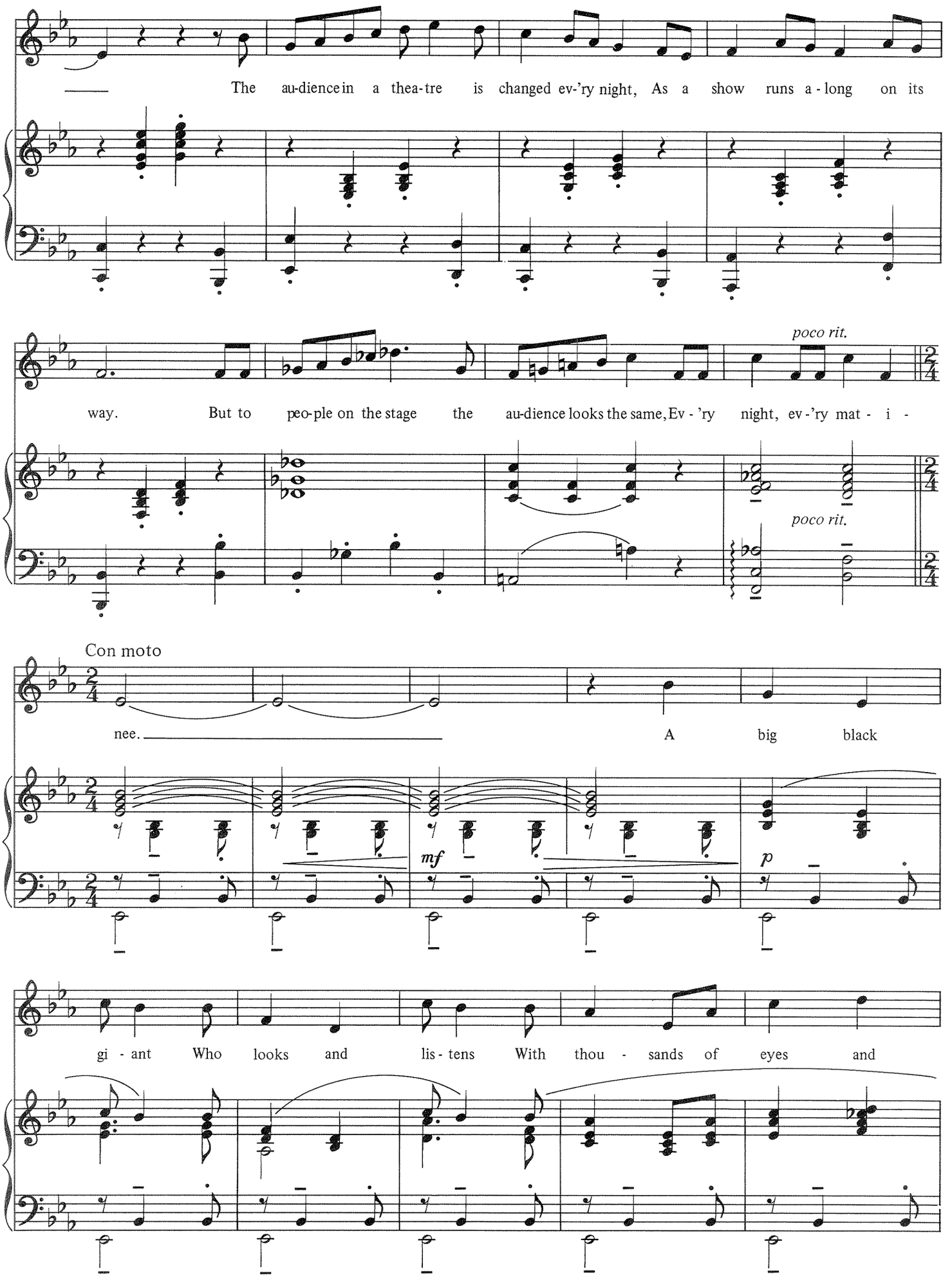
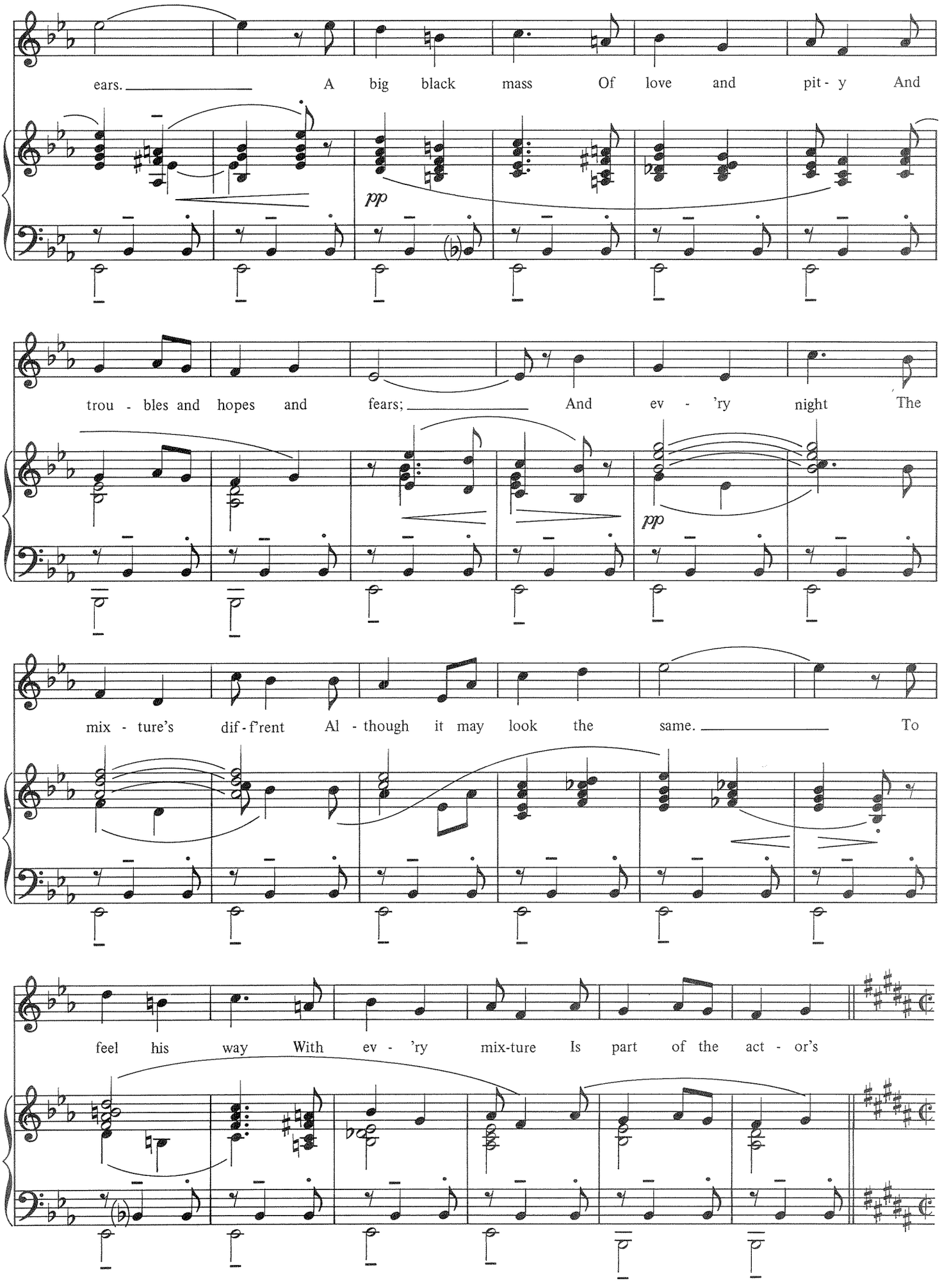

The au-dience in a thea-tre is changed ev-'ry night, As a show runs a-long on its
poco rit.
way. But to peo-ple on the stage the au-dience looks the same, Ev-'ry night, ev-'ry mat-i-
poco rit.
Con moto
nee. A big black
mf
p
gi-ant Who looks and lis-tens With thou-sands of eyes and


ears. A big black mass Of love and pit - y And
pp
trou - bles and hopes and fears; And ev - 'ry night The
pp
mix - ture's dif - f'rent Al - though it may look the same. To
feel his way With ev - 'ry mix-ture Is part of the act - or's

Tempo giusto

game. One night_ it's a

p *f* *f* *dim. molto* *pp* *leggiero*

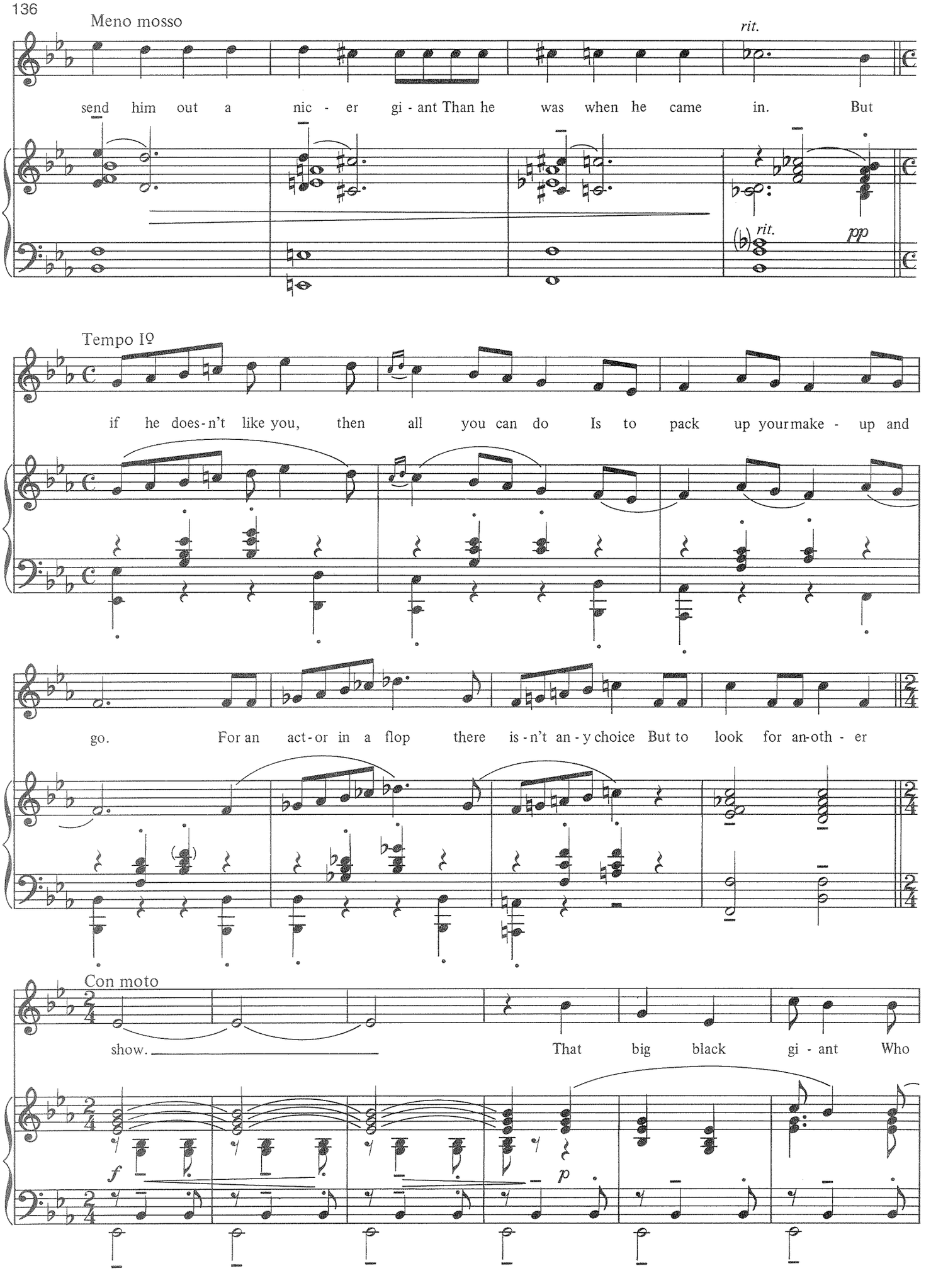
laugh - ing gi - ant, An-oth-er night a weep - ing gi - ant. One night_ it's a

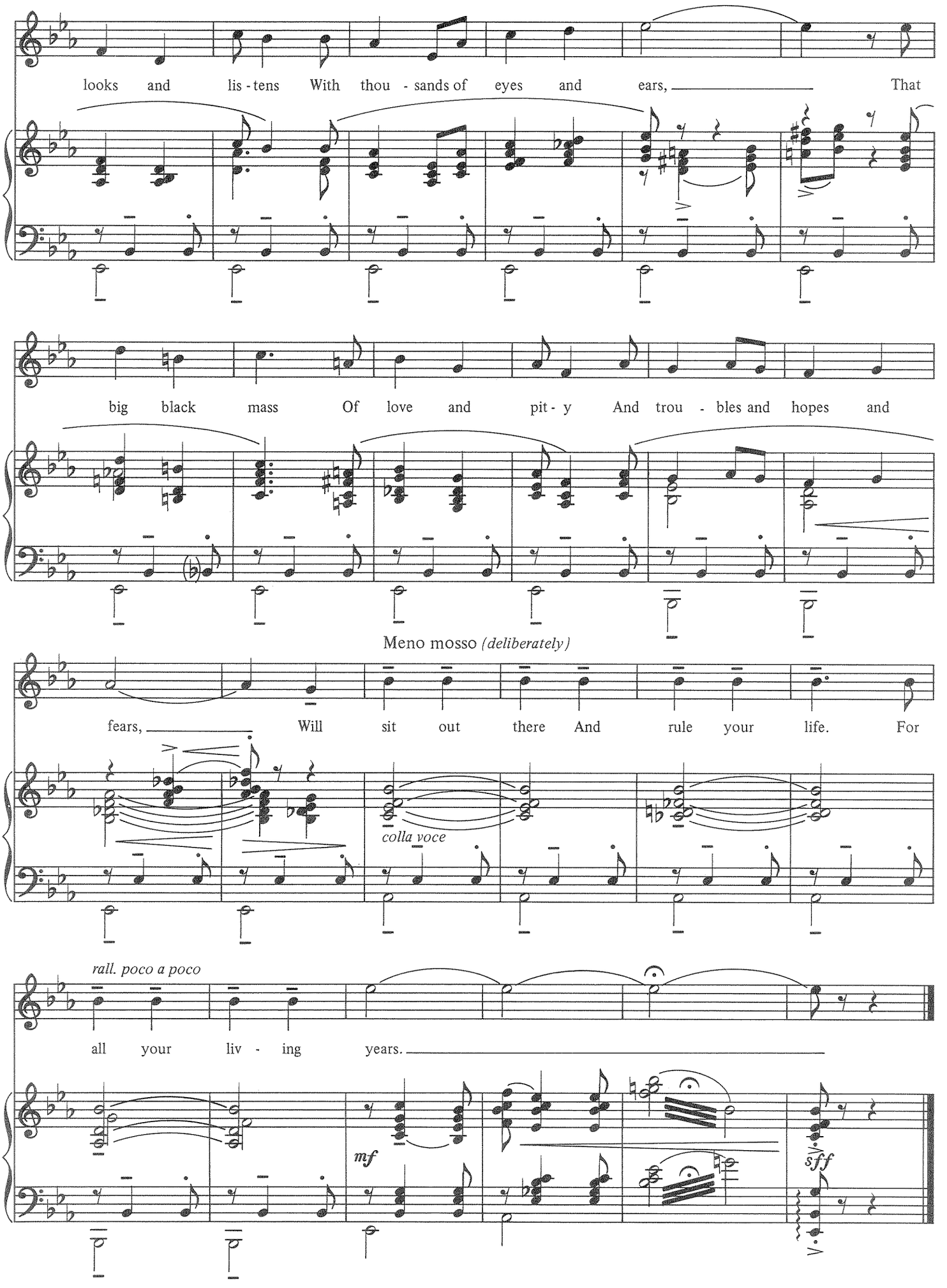
cough - ing gi - ant, An-oth - er night a sleep - ing gi - ant.

rit. *rit.* *colla voce*

Più mosso

Ev - 'ry night you fight the gi - ant And may be, if you win, You

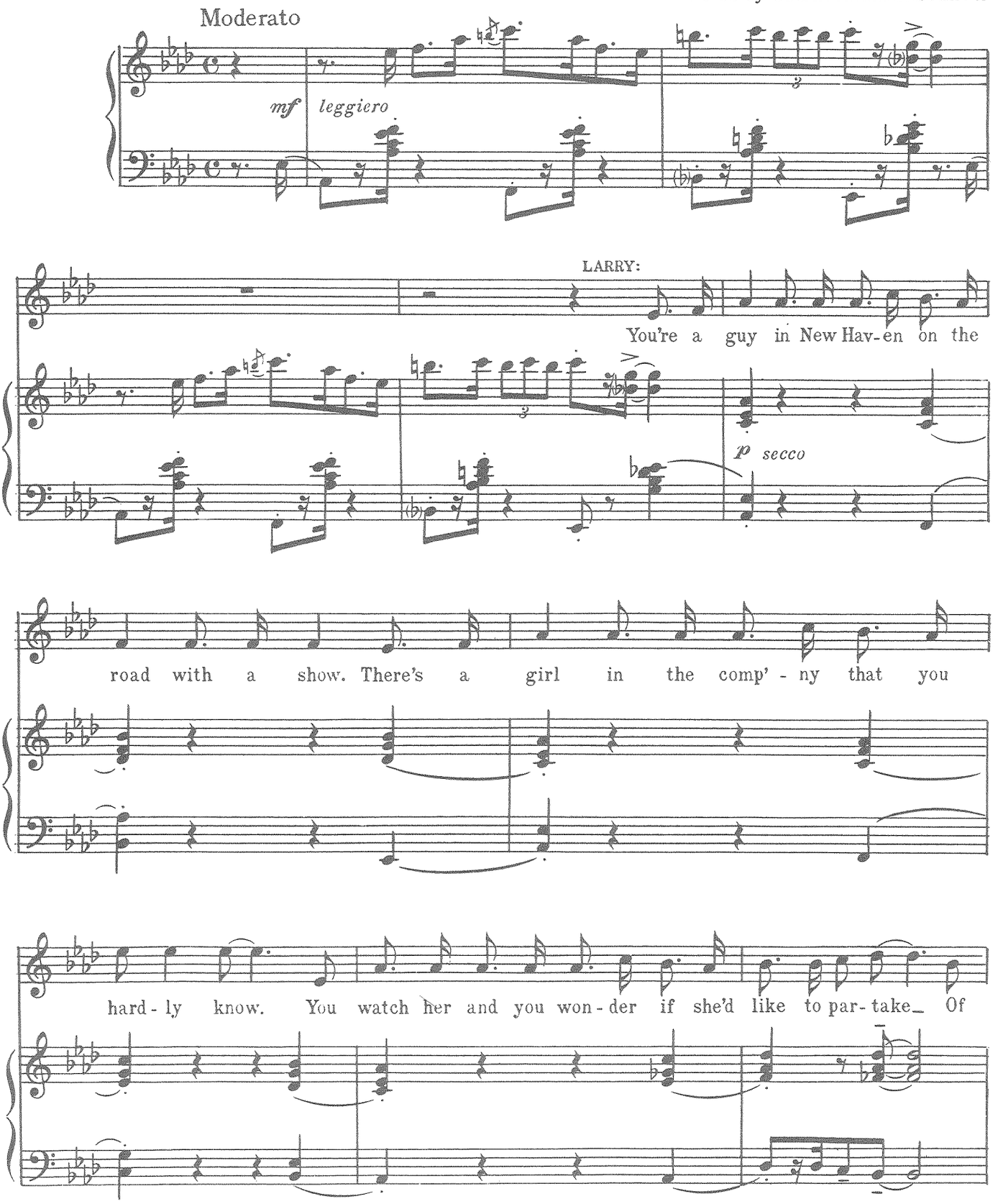

Meno mosso
rit.
send him out a nic - er gi - ant Than he was when he came in. But
rit.
ppp
Tempo Iº
if he does-n't like you, then all you can do Is to pack up yourmake - up and
go. For an act-or in a flop there is-n't an-y choice But to look for an-oth - er
Con moto
show. That big black gi - ant Who
f
p


looks and lis - tens With thou - sands of eyes and ears, That
big black mass Of love and pit - y And trou - bles and hopes and
Meno mosso (deliberately)
fears, Will sit out there And rule your life. For
colla voce
rall. poco a poco
all your liv - ing years.
mf
sfff

THAT'S THE WAY IT HAPPENS

from *Me and Juliet*

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II



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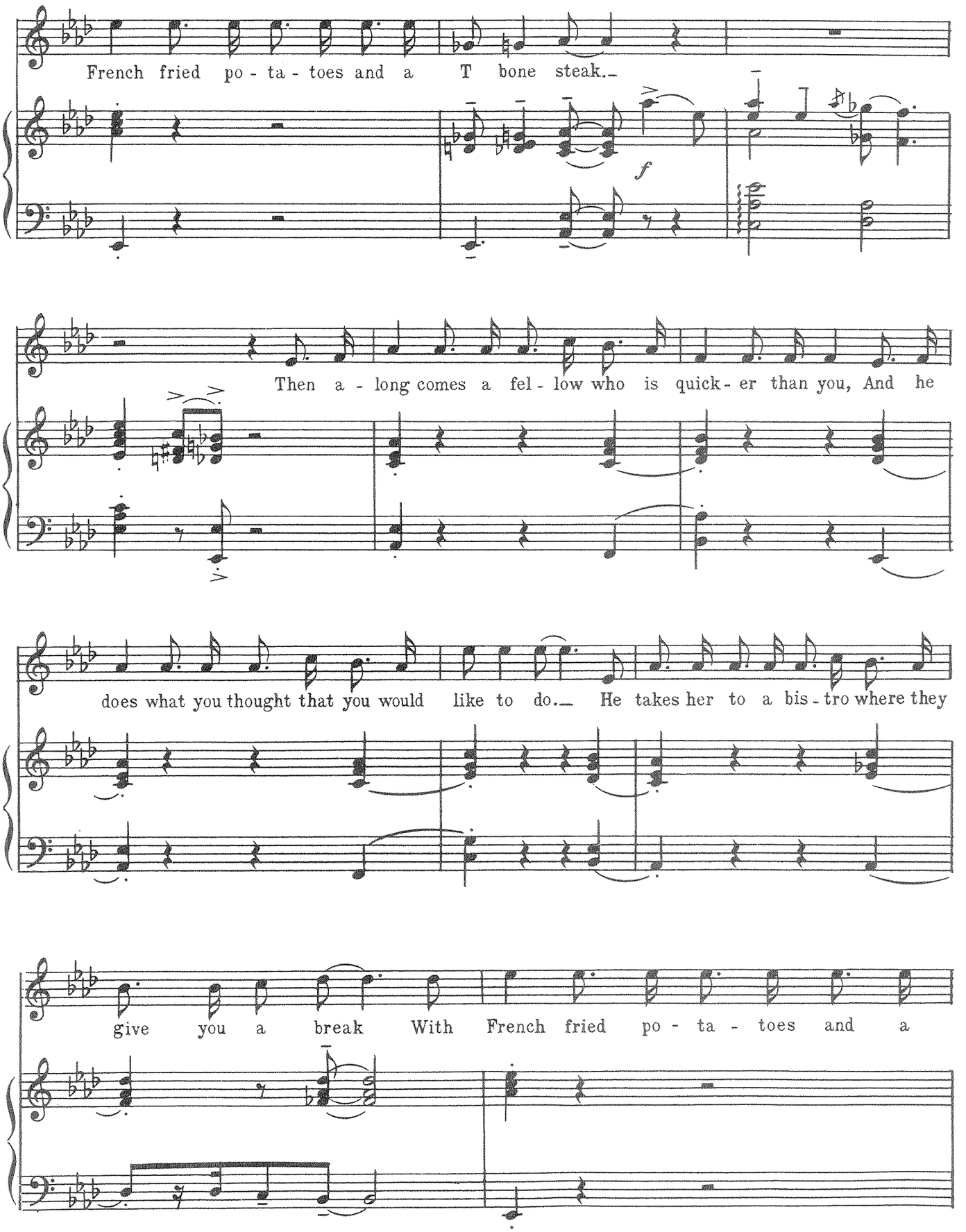
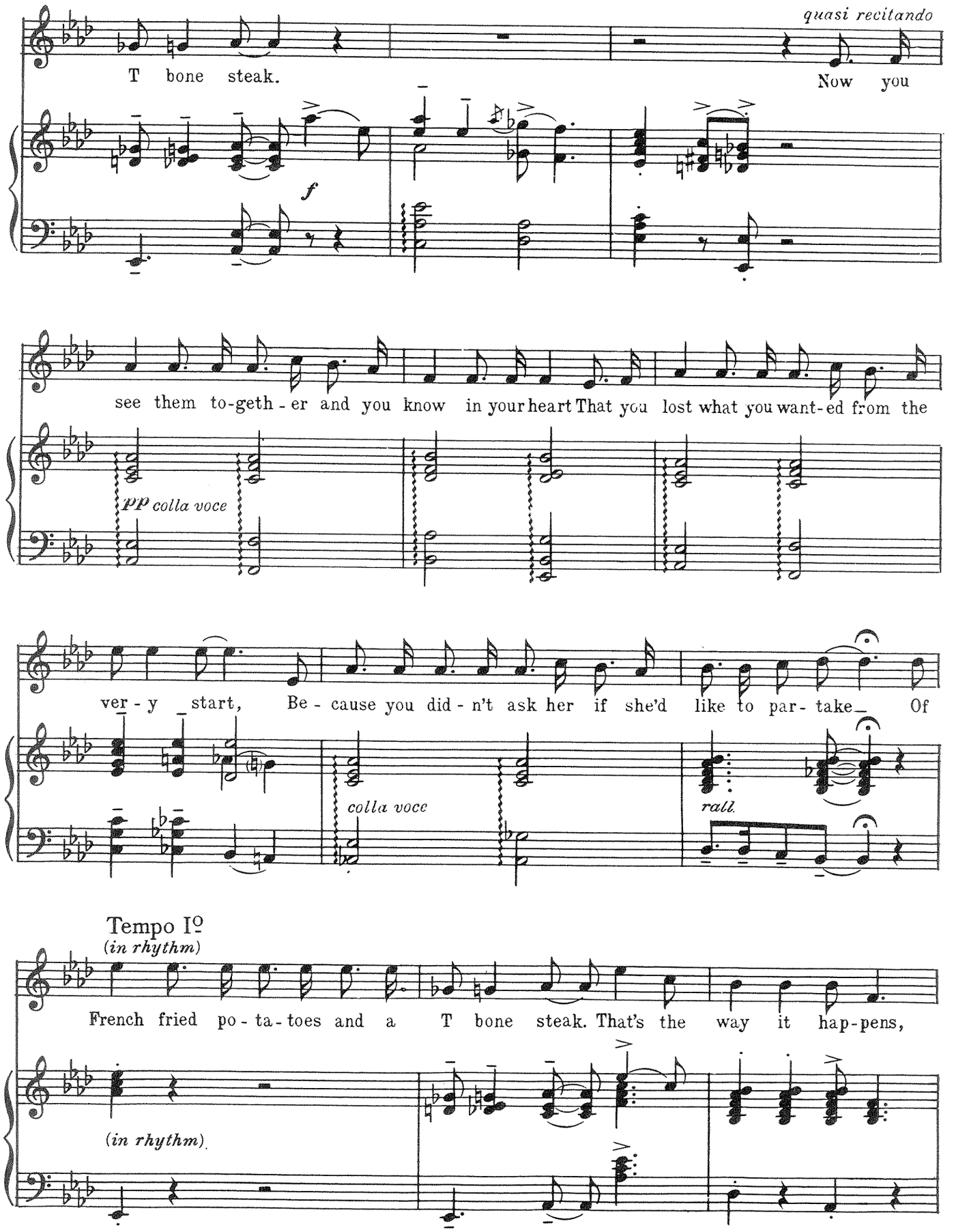
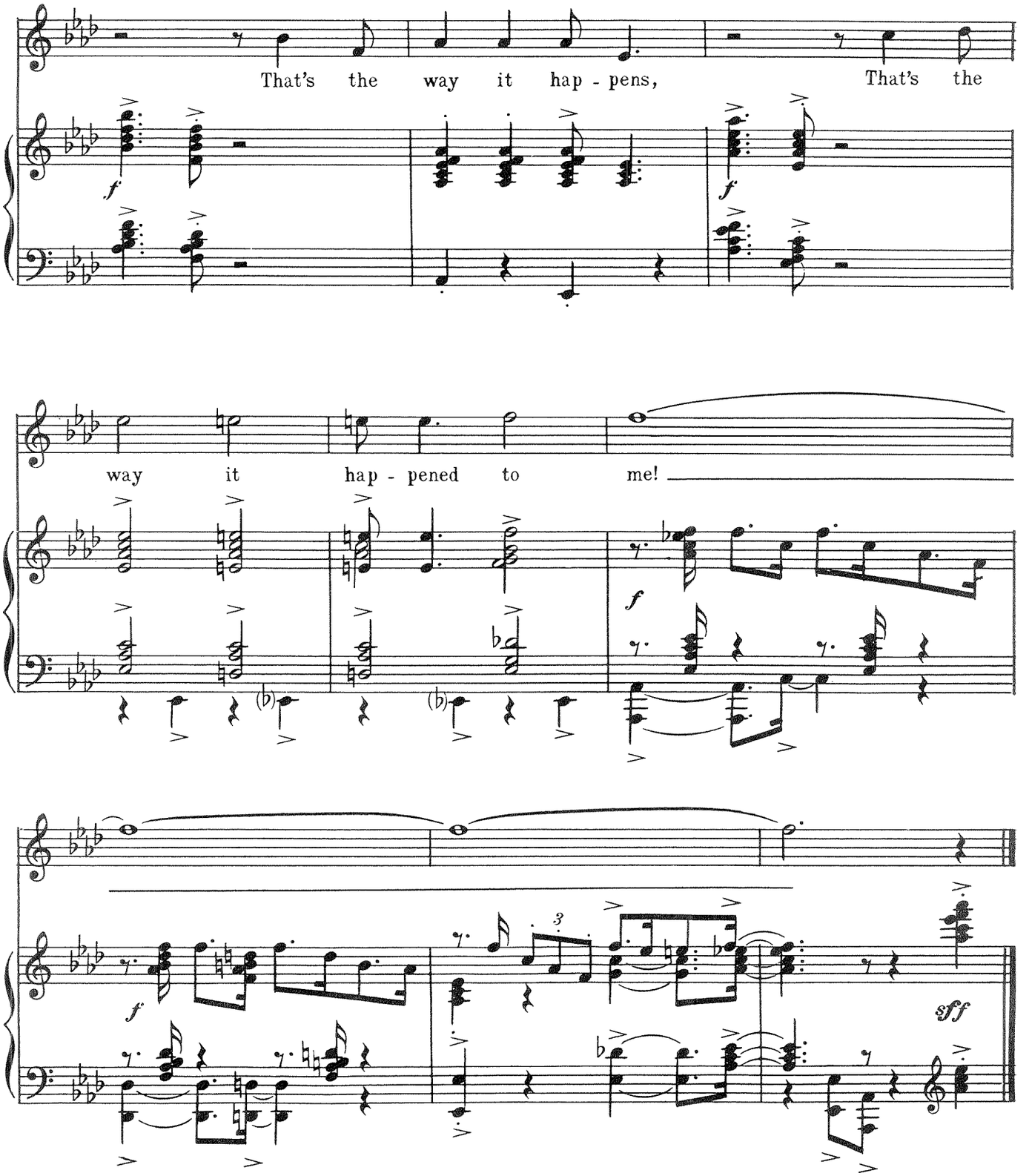

French fried po - ta - toes and a T bone steak.
f
Then a - long comes a fel - low who is quick - er than you, And he
does what you thought that you would like to do. He takes her to a bis - tro where they
give you a break With French fried po - ta - toes and a

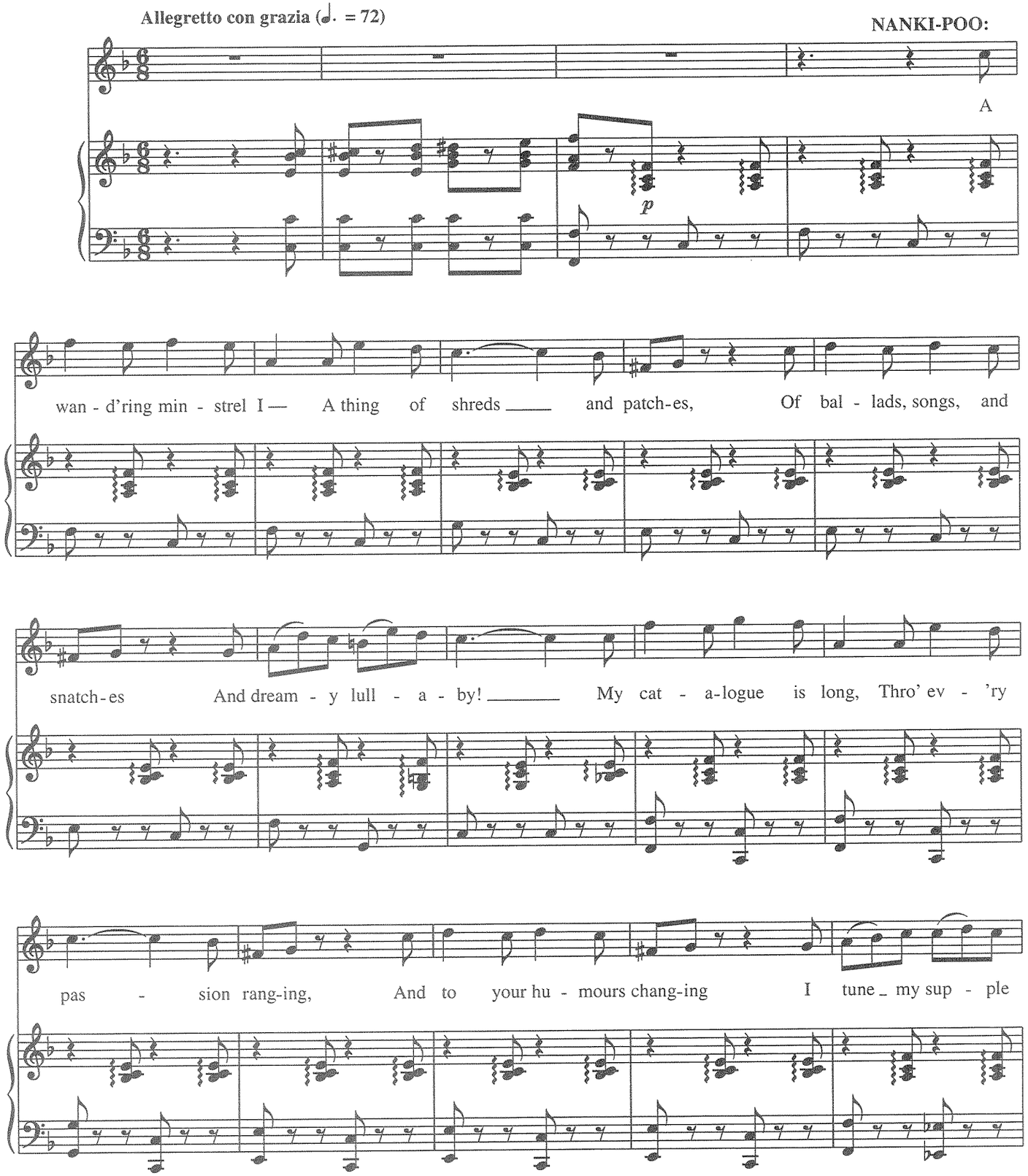

quasi recitando
T bone steak.
Now you
f
see them to-geth - er and you know in your heart That you lost what you want-ed from the
pp colla voce
ver - y start, Be - cause you did - n't ask her if she'd like to par- take Of
colla voce
rall.
Tempo Iº
(in rhythm)
French fried po - ta - toes and a T bone steak. That's the way it hap-pens,
(in rhythm)


That's the way it hap - pens, That's the
f
way it hap - pened to me!
f
f
sff

A WAND'RING MINSTREL I

from *The Mikado*

Words by W.S. GILBERT
Music by ARTHUR SULLIVAN



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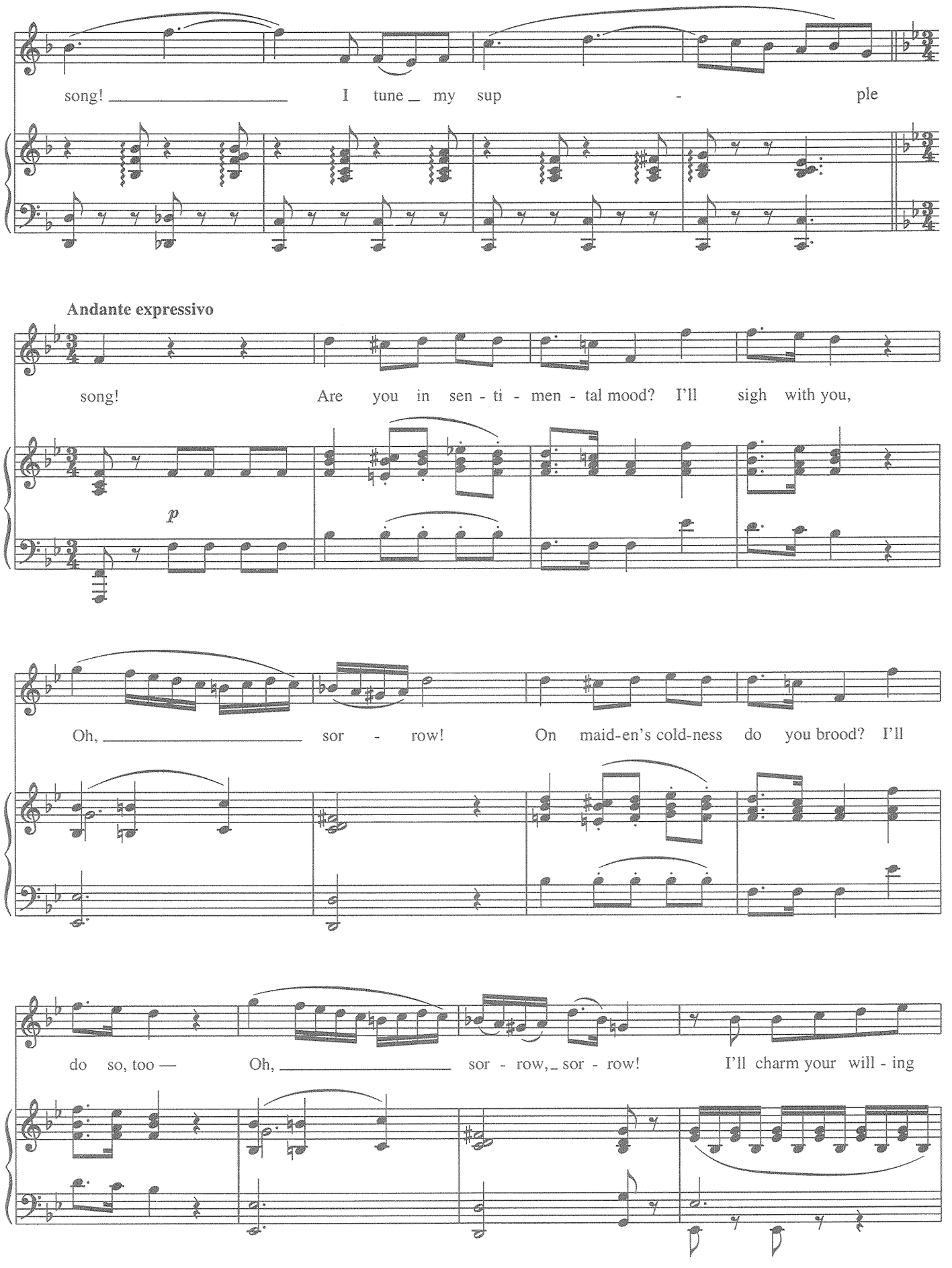
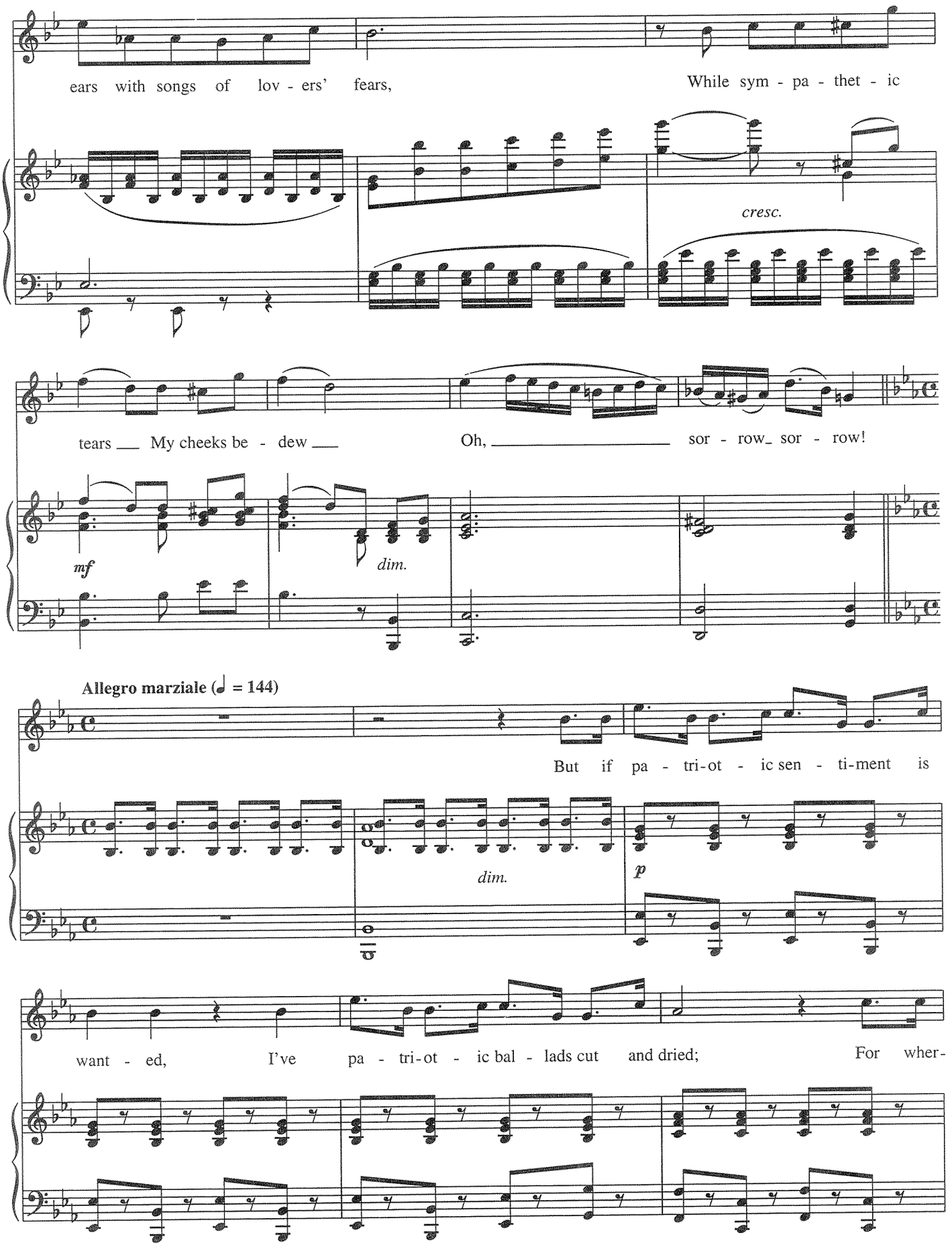
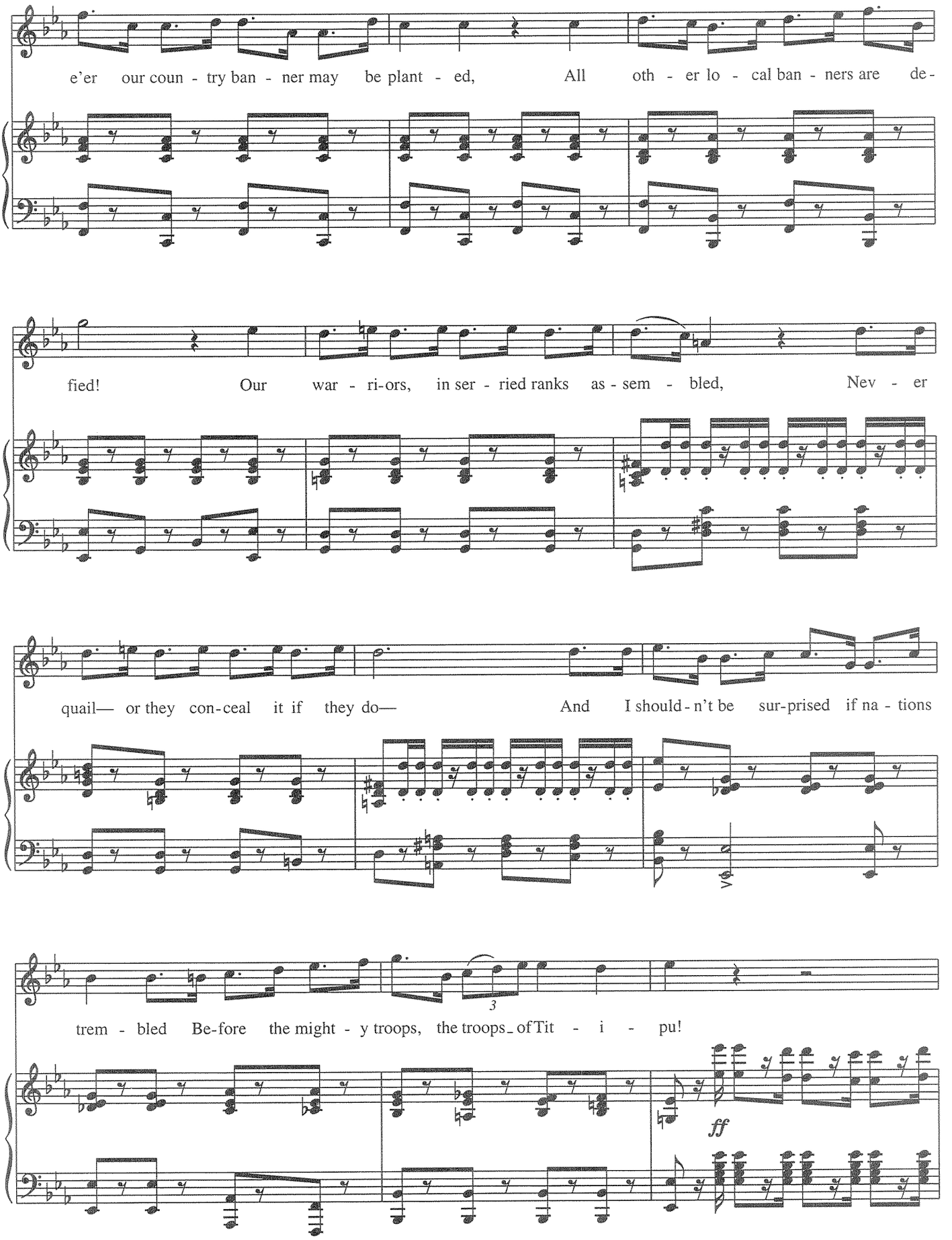
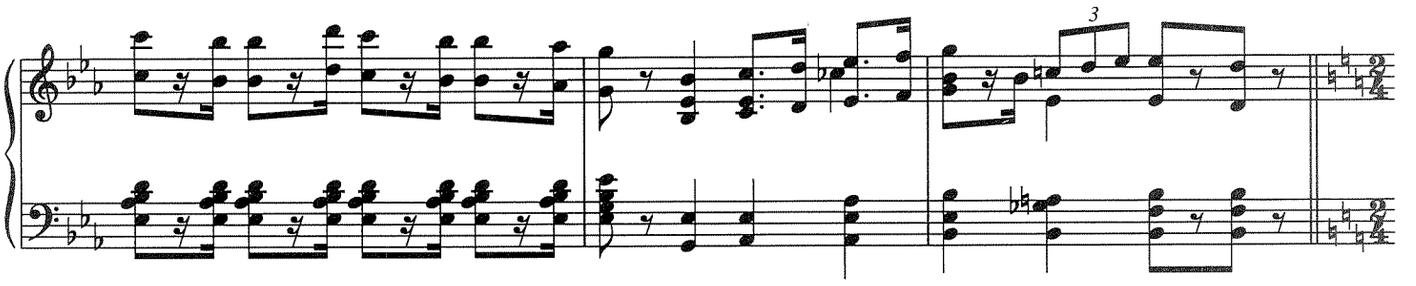
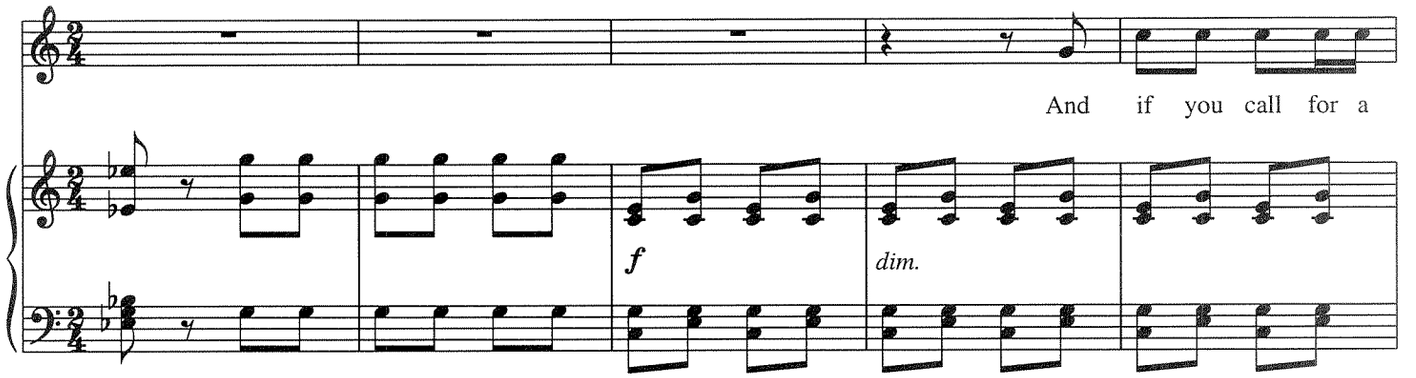

song! I tune my sup - ple
Andante expressivo
song! Are you in sen - ti - men - tal mood? I'll sigh with you,
p
Oh, sor - row! On maid-en's cold-ness do you brood? I'll
do so, too — Oh, sor - row, sor - row! I'll charm your will - ing

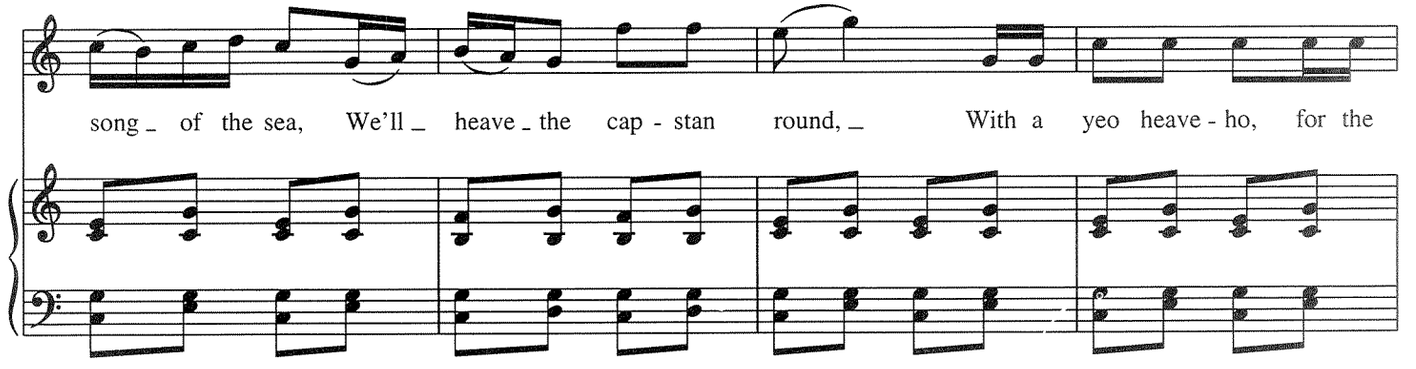

ears with songs of lov - ers' fears,
While sym - pa - thet - ic
cresc.
tears ___ My cheeks be - dew ___
Oh, _____ sor - row_ sor - row!
mf
dim.
Allegro marziale (♩ = 144)
But if pa - tri-ot - ic sen - ti-ment is
dim.
p
want - ed, I've pa - tri-ot - ic bal - lads cut and dried; For wher-

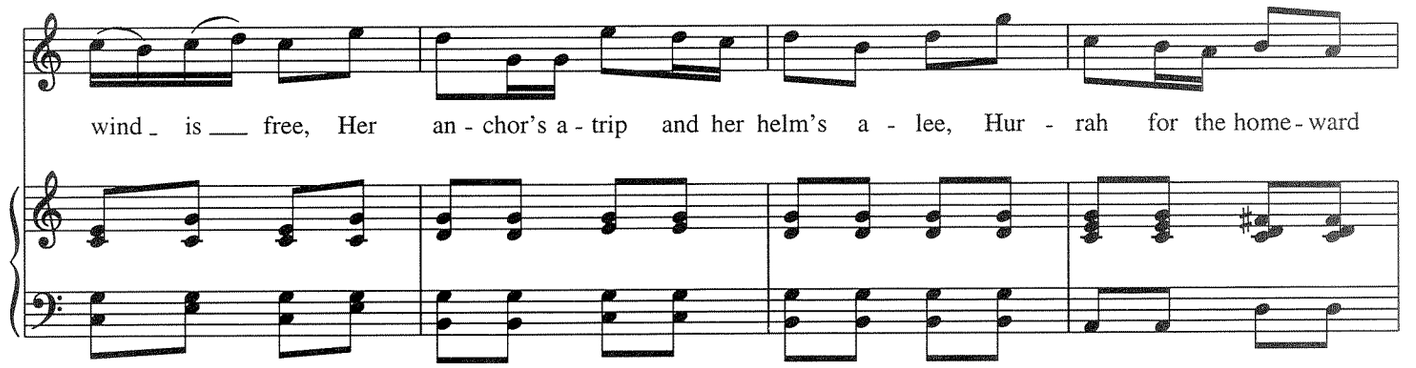

e'er our coun - try ban - ner may be plant - ed, All oth - er lo - cal ban - ners are de-
fied! Our war - ri-ors, in ser - ried ranks as - sem - bled, Nev - er
quail— or they con-ceal it if they do— And I should-n't be sur-prised if na - tions
3
trem - bled Be-fore the might - y troops, the troops_of Tit - i - pu!
ff

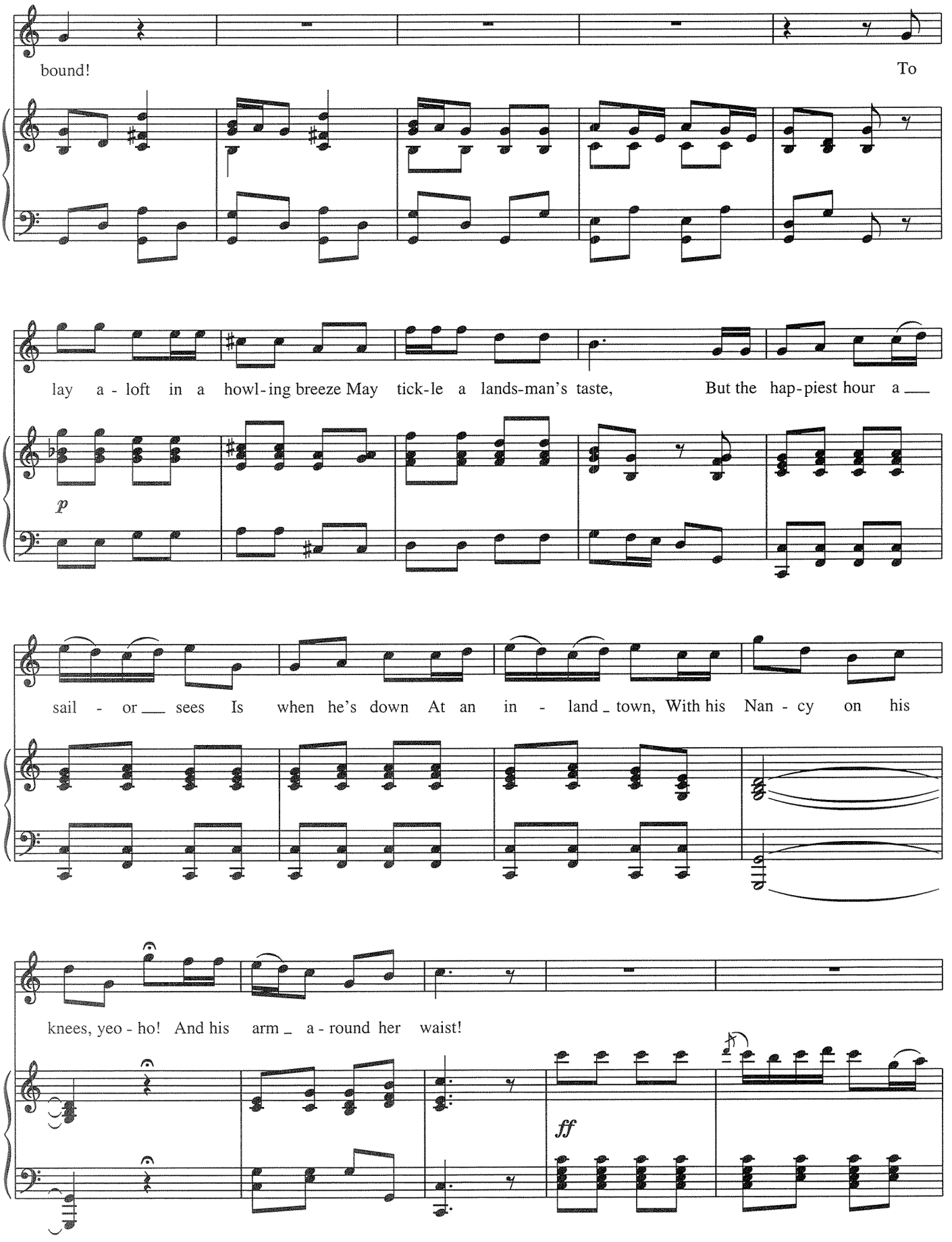


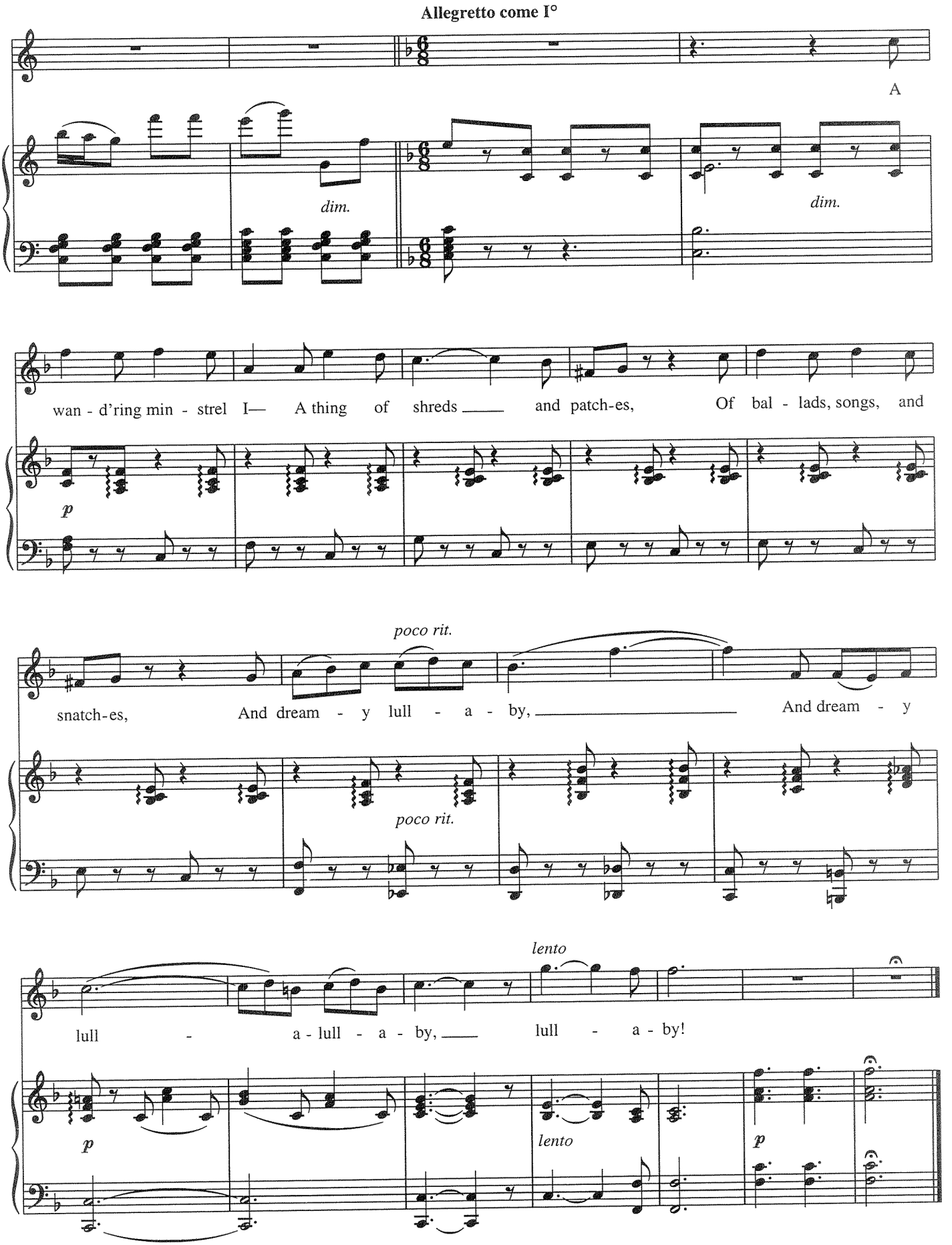
Allegro pesante, non troppo vivo (♪ = 160)







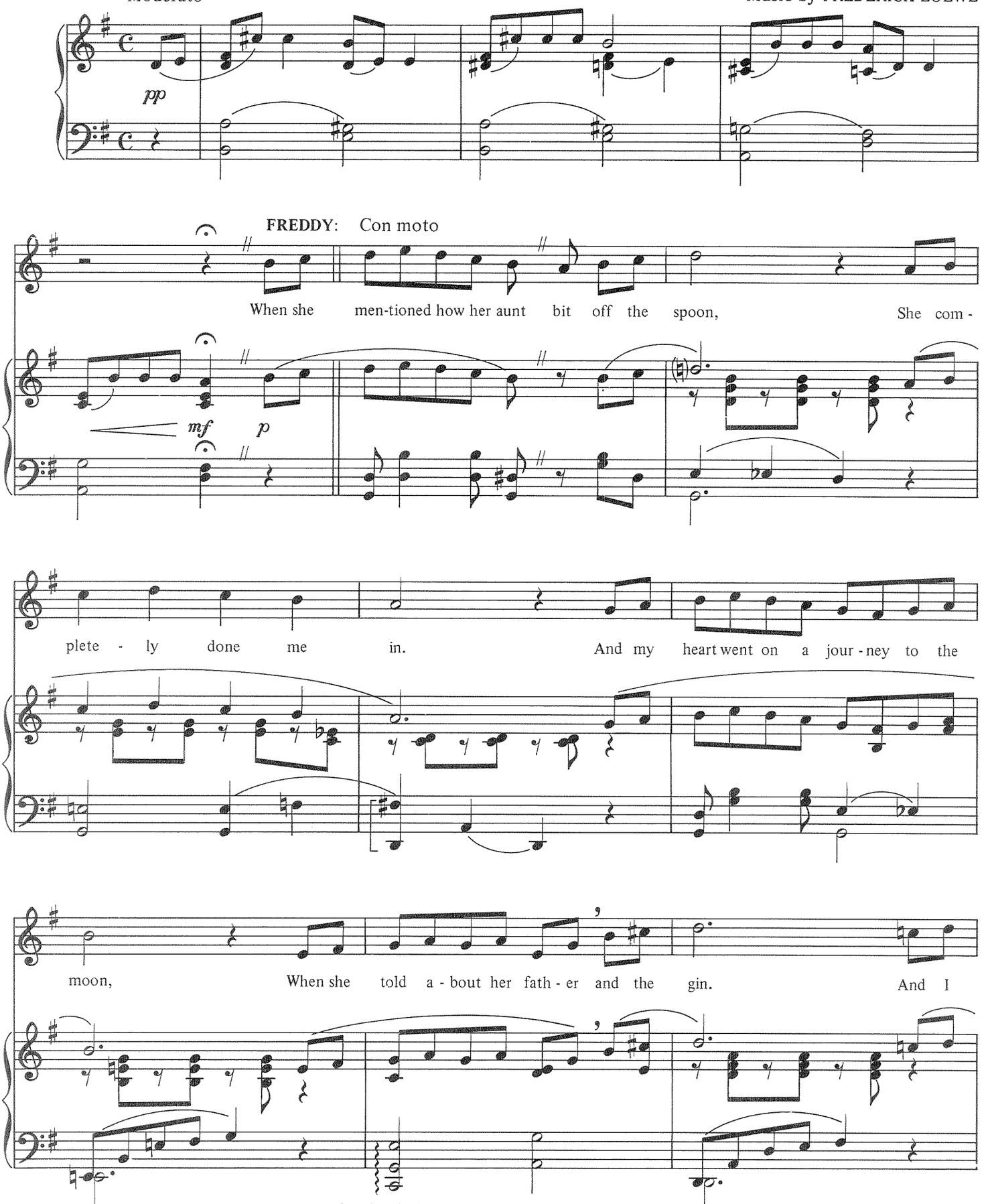

bound!
To
lay a - loft in a howl - ing breeze May tick-le a lands-man's taste,
But the hap-piest hour a
p
sail - or sees Is when he's down At an in - land town, With his Nan - cy on his
knees, yeo - ho! And his arm a - round her waist!
ff


Allegretto come I°
A
dim.
dim.
wan - d'ring min - strel I— A thing of shreds and patch-es, Of bal - lads, songs, and
p
poco rit.
snatch-es, And dream - y lull - a - by, And dream - y
poco rit.
lento
lull - a - lull - a - by, lull - a - by!
p
lento
p

ON THE STREET WHERE YOU LIVE

from *My Fair Lady*

Words by ALAN JAY LERNER
Music by FREDERICK LOEWE



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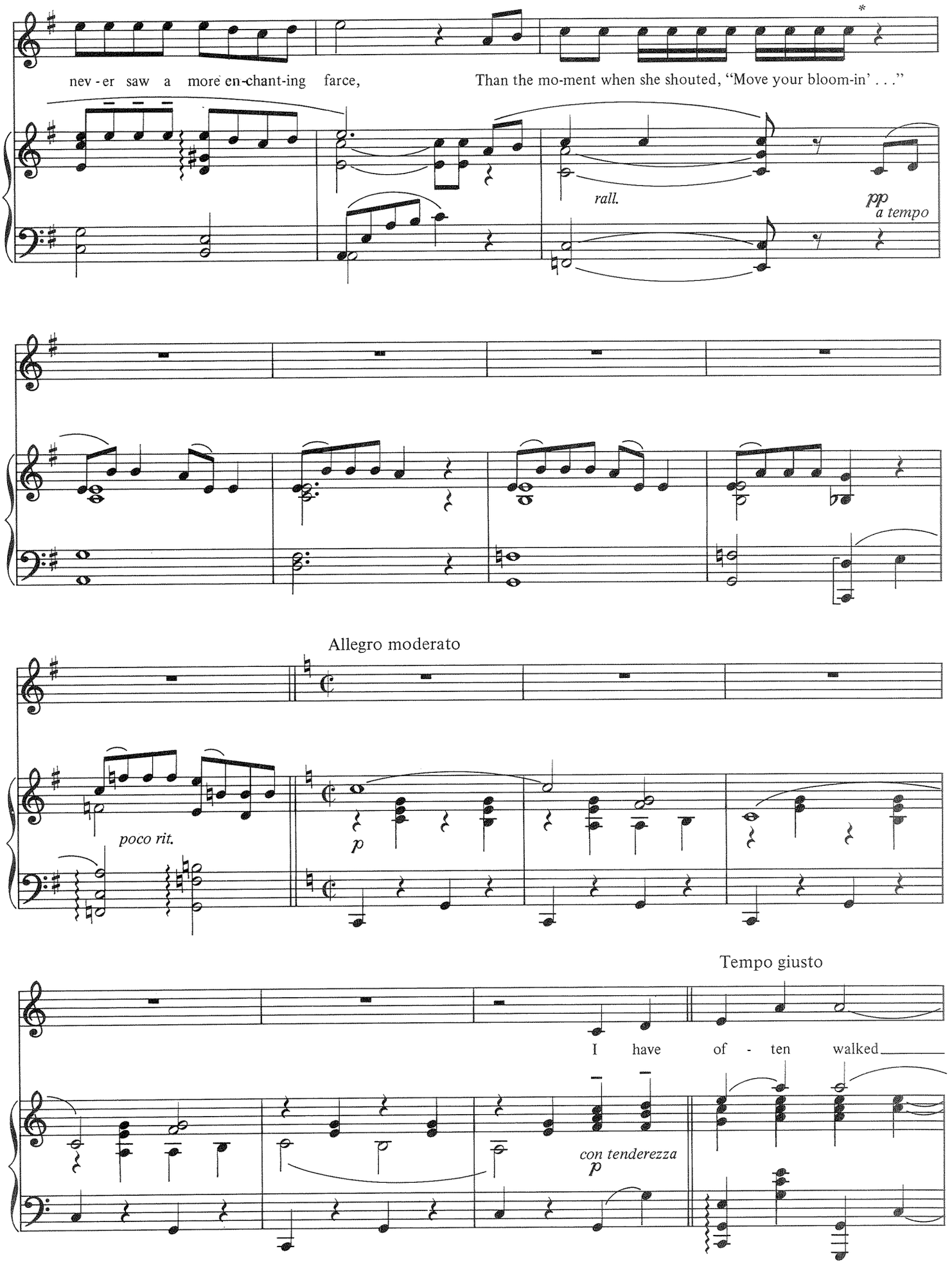
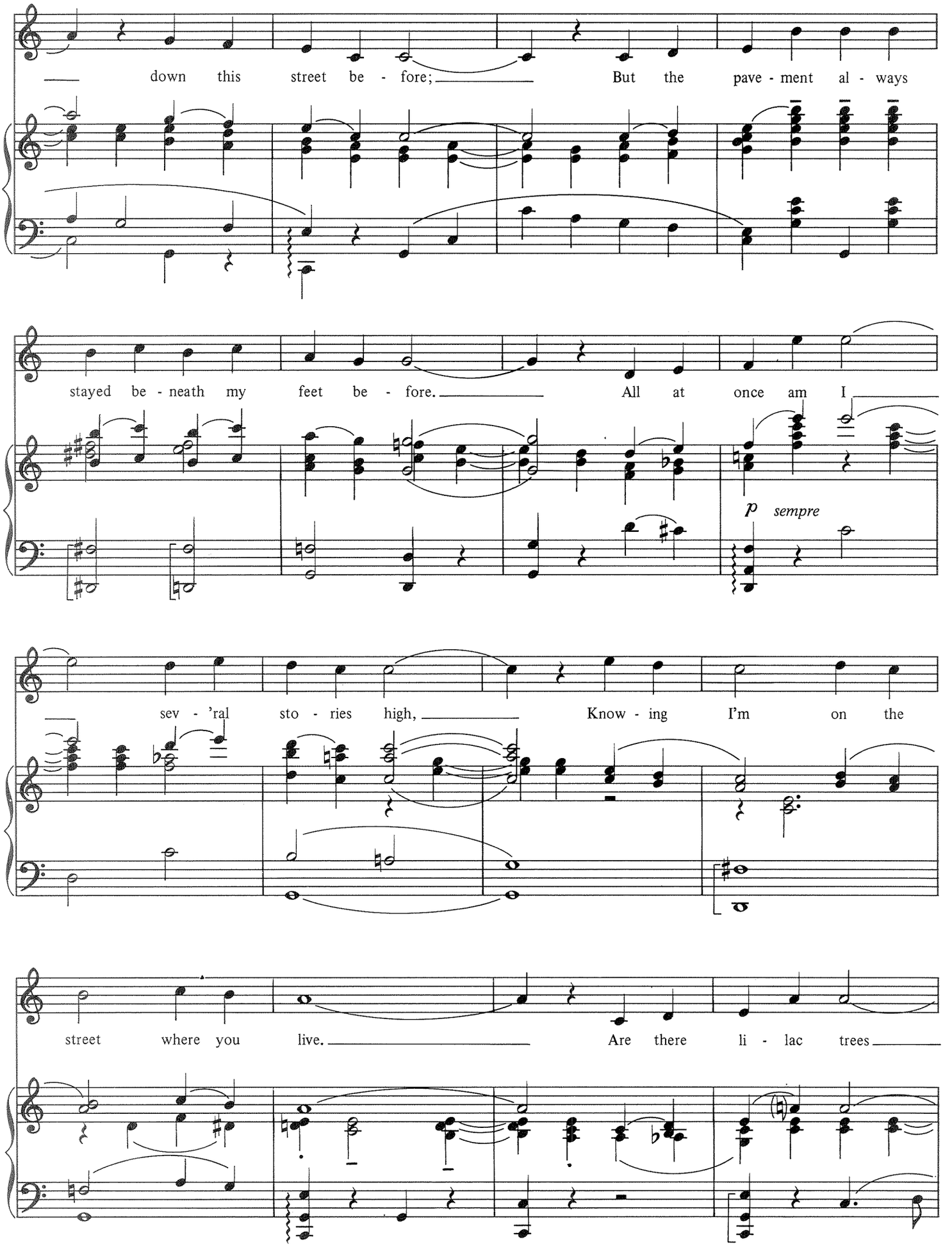
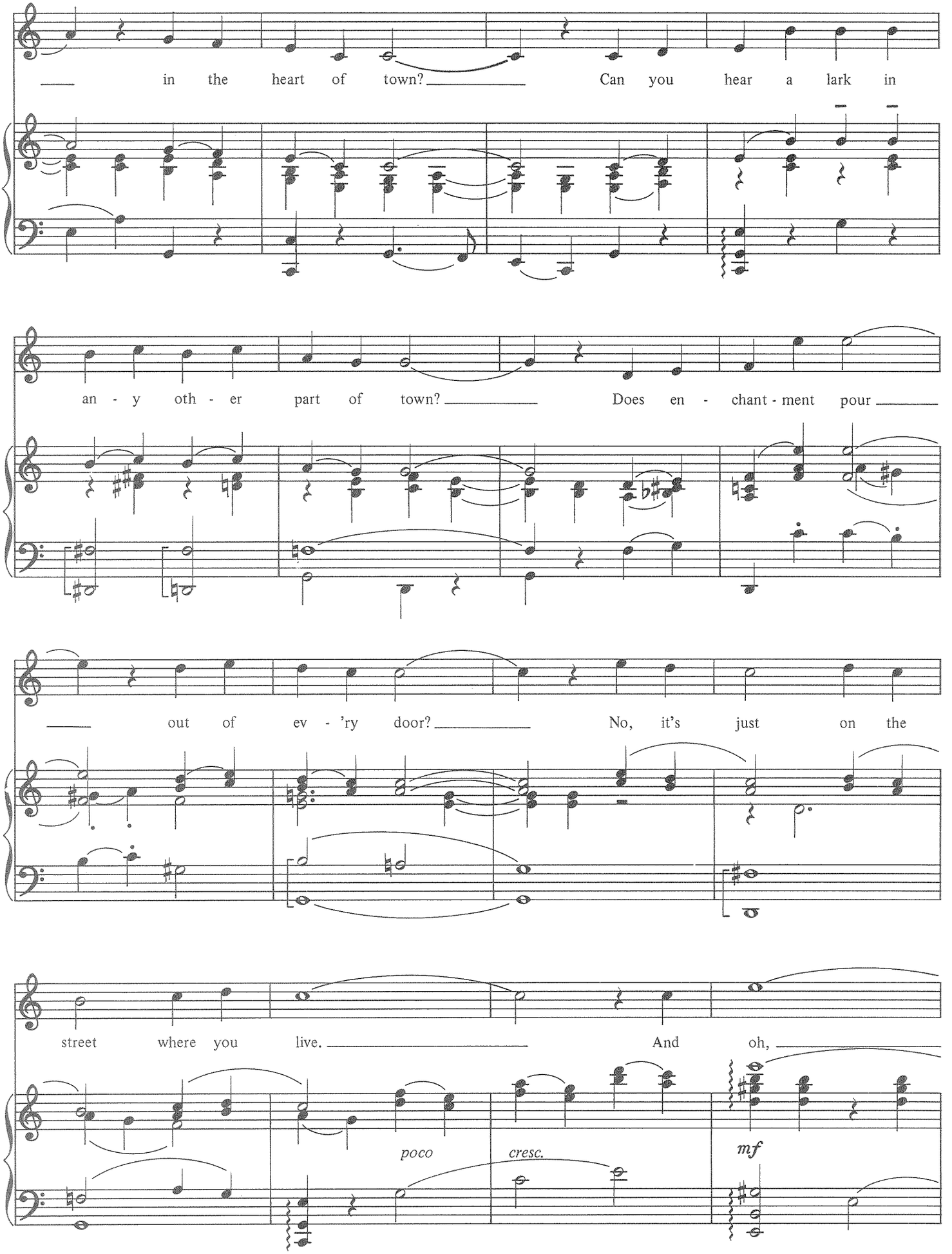
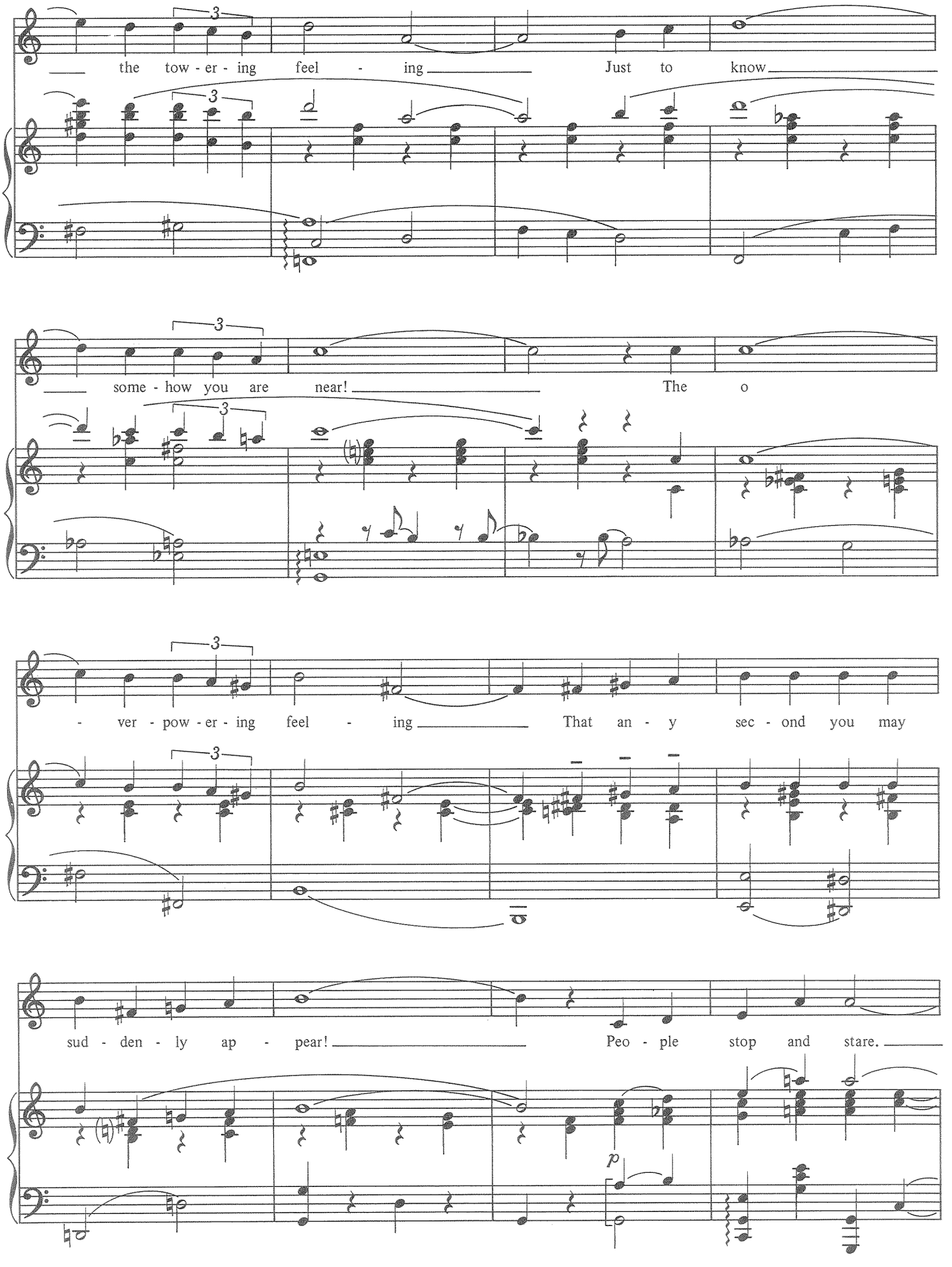
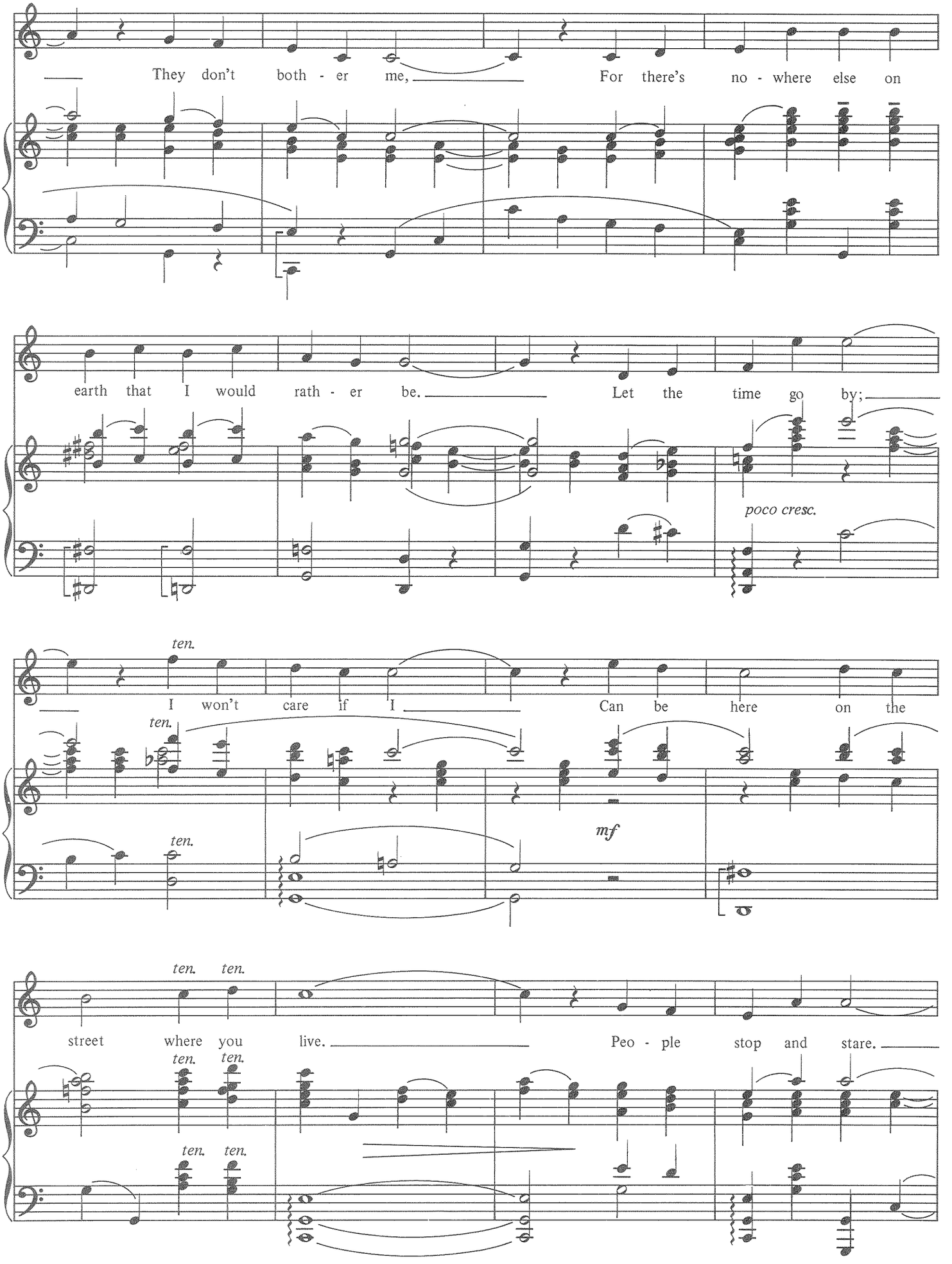


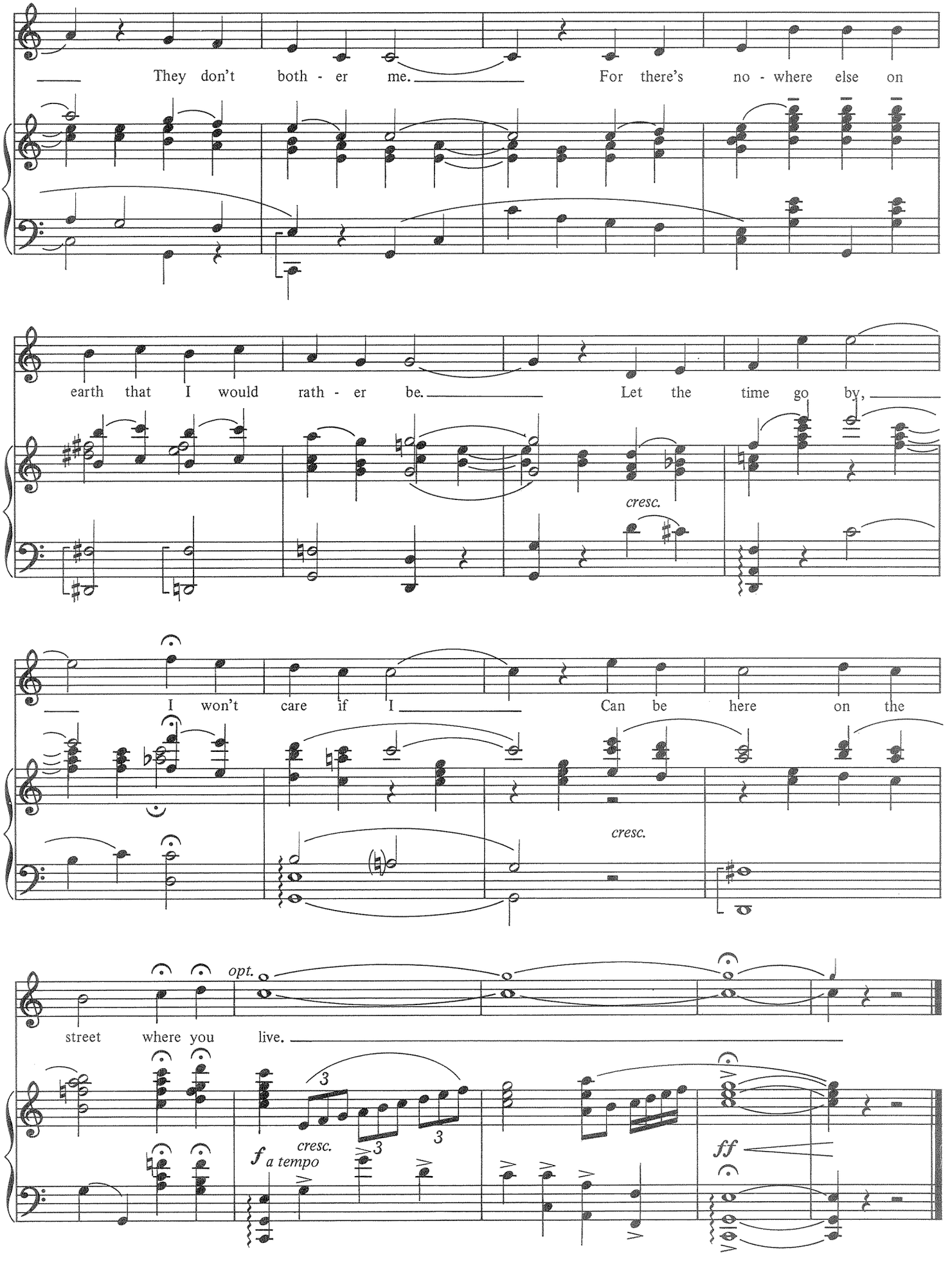
** In the show Freddy is interrupted at this point. The editor suggests a chuckle here in this "stand-alone" edition of the song.*


down this street be - fore; But the pave - ment al - ways
stayed be - neath my feet be - fore. All at once am I
p sempre
sev - 'ral sto - ries high, Know - ing I'm on the
street where you live. Are there li - lac trees


in the heart of town? Can you hear a lark in
an - y oth - er part of town? Does en - chant - ment pour
out of ev - 'ry door? No, it's just on the
street where you live. And oh,
poco
cresc.
mf

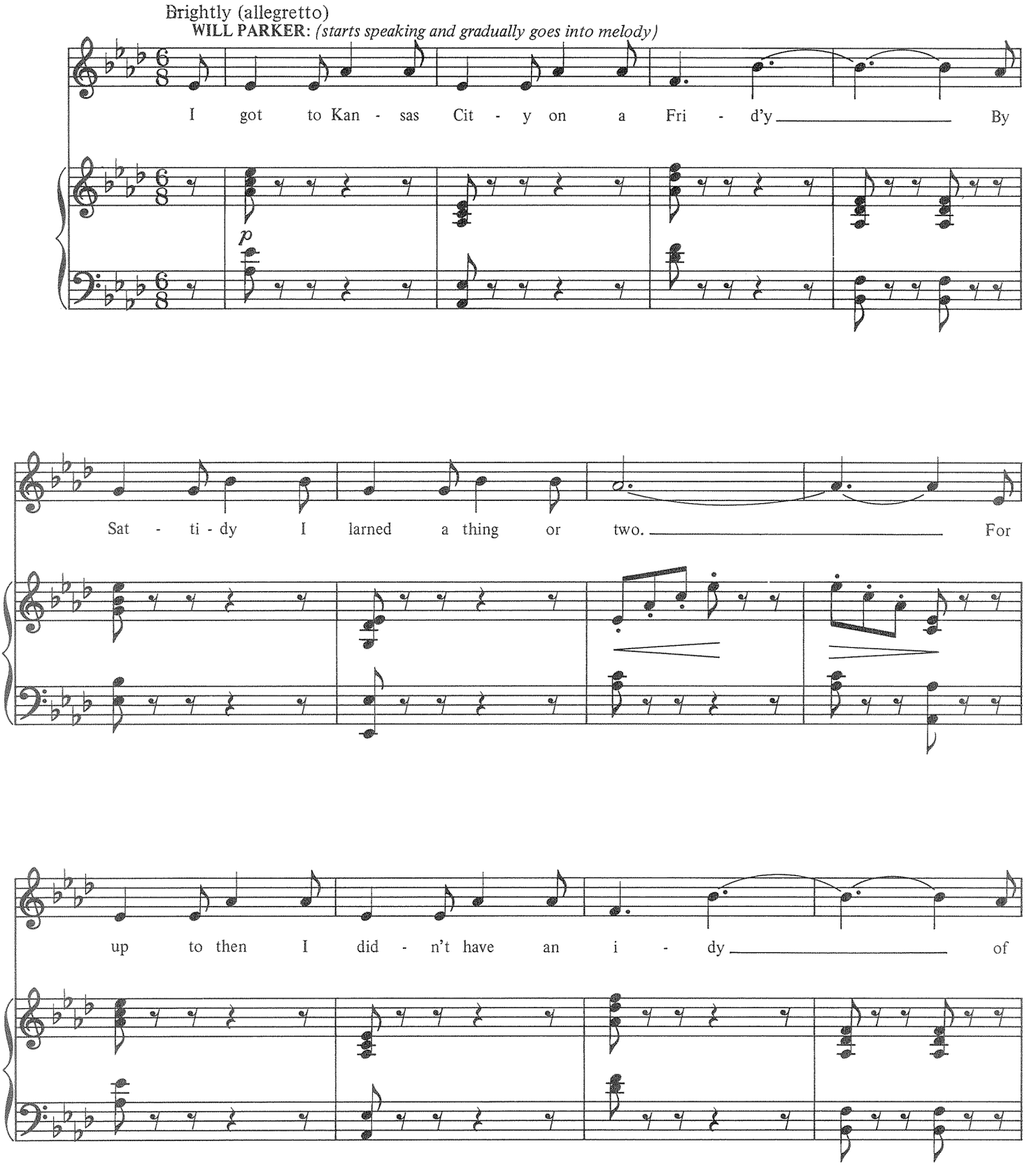

the tow - er - ing feel - ing Just to know
some - how you are near! The o
- ver - pow - er - ing feel - ing That an - y sec - ond you may
sud - den - ly ap - pear! Peo - ple stop and stare.
p


They don't both - er me, For there's no - where else on
earth that I would rath - er be. Let the time go by;
poco cresc.
ten.
I won't care if I Can be here on the
ten.
ten.
mf
ten. ten.
street where you live. Peo - ple stop and stare.
ten. ten.
ten. ten.


They don't both - er me. For there's no - where else on
earth that I would rath - er be. Let the time go by,
cresc.
I won't care if I Can be here on the
cresc.
opt.
street where you live.
3
3
3
cresc.
f a tempo
ff

KANSAS CITY
from *Oklahoma!*

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II



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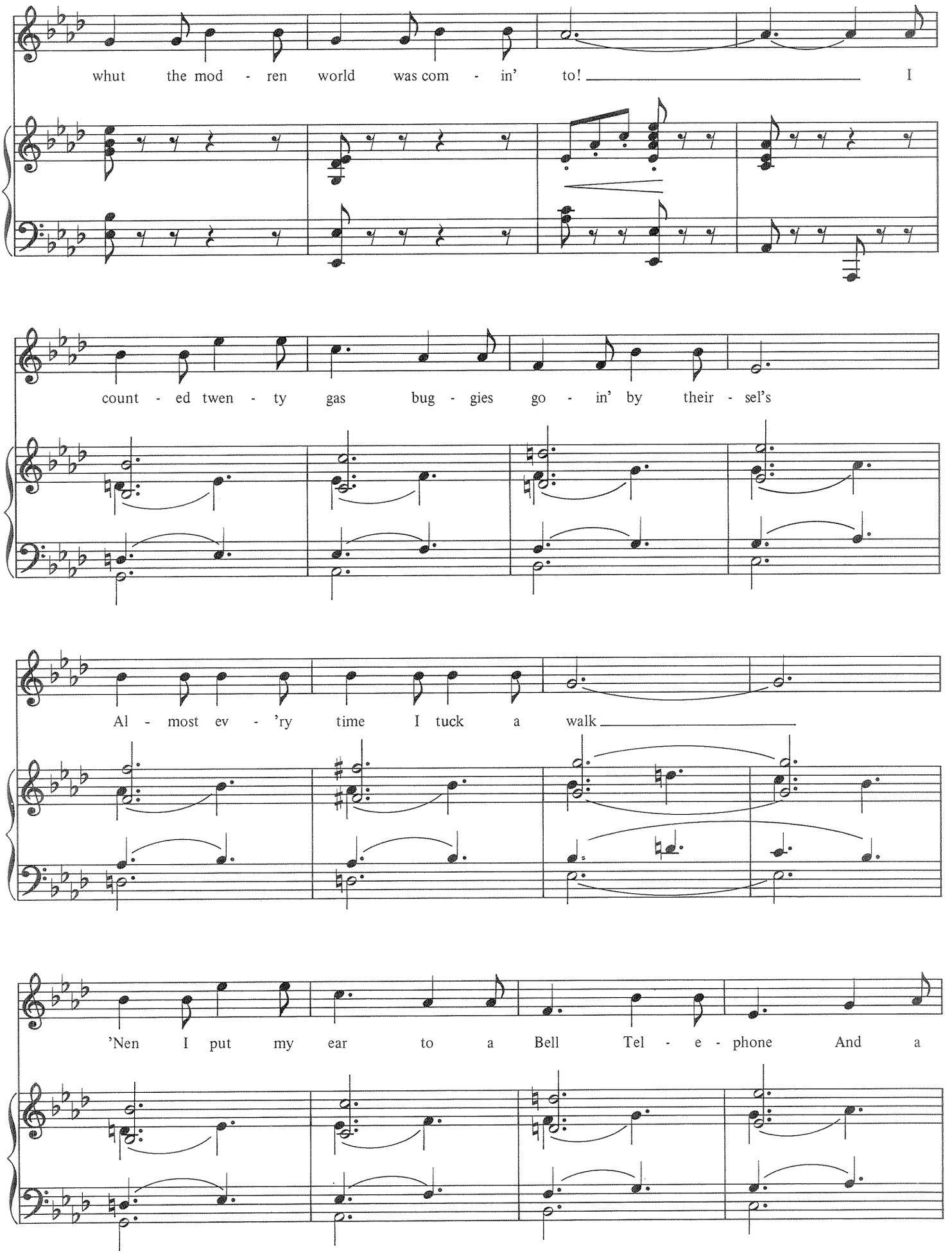
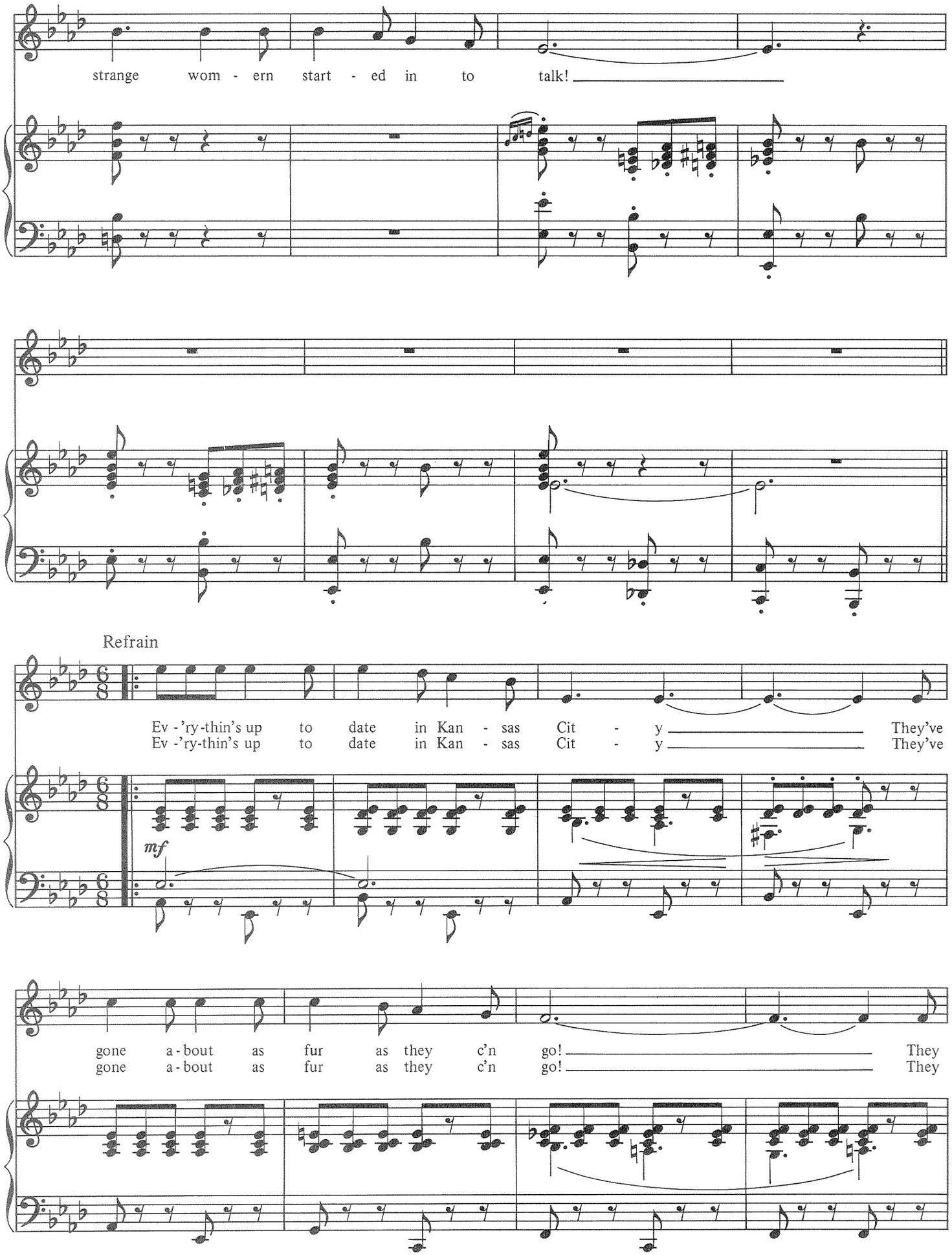
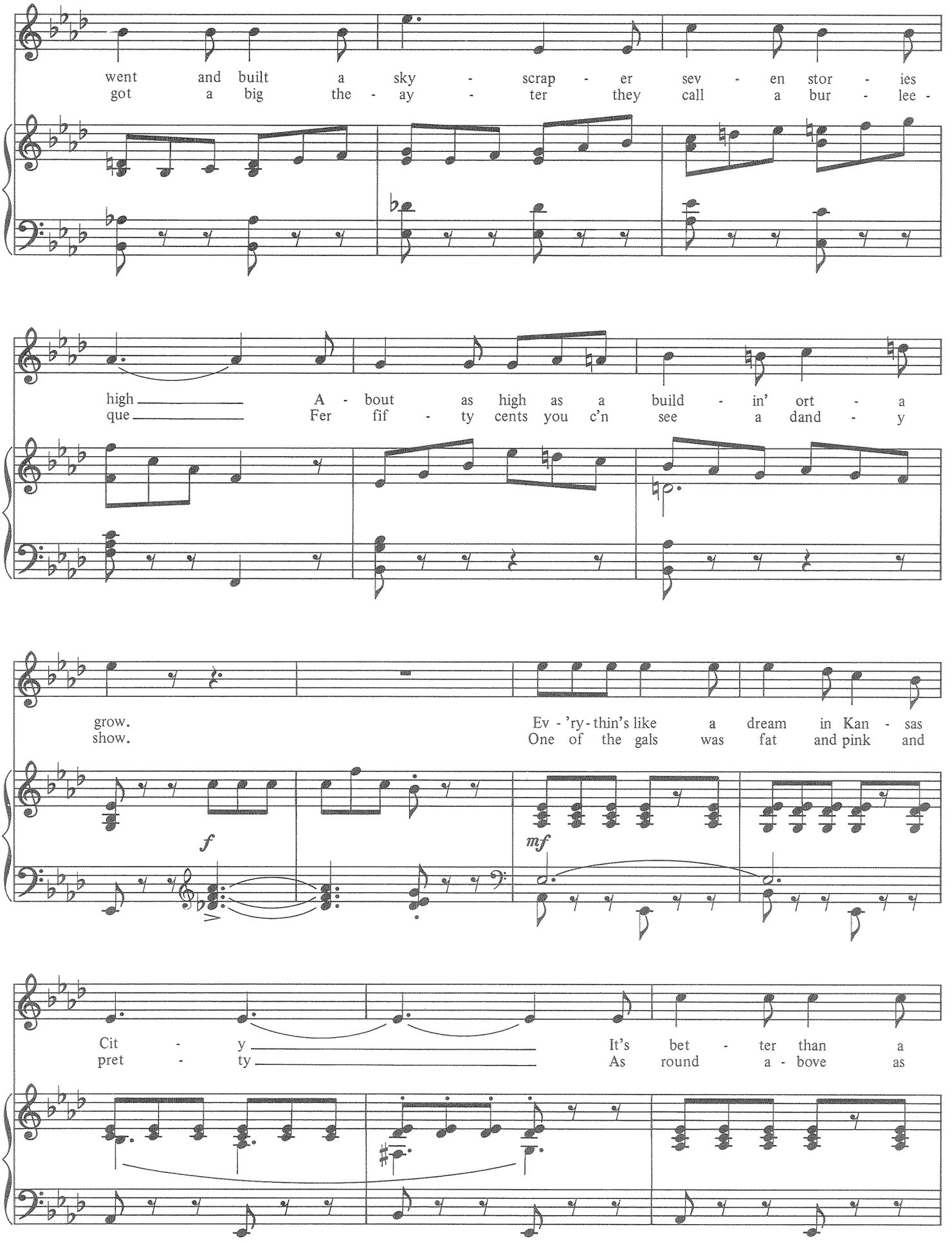
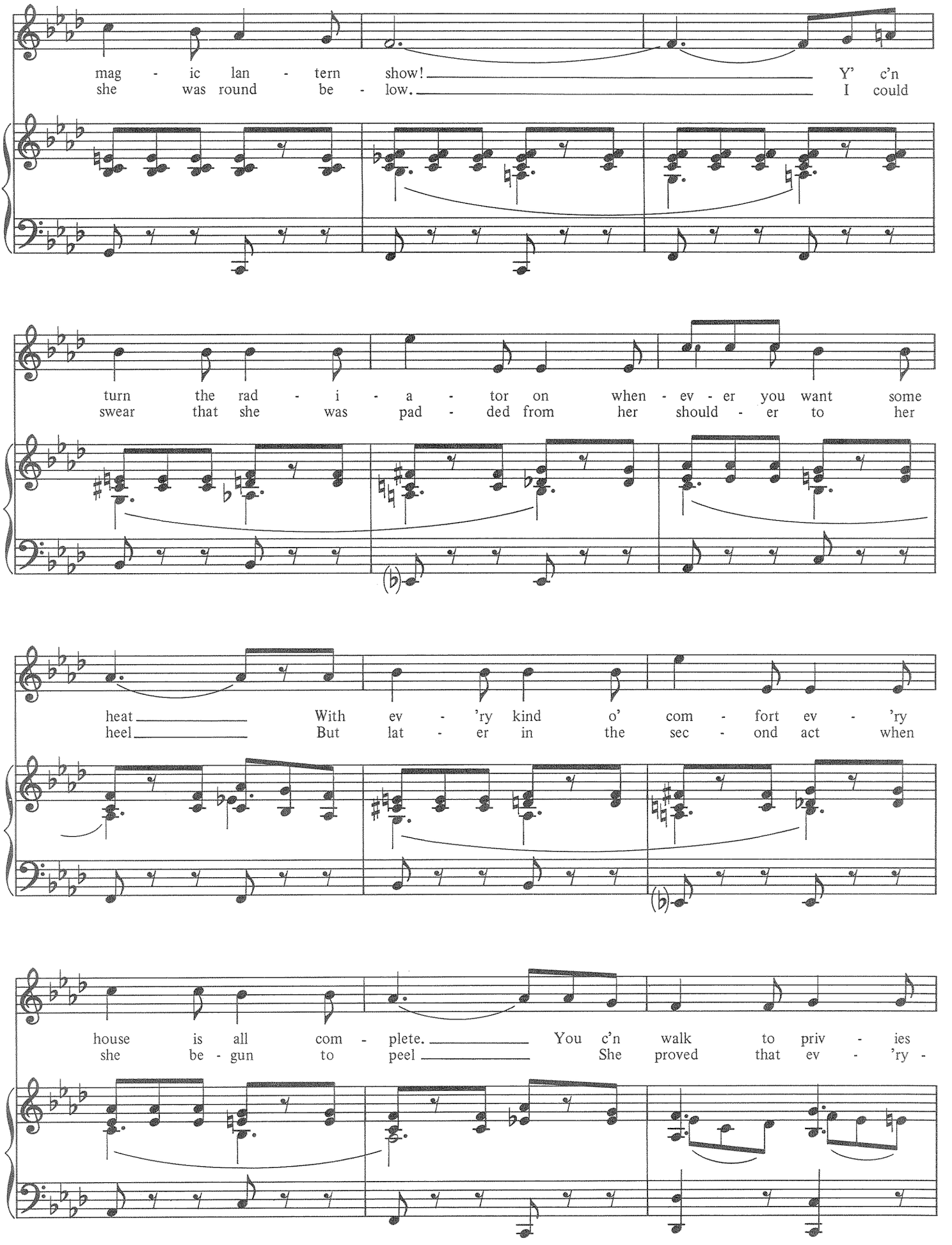
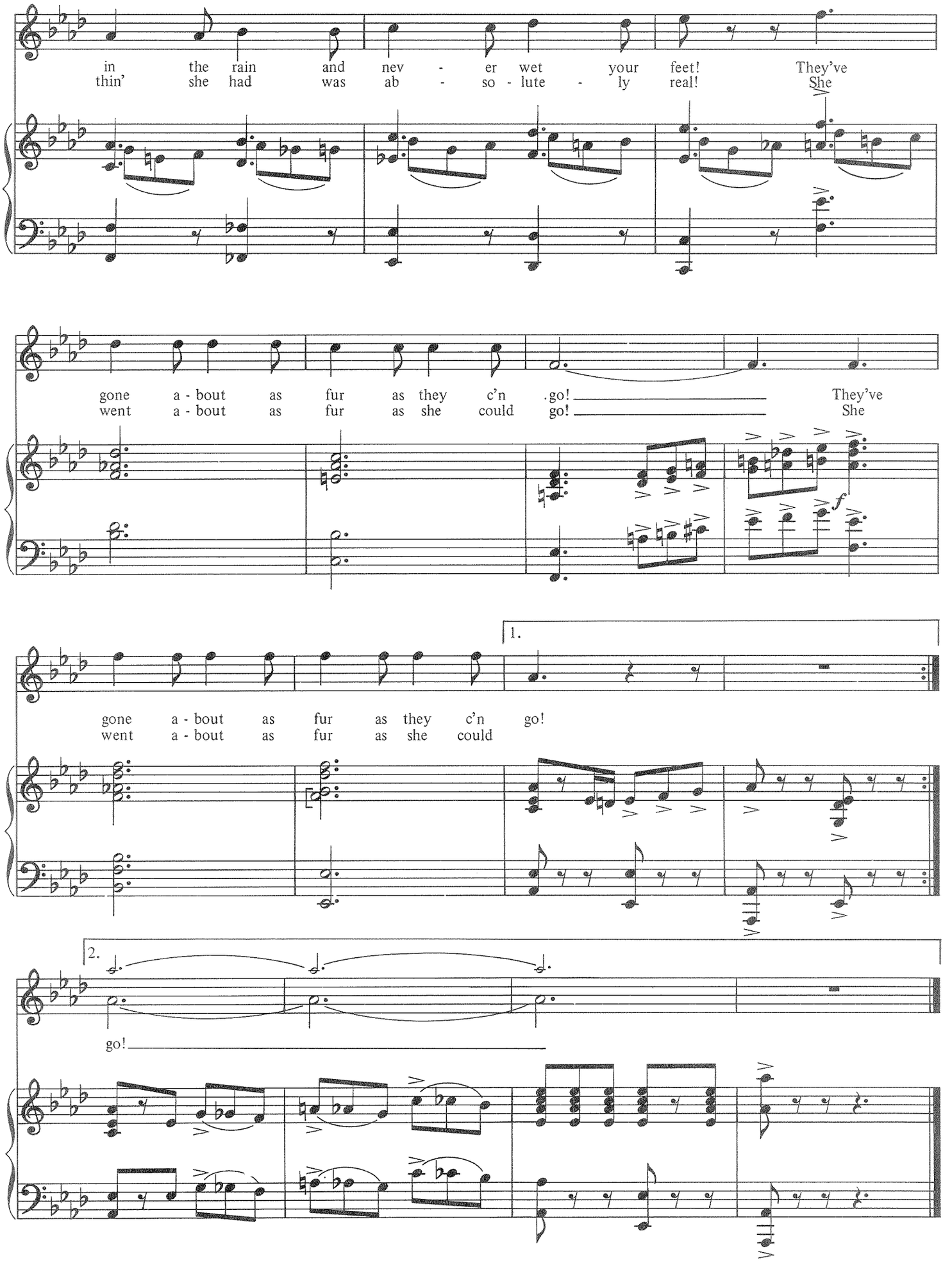

whut the mod - ren world was com - in' to! I
count - ed twen - ty gas bug - gies go - in' by their - sel's
Al - most ev - 'ry time I tuck a walk
'Nen I put my ear to a Bell Tel - e - phone And a


strange wom - ern start - ed in to talk!
Refrain
Ev -'ry-thin's up to date in Kan - sas Cit - y They've
Ev -'ry-thin's up to date in Kan - sas Cit - y They've
mf
gone a-bout as fur as they c'n go! They
gone a-bout as fur as they c'n go! They


went and built a sky - scrap - er sev - en stor - ies
got a big the - ay - ter they call a bur - lee -
high A - bout as high as a build - in' ort - a
que Fer fif - ty cents you c'n see a dand - y
grow. Ev - 'ry - thin's like a dream in Kan - sas
show. One of the gals was fat and pink and
f
mf
Cit - y It's bet - ter than a
pret - ty As round a - bove as


mag - ic lan - tern show! Y' c'n
she was round be - low. I could
turn the rad - i - a - tor on when - ev - er you want some
swear that she was pad - ded from her should - er to her
heat With ev - 'ry kind o' com - fort ev - 'ry
heel But lat - er in the sec - ond act when
house is all com - plete. You c'n walk to priv - ies
she be - gun to peel She proved that ev - 'ry -


in the rain and nev - er wet your feet! They've
thin' she had was ab - so - lute - ly real! She
gone a - bout as fur as they c'n go! They've
went a - bout as fur as she could go! She
f
1.
gone a - bout as fur as they c'n go!
went a - bout as fur as she could
2.
go!

MANY MOONS AGO

from *Once Upon a Mattress*

Music by MARY RODGERS
Words by MARSHALL BARER

Brightly

ff

MINSTREL: Freely - in 2

Man - y moons a - go in a far off place Lived a

p

hand - some prince with a gloom - y face, For he did not have a bride. Oh, he

sighed "a - las" And he pined a - las, But a - las, the prince could - n't

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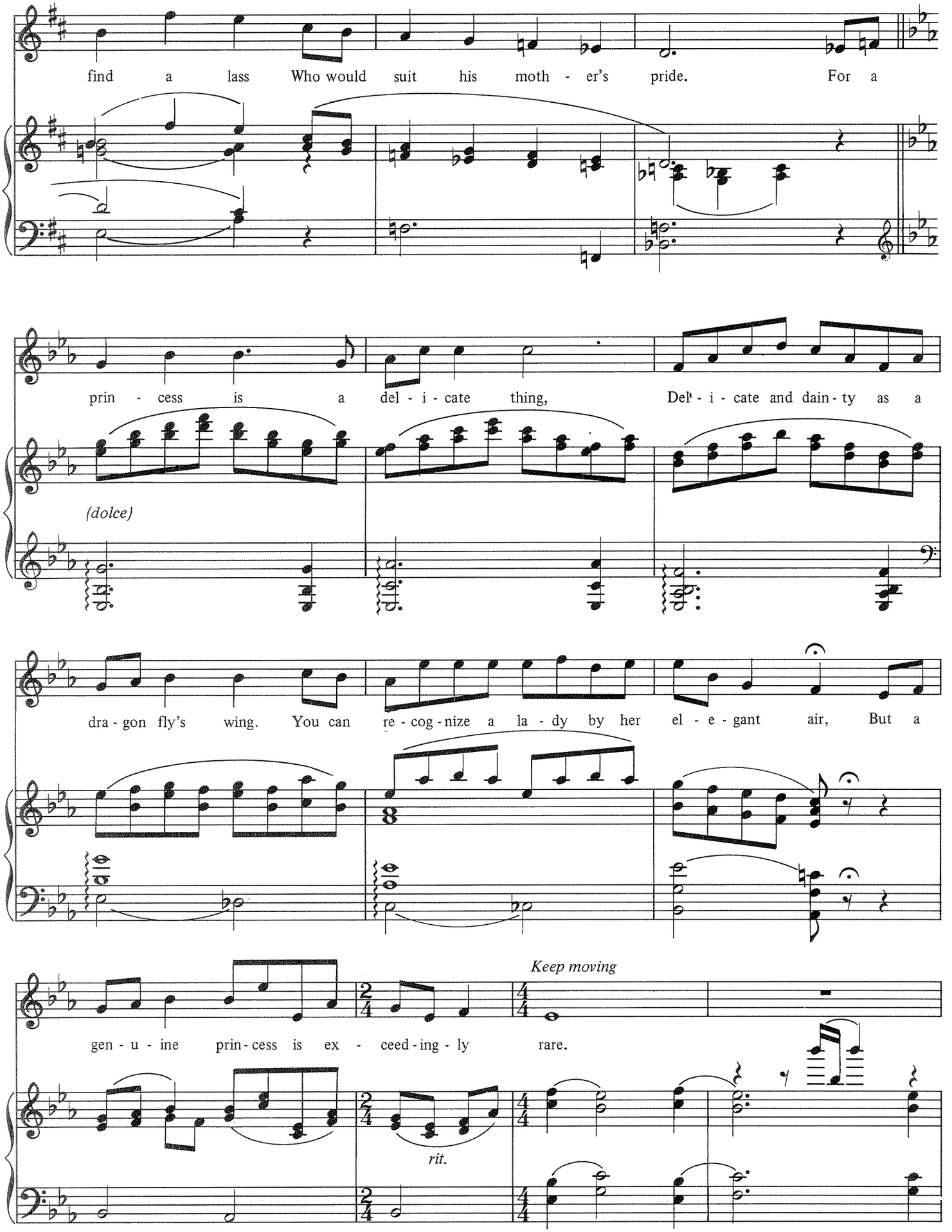
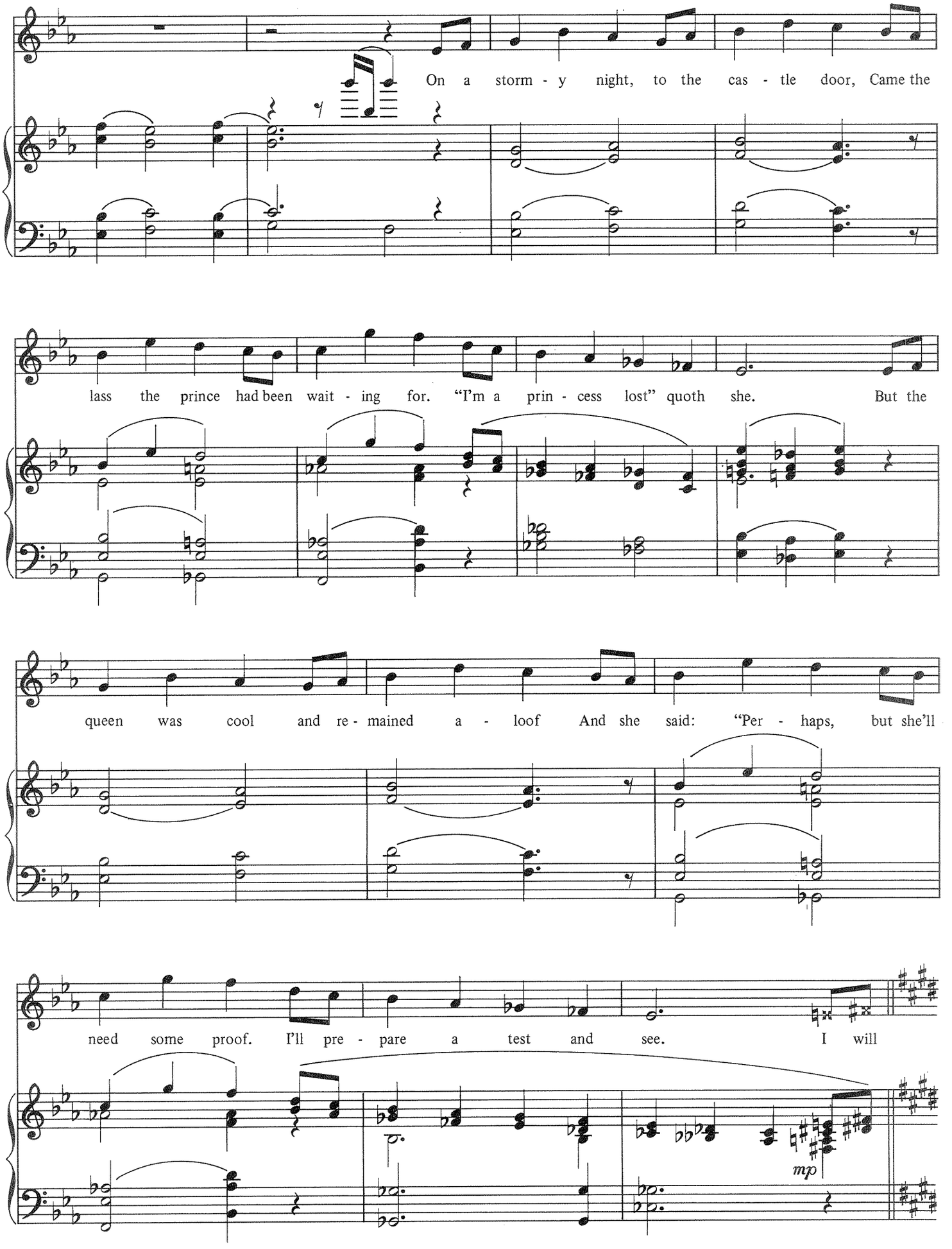
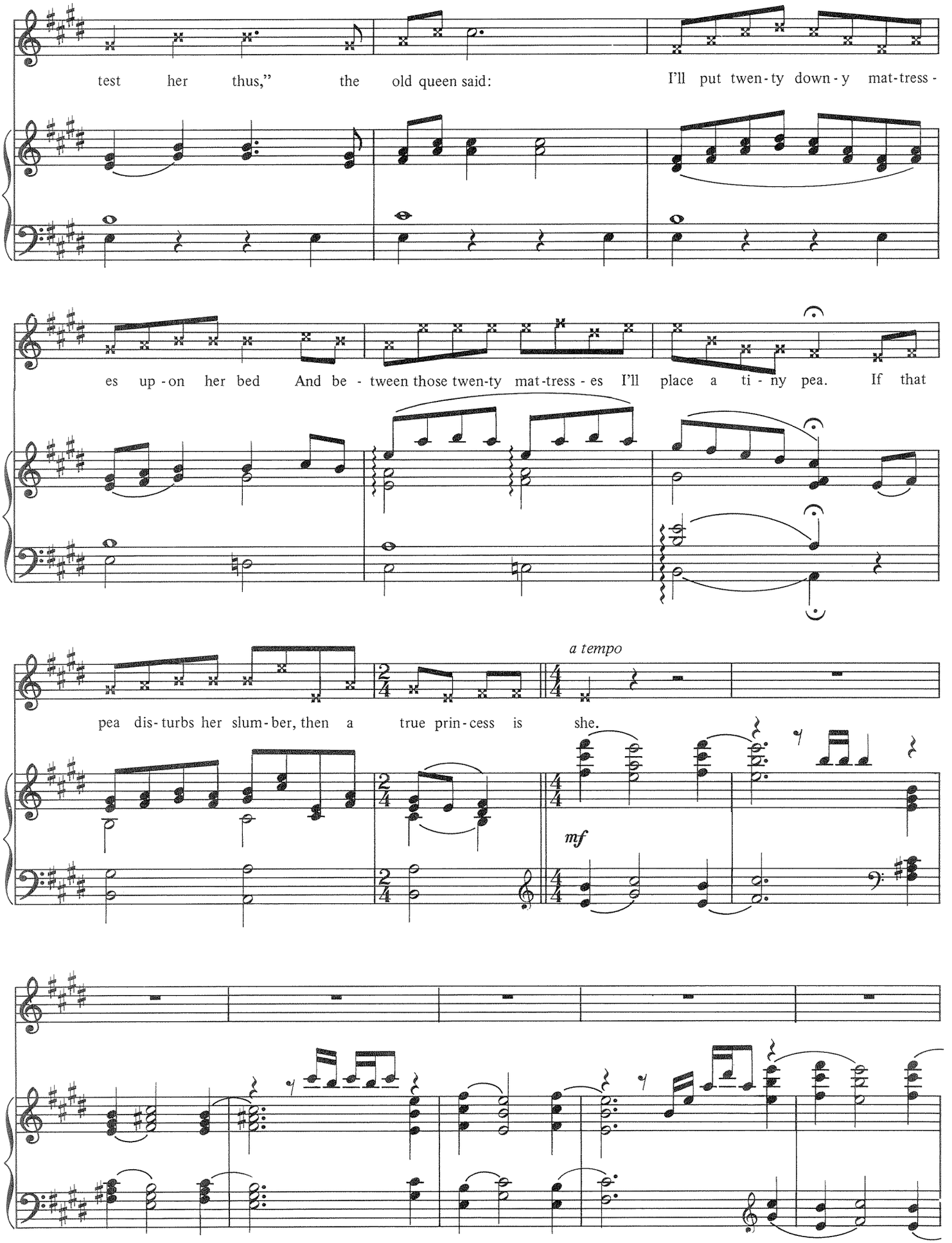
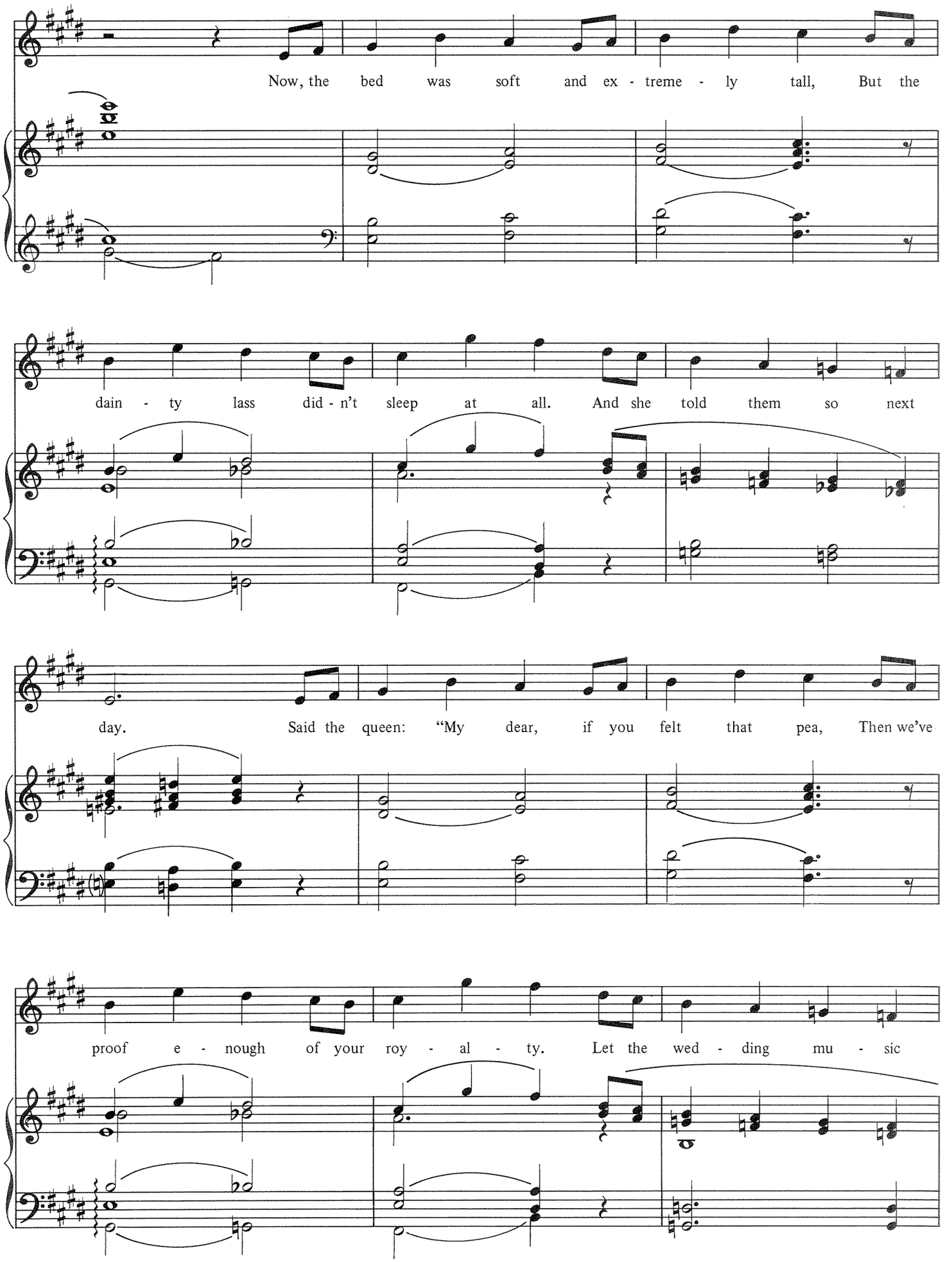
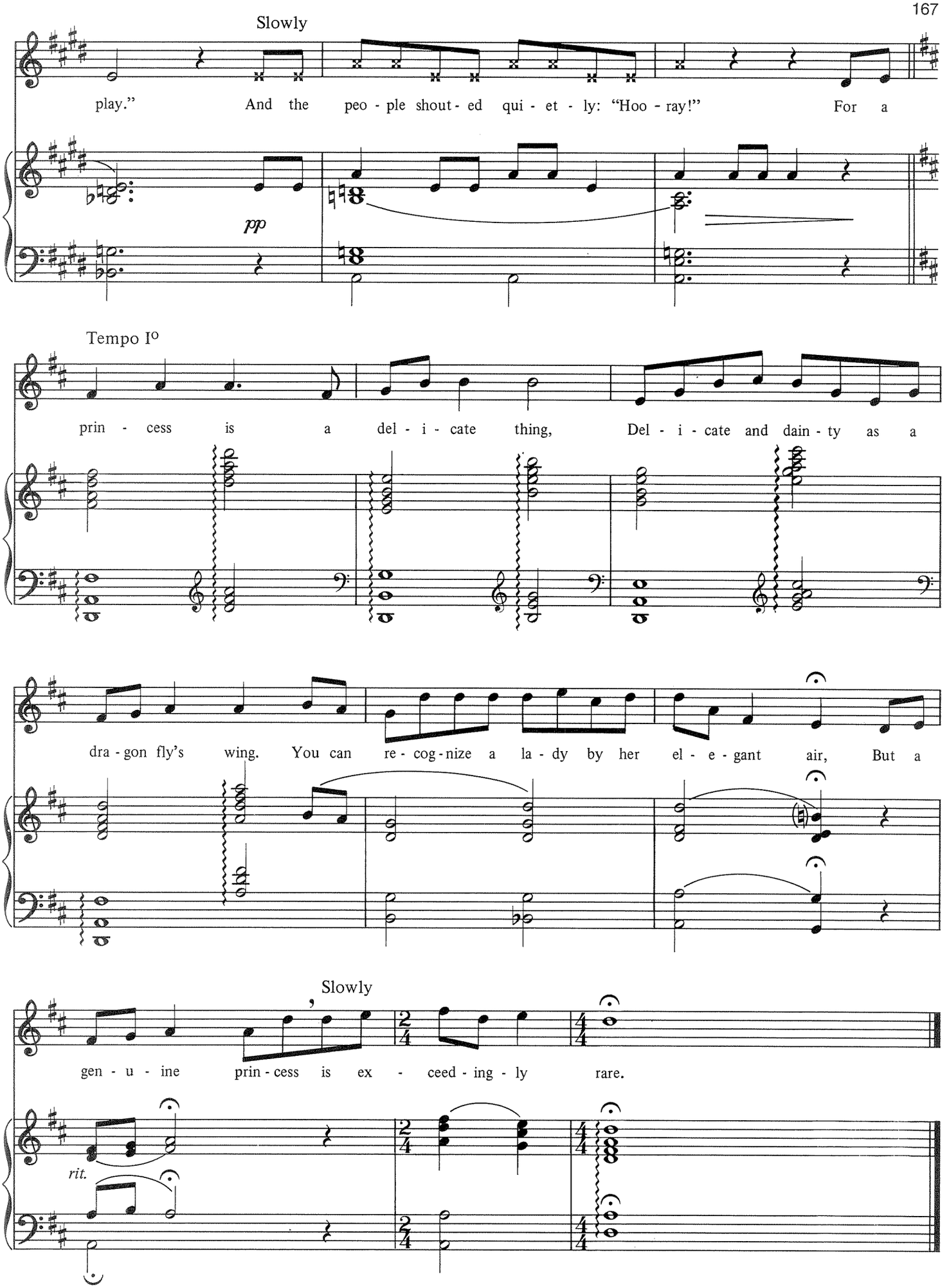

find a lass Who would suit his moth - er's pride. For a
prin - cess is a del - i - cate thing, Del' - i - cate and dain - ty as a
(dolce)
dra - gon fly's wing. You can re - cog - nize a la - dy by her el - e - gant air, But a
Keep moving
gen - u - ine prin - cess is ex - ceed - ing - ly rare.
rit.


On a storm - y night, to the cas - tle door, Came the
lass the prince had been wait - ing for. "I'm a prin - cess lost" quoth she. But the
queen was cool and re - mained a - loof And she said: "Per - haps, but she'll
need some proof. I'll pre - pare a test and see. I will
mp


test her thus," the old queen said: I'll put twen-ty down-y mat-tress-
es up-on her bed And be-tween those twen-ty mat-tress-es I'll place a ti-ny pea. If that
a tempo
pea dis-turbs her slum-ber, then a true prin-cess is she.
mf

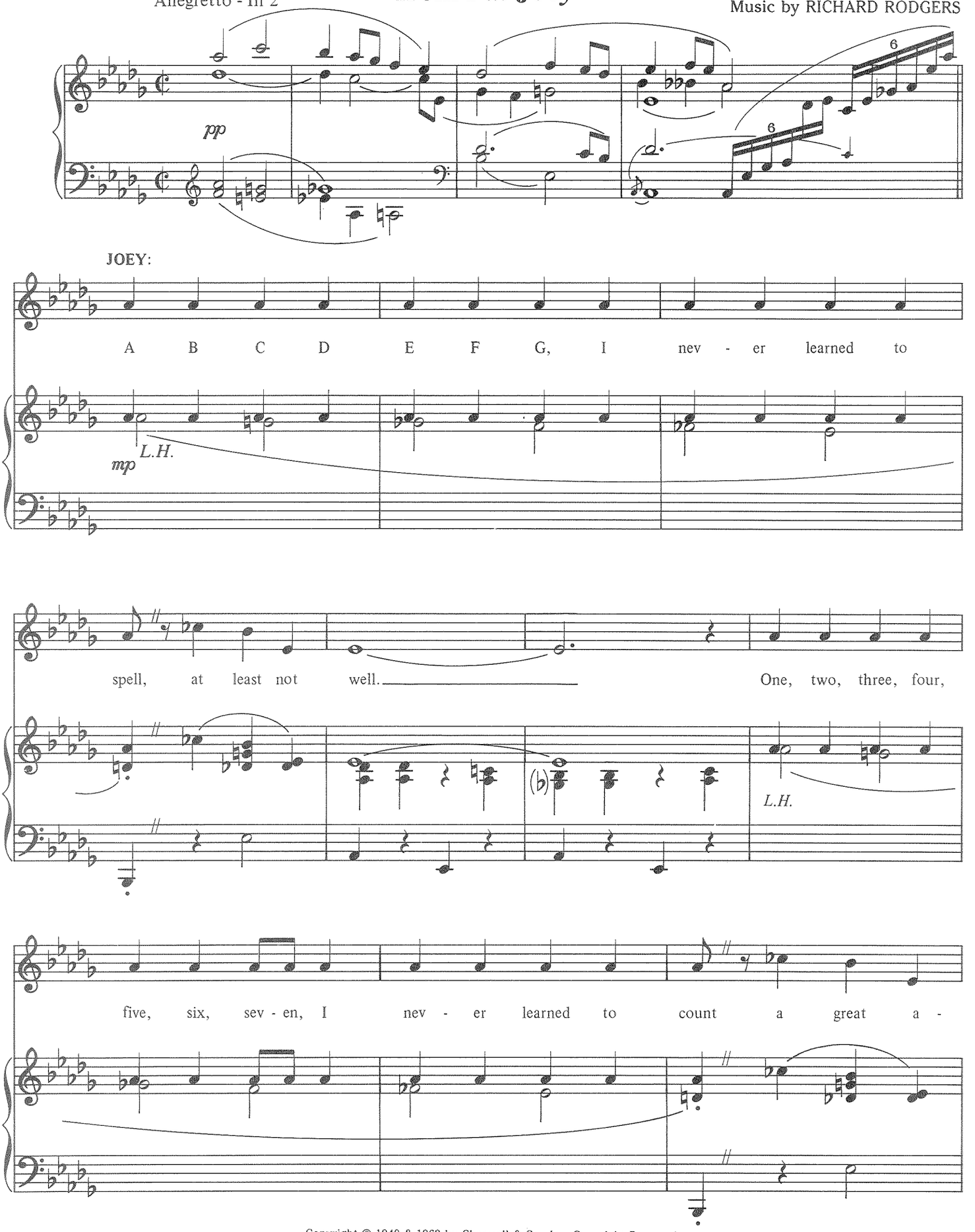

Now, the bed was soft and ex - treme - ly tall, But the
dain - ty lass did - n't sleep at all. And she told them so next
day. Said the queen: "My dear, if you felt that pea, Then we've
proof e - nough of your roy - al - ty. Let the wed - ding mu - sic


Slowly
play." And the peo - ple shout - ed qui - et - ly: "Hoo - ray!" For a
pp
Tempo I°
prin - cess is a del - i - cate thing, Del - i - cate and dain - ty as a
dra - gon fly's wing. You can re - cog - nize a la - dy by her el - e - gant air, But a
Slowly
gen - u - ine prin - cess is ex - ceed - ing - ly rare.
rit.

I COULD WRITE A BOOK

from *Pal Joey*

Words by LORENZ HART
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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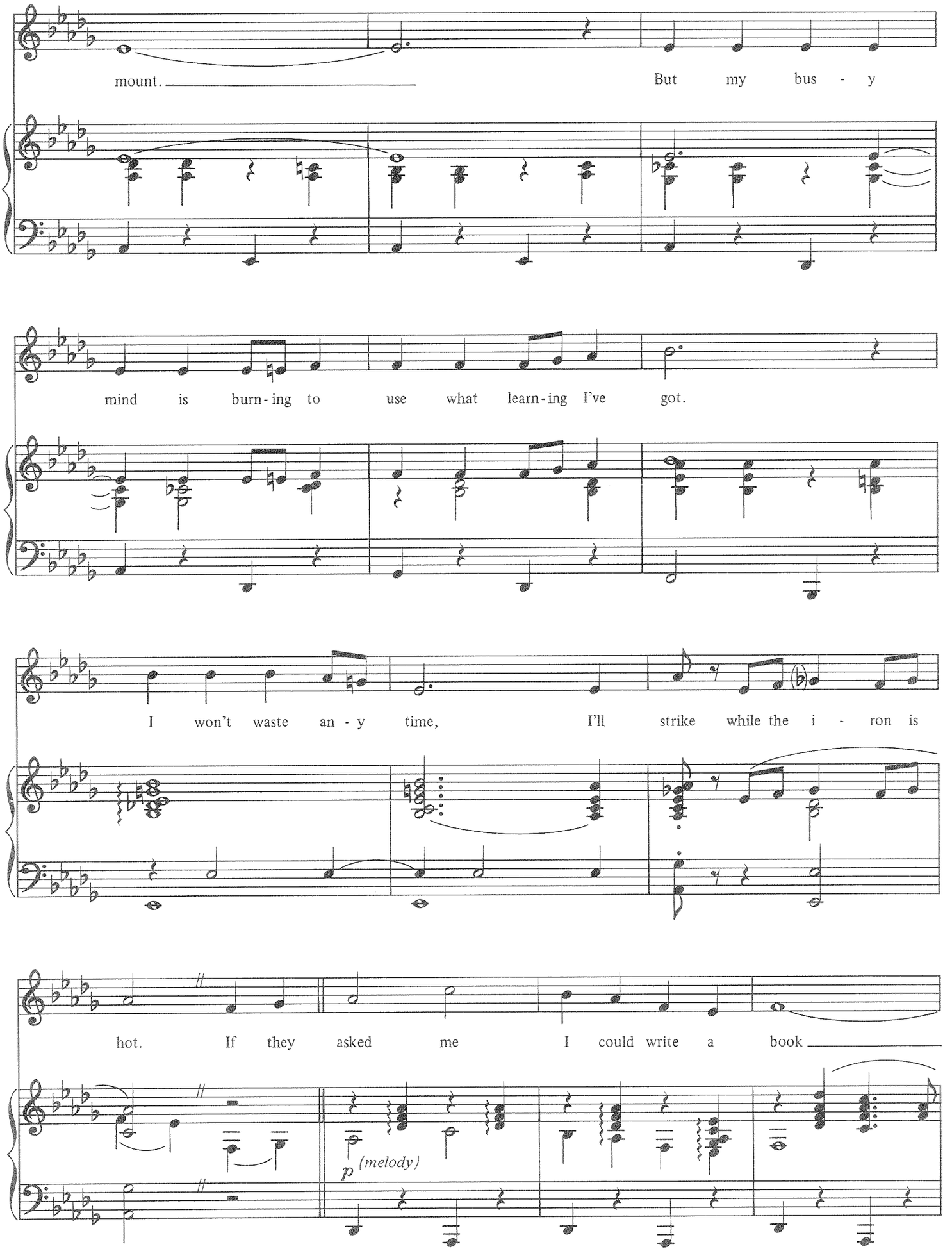
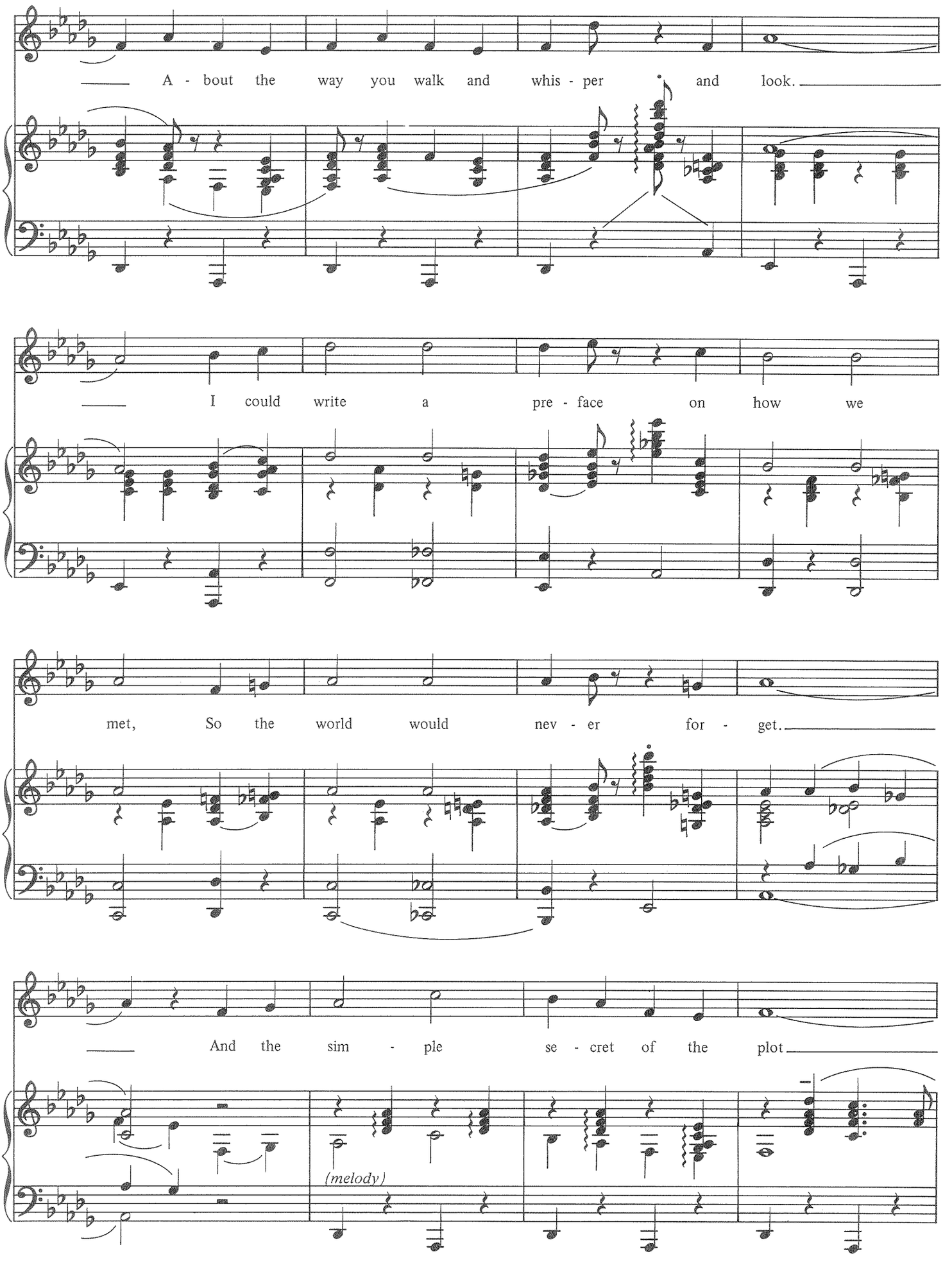
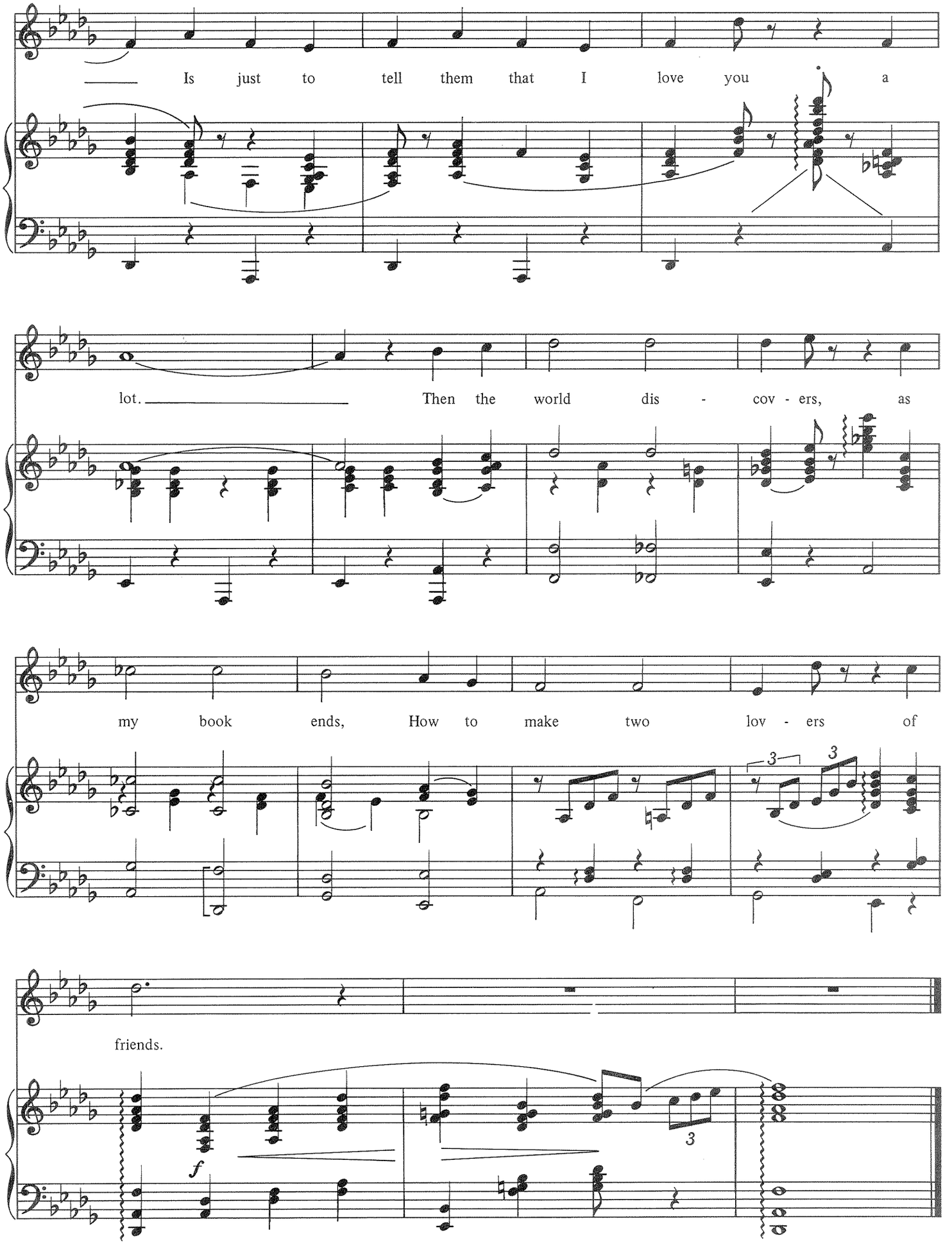

mount.
But my bus - y
mind is burn - ing to use what learn - ing I've got.
I won't waste an - y time, I'll strike while the i - ron is
hot. If they asked me I could write a book
p (melody)

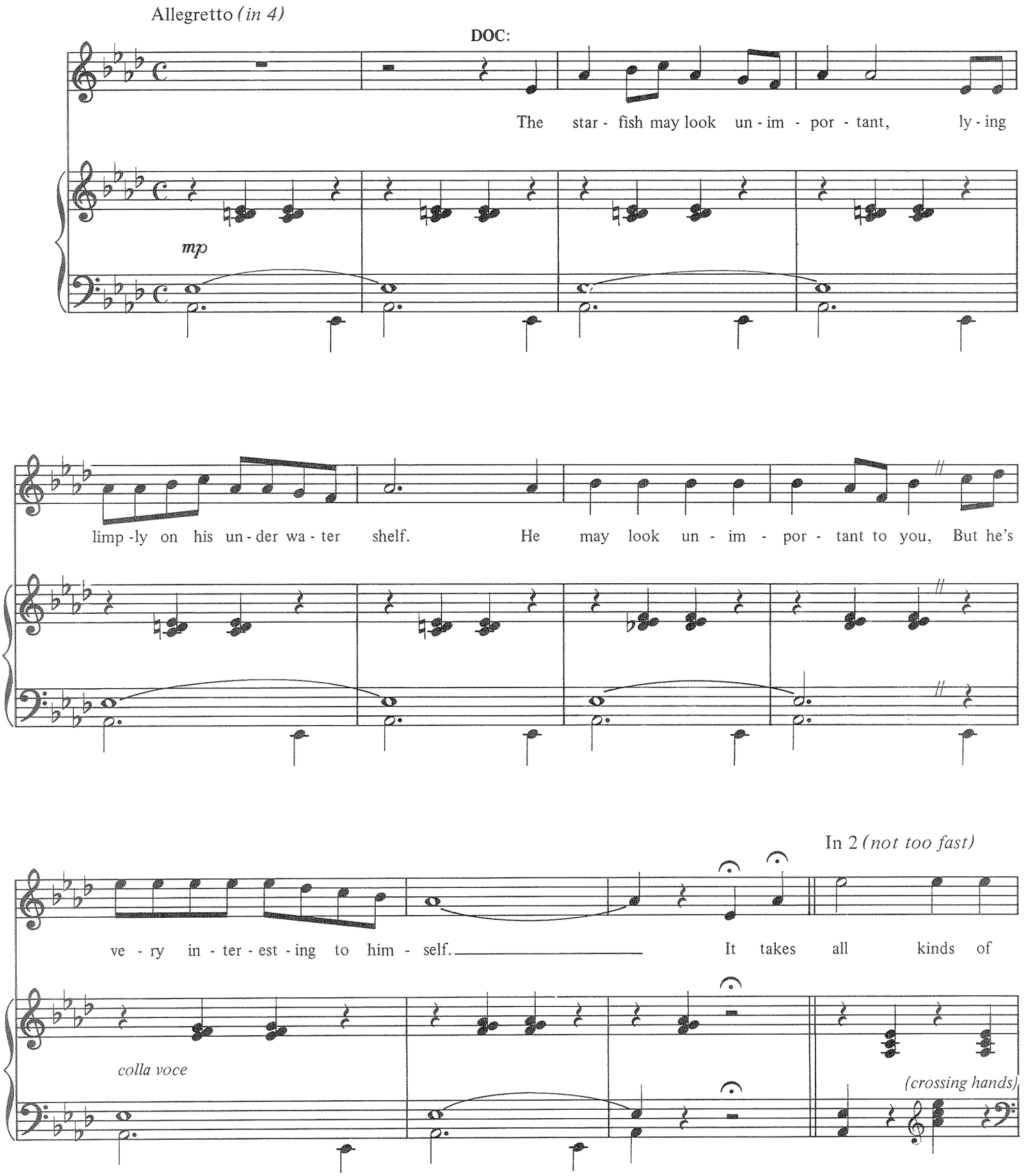

A - bout the way you walk and whis - per and look.
I could write a pre - face on how we
met, So the world would nev - er for - get.
And the sim - ple se - cret of the plot
(melody)


Is just to tell them that I love you a
lot. Then the world dis - cov - ers, as
my book ends, How to make two lov - ers of
friends.
f

ALL KINDS OF PEOPLE

from *Pipe Dream*

Music by RICHARD RODGERS
Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II



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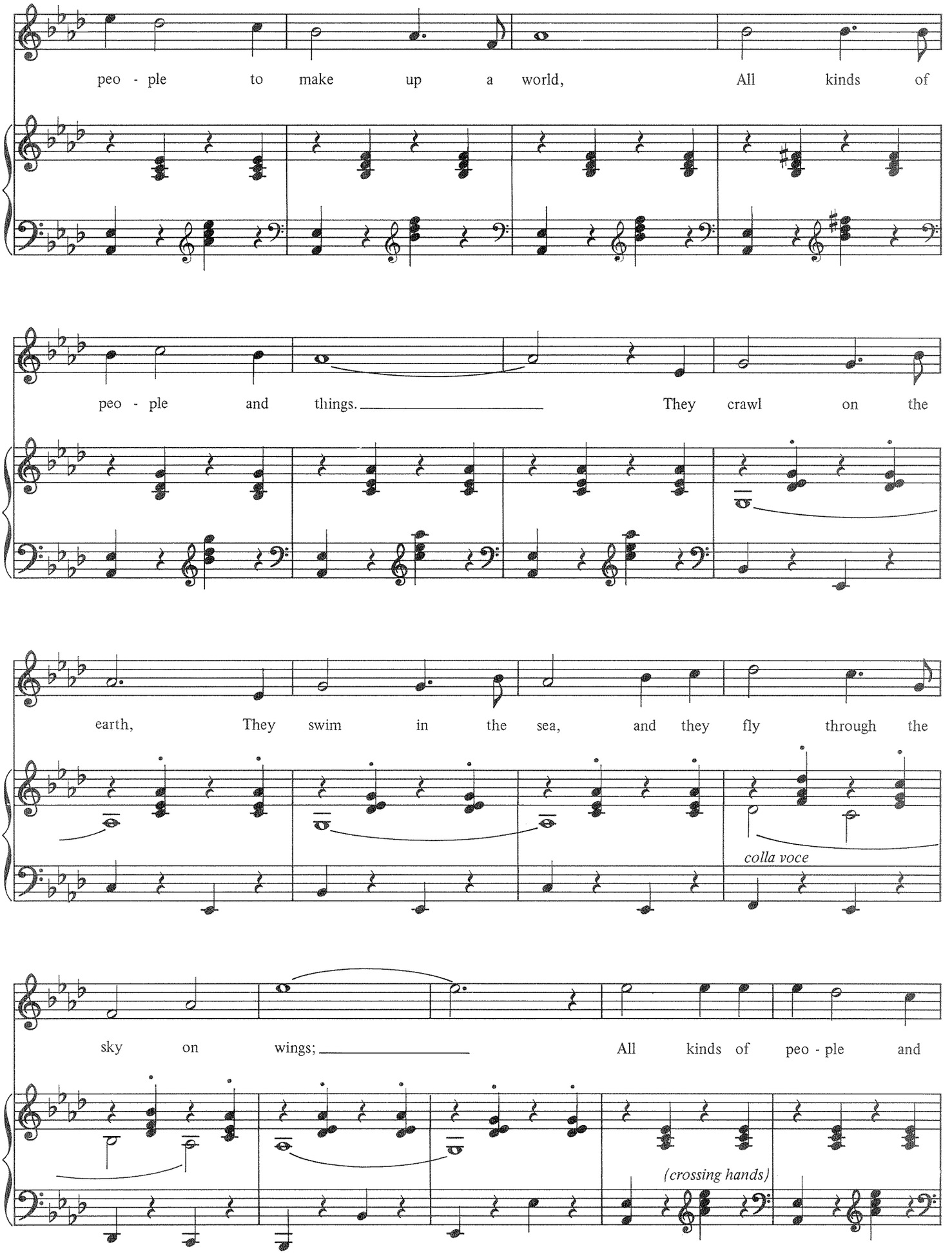
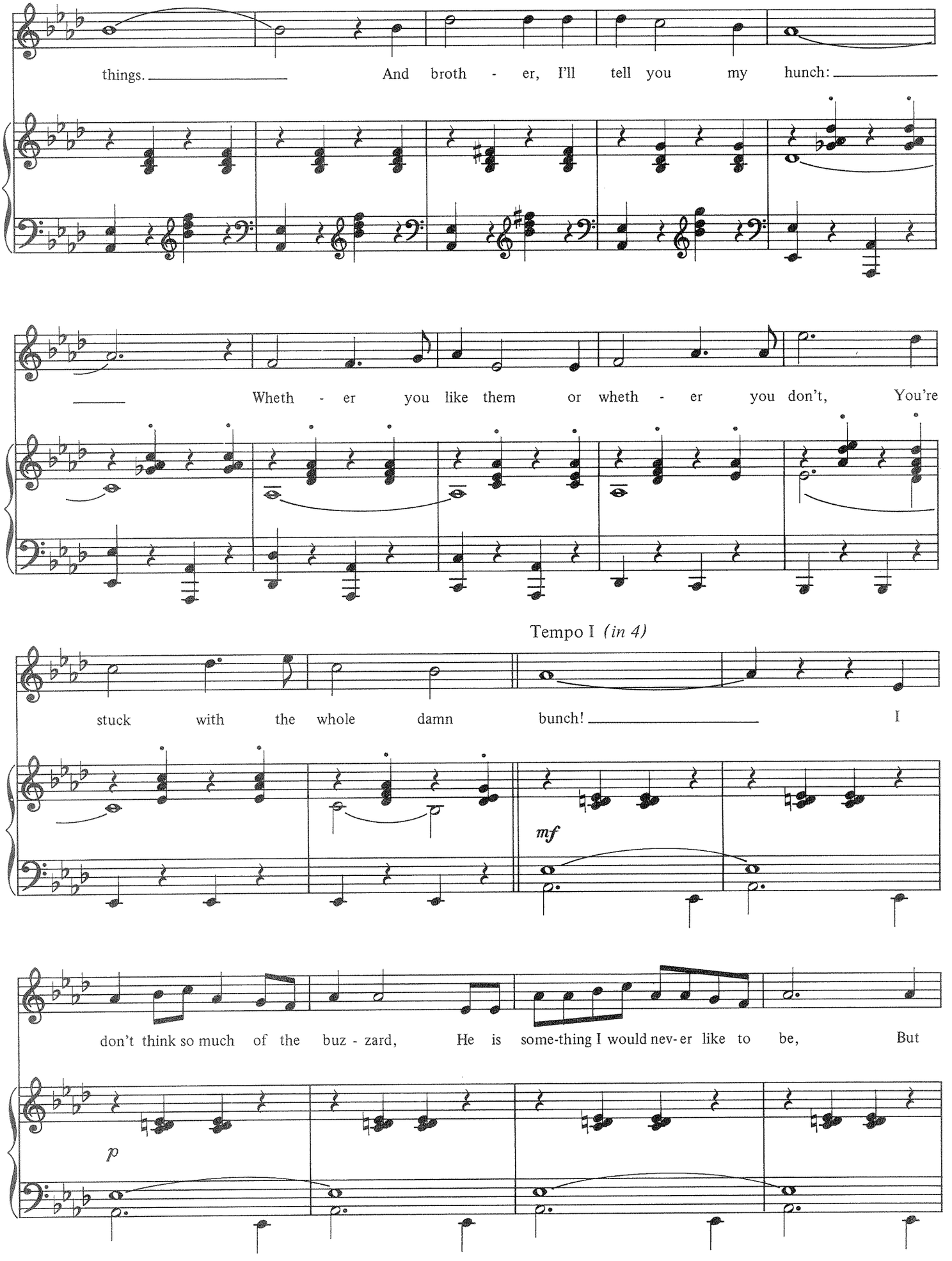
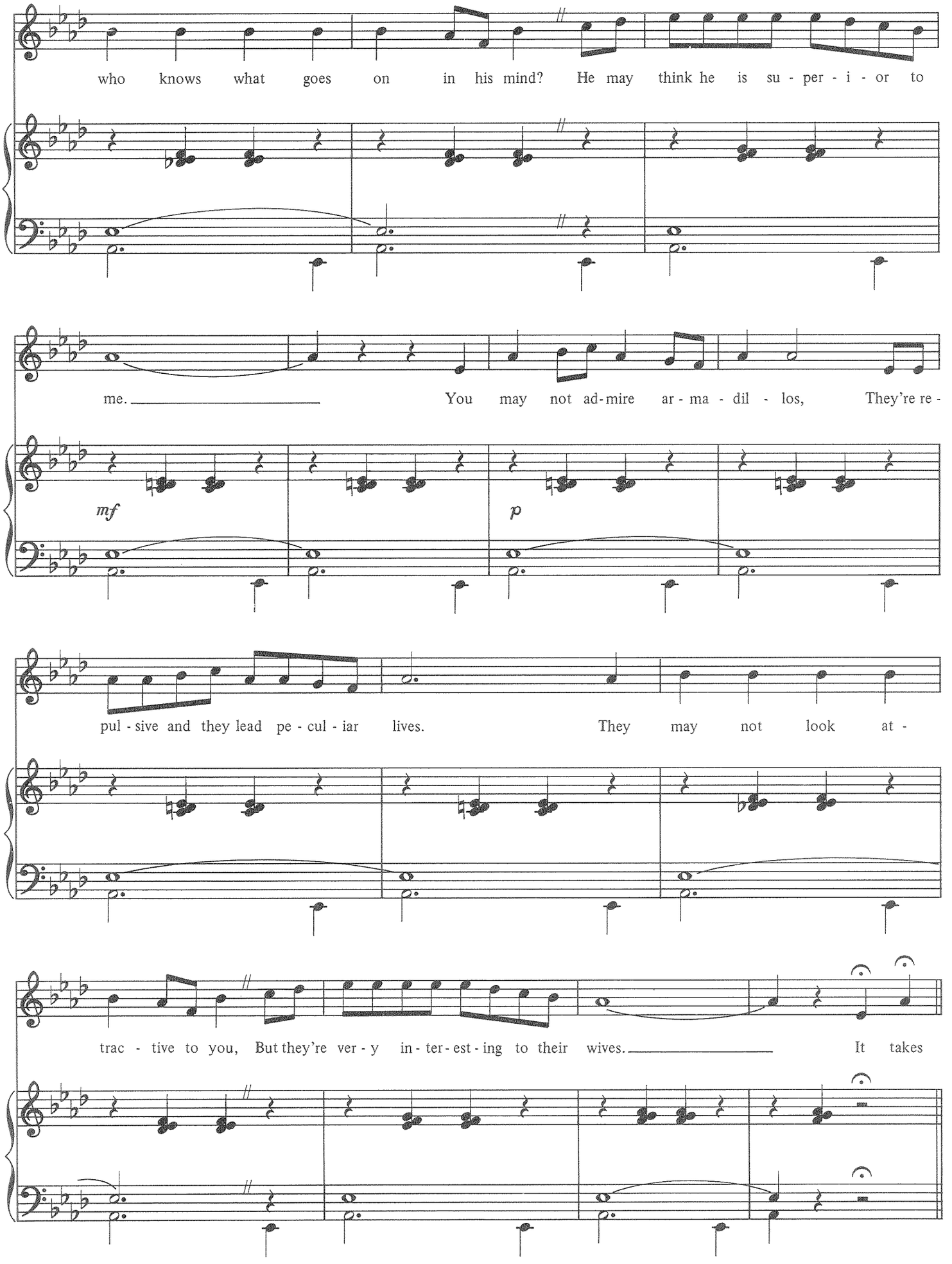
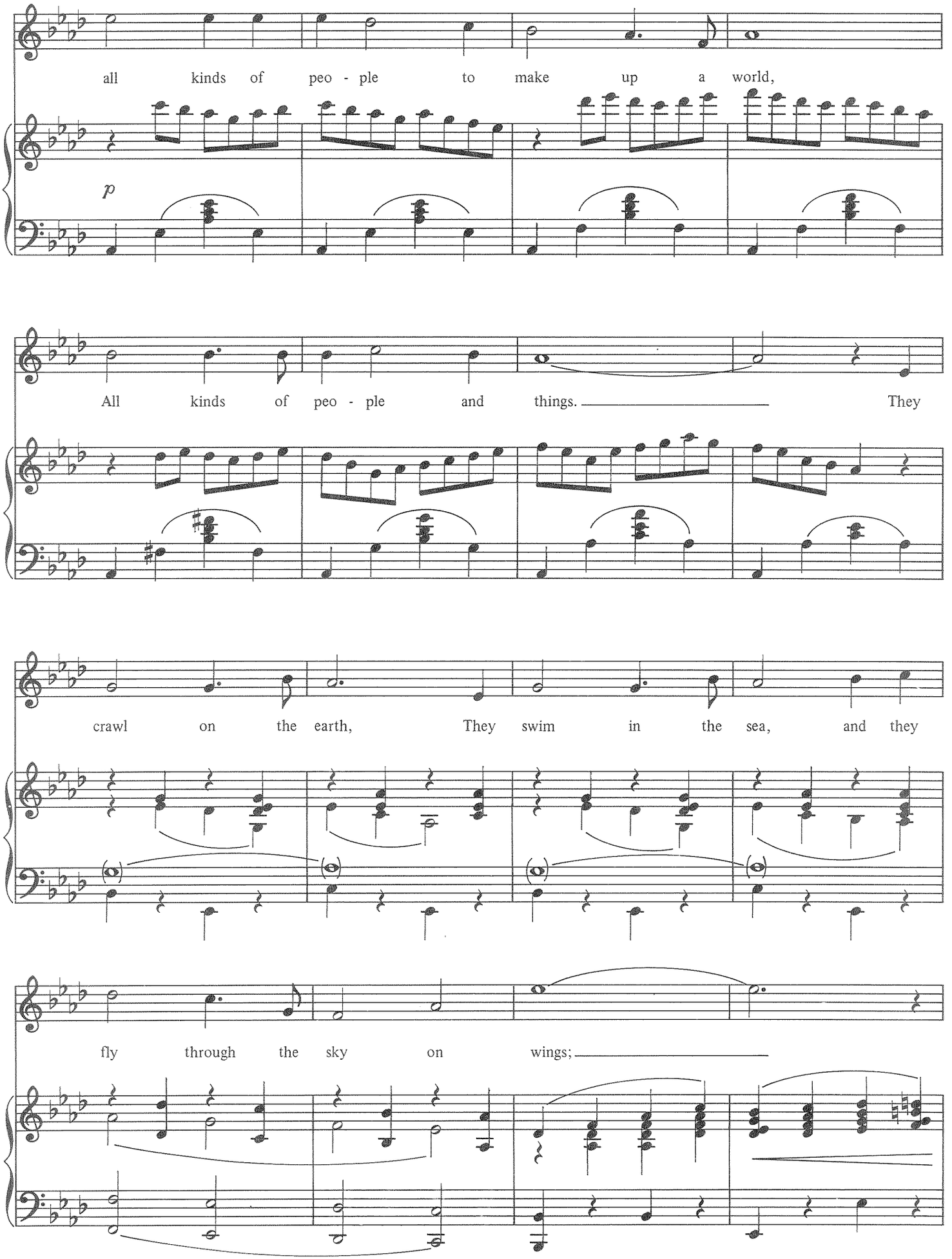
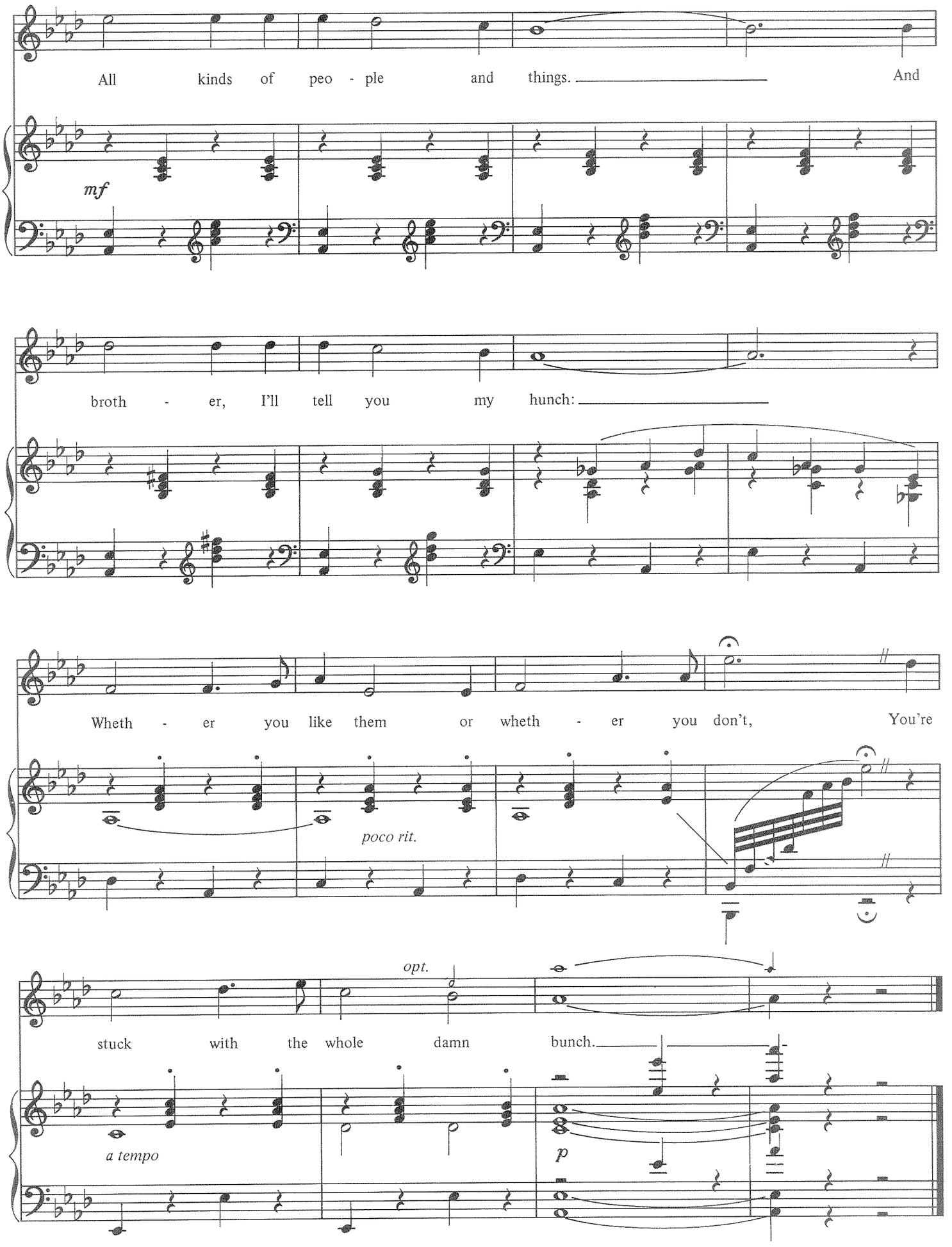

peo - ple to make up a world, All kinds of
peo - ple and things. They crawl on the
earth, They swim in the sea, and they fly through the
colla voce
sky on wings; All kinds of peo - ple and
(crossing hands)


things. And broth - er, I'll tell you my hunch:
Wheth - er you like them or wheth - er you don't, You're
Tempo I (in 4)
stuck with the whole damn bunch! I
mf
don't think so much of the buz - zard, He is some-thing I would nev-er like to be, But
p


who knows what goes on in his mind? He may think he is su - per - i - or to
me. You may not ad-mire ar - ma - dil - los, They're re -
mf
p
pul - sive and they lead pe - cul - iar lives. They may not look at -
trac - tive to you, But they're ver - y in - ter - est - ing to their wives. It takes

In 2 *(not too fast)*

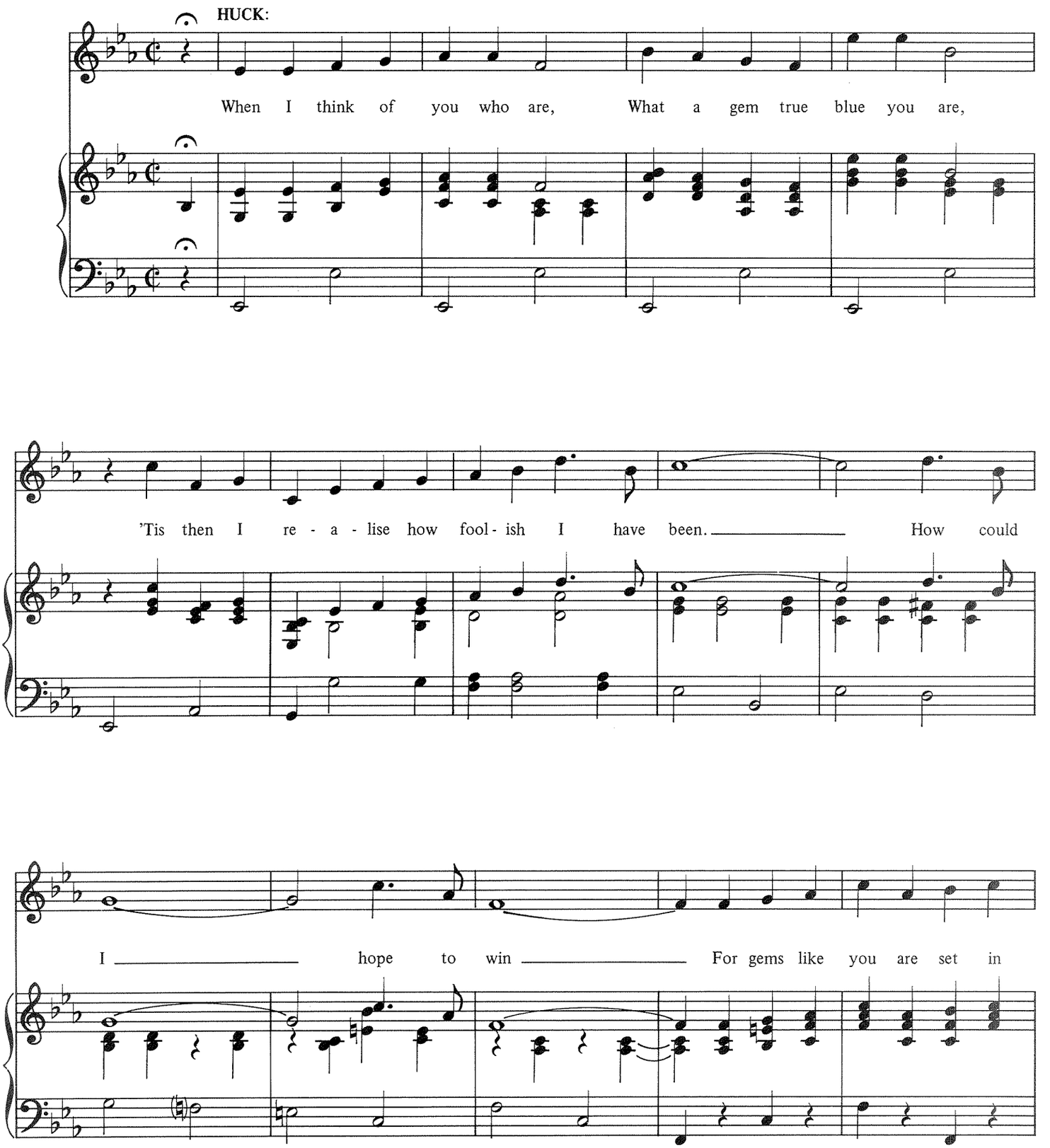



All kinds of peo - ple and things. And
mf
broth - er, I'll tell you my hunch:
Wheth - er you like them or wheth - er you don't, You're
poco rit.
opt.
stuck with the whole damn bunch.
a tempo
p

YOU'RE DEVASTATING

from *Roberta*

Words by OTTO HARBACH
Music by JEROME KERN



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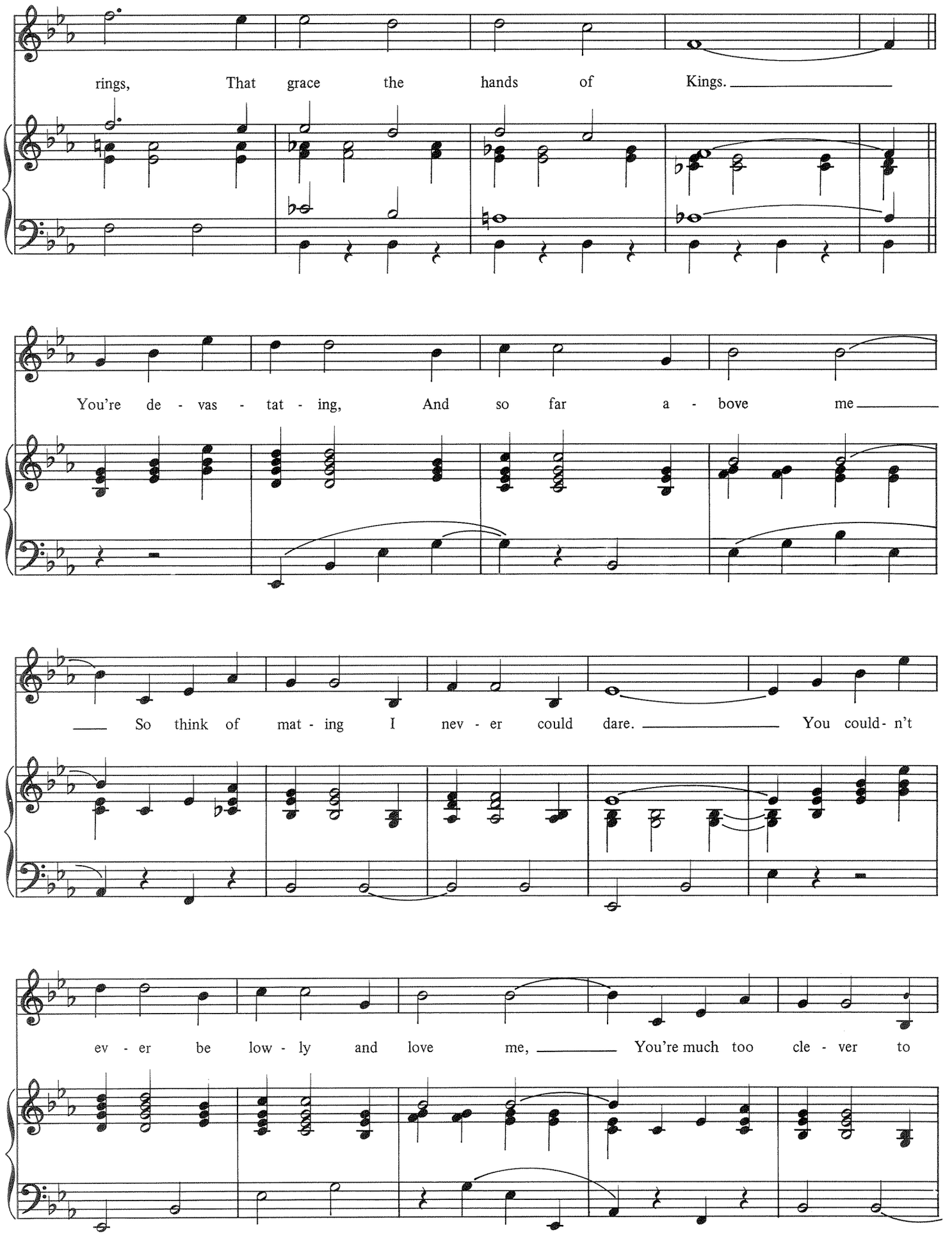
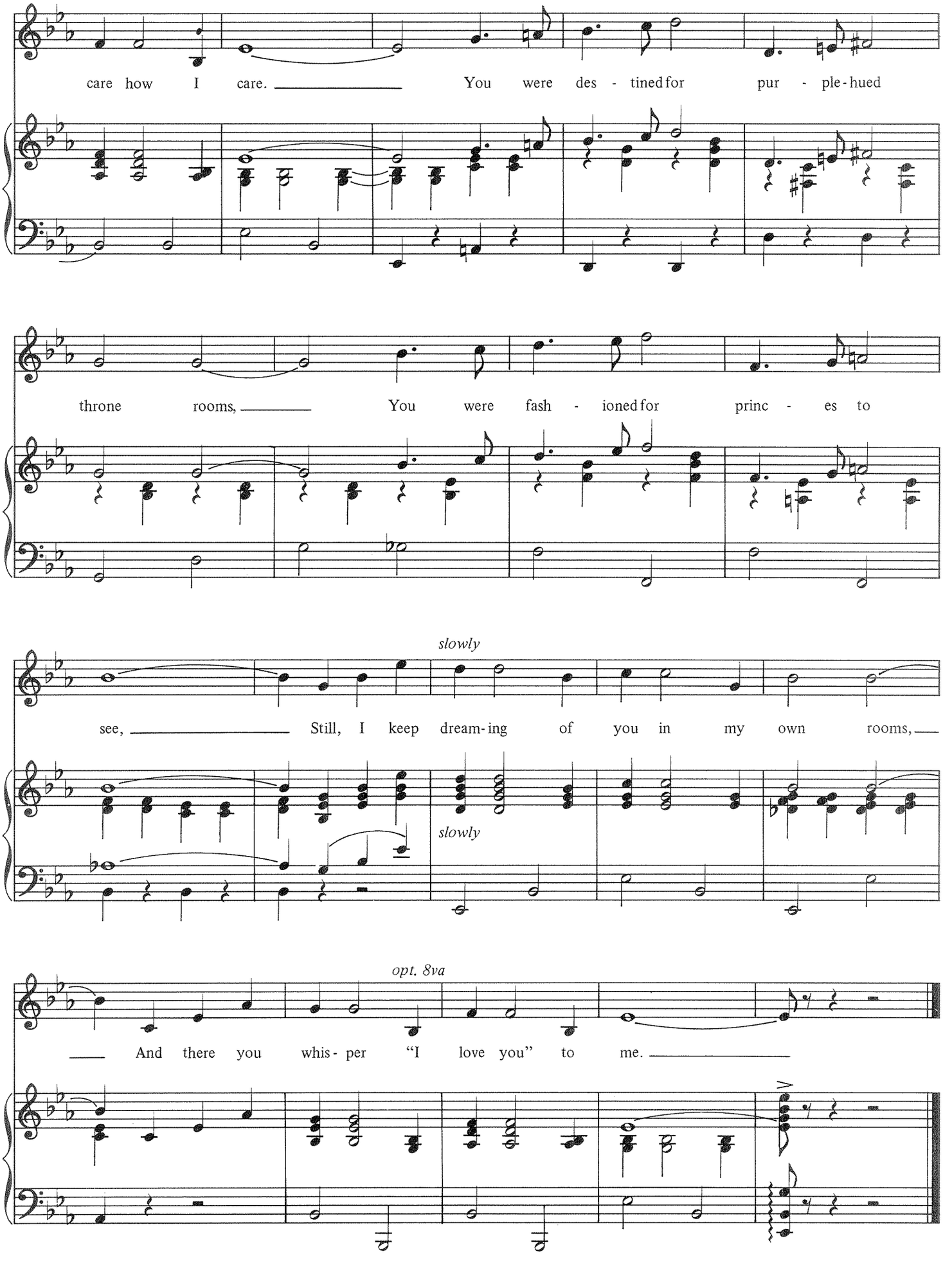

rings, That grace the hands of Kings.
You're de - vas - tat - ing, And so far a - bove me
So think of mat - ing I nev - er could dare. You could- n't
ev - er be low - ly and love me, You're much too cle - ver to

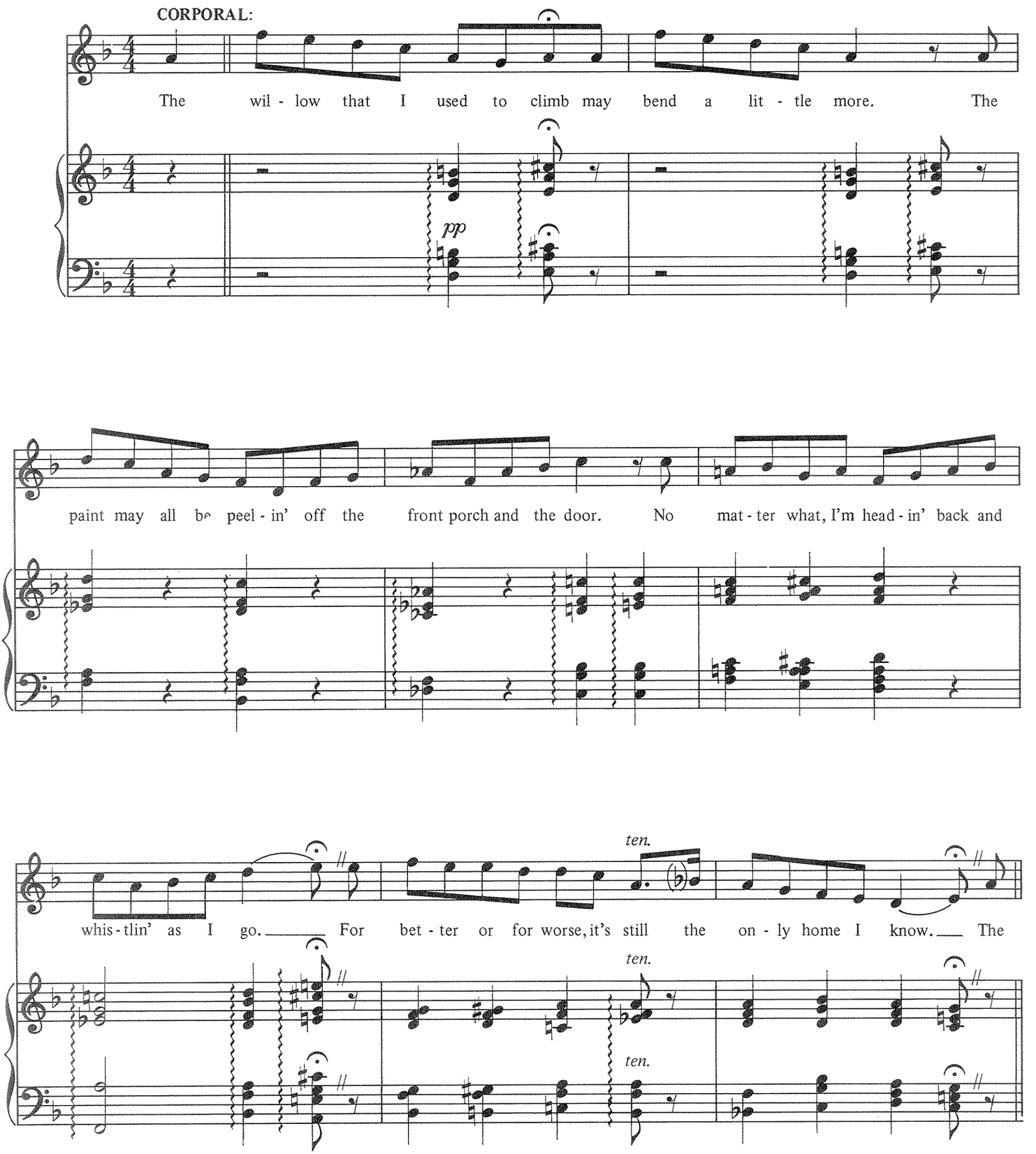

care how I care. You were des - tined for pur - ple - hued
throne rooms, You were fash - ioned for princ - es to
slowly
see, Still, I keep dream - ing of you in my own rooms,
slowly
opt. 8va
And there you whis - per "I love you" to me.

THE ONLY HOME I KNOW
from *Shenandoah*

Music by GARY GELD
Words by PETER UDELL

Andante Rubato

CORPORAL:



This song is sung with chorus in the show.

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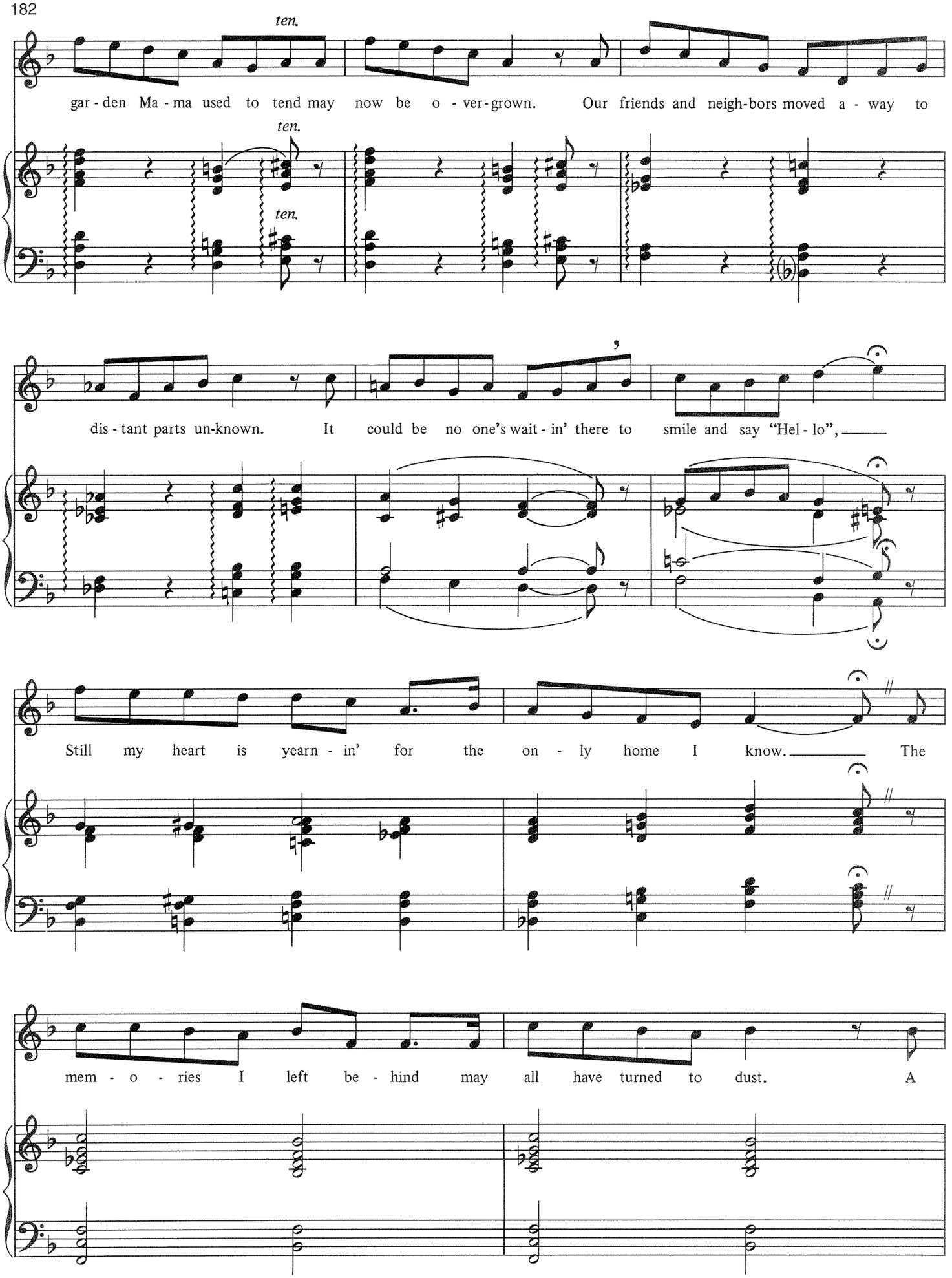
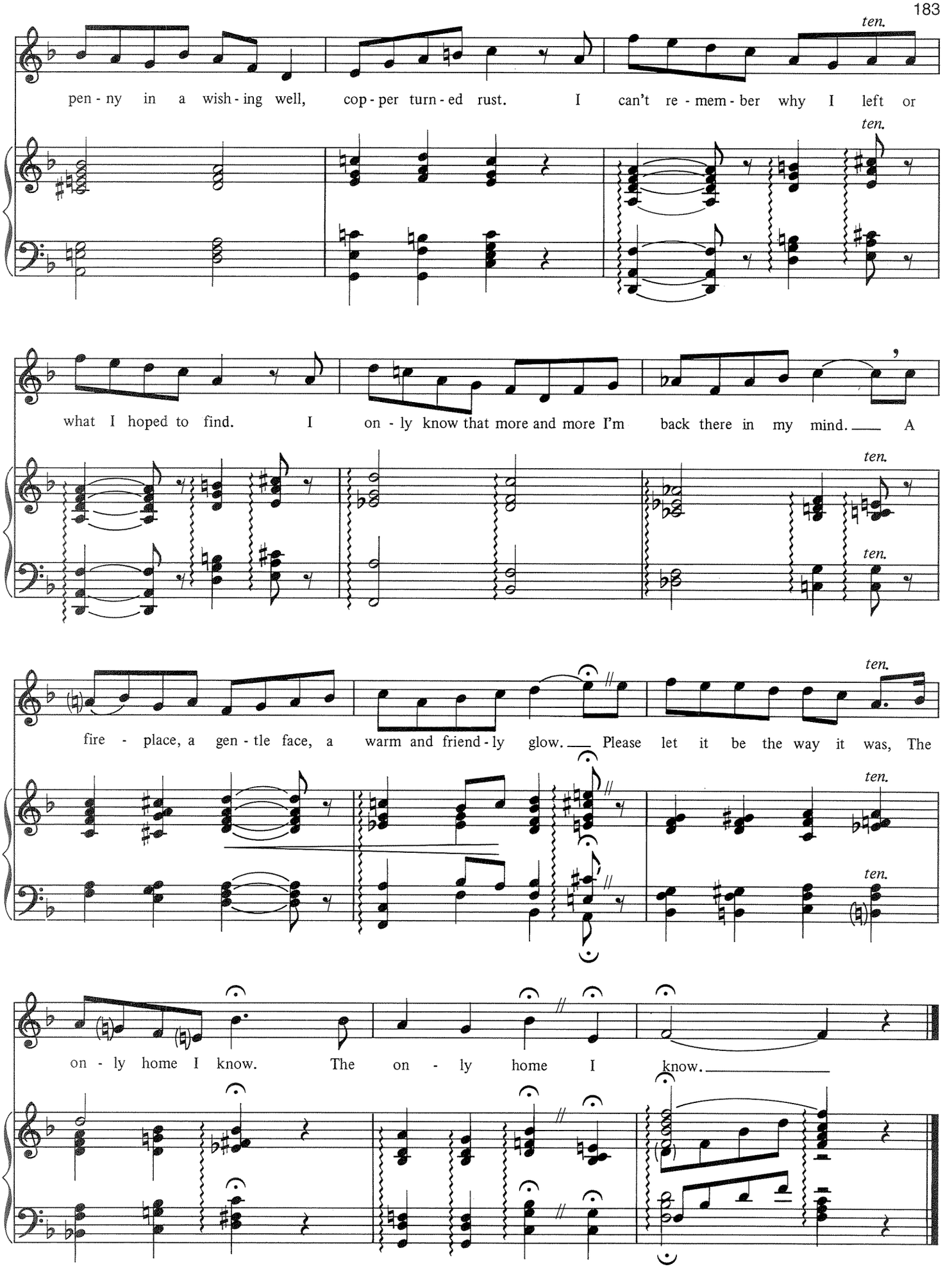
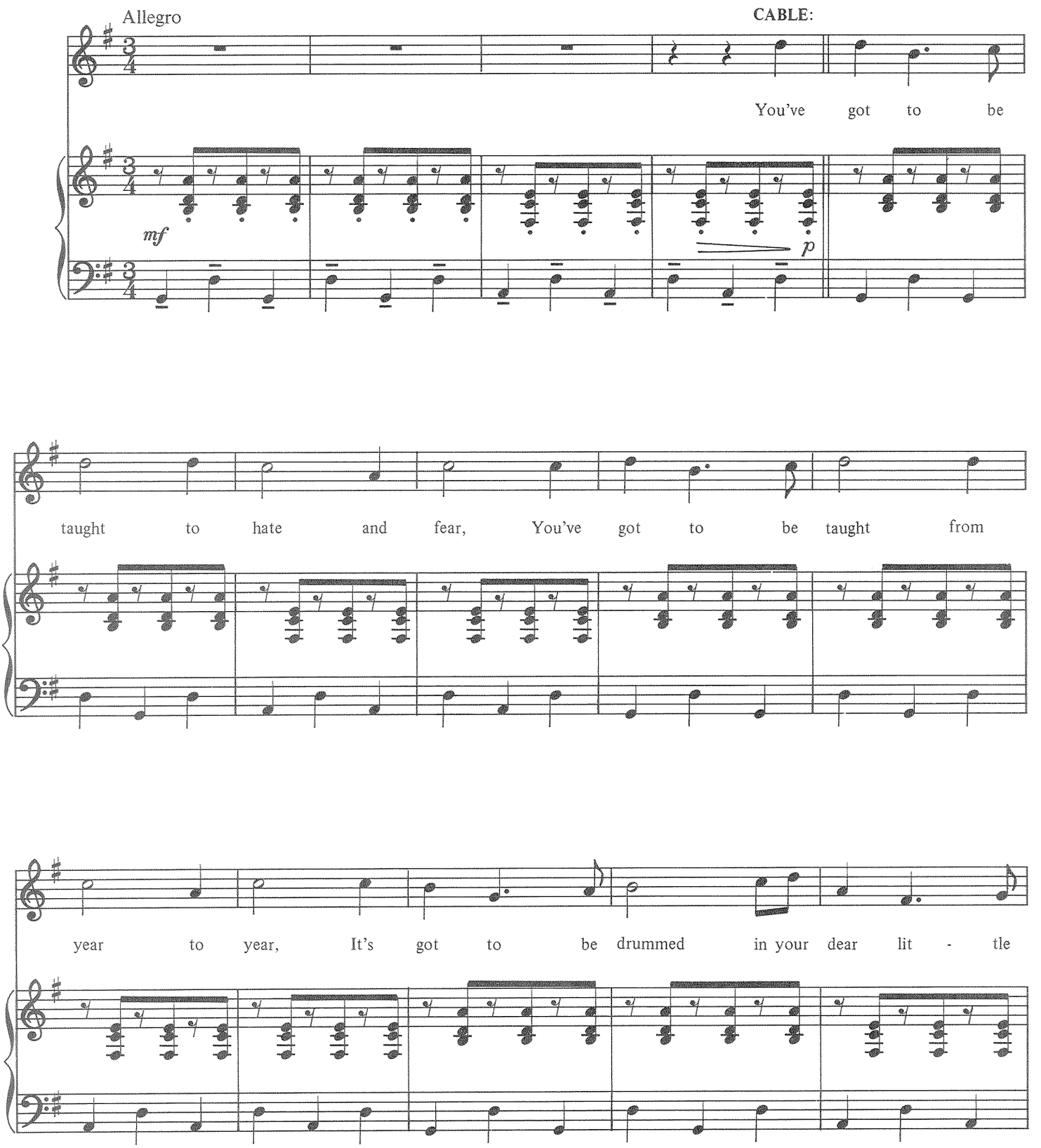

ten.
gar - den Ma - ma used to tend may now be o - ver - grown. Our friends and neigh-bors moved a - way to
ten.
ten.
dis - tant parts un-known. It could be no one's wait - in' there to smile and say "Hel - lo",
Still my heart is yearn - in' for the on - ly home I know. The
mem - o - ries I left be - hind may all have turned to dust. A


ten.
pen - ny in a wish - ing well, cop - per turn - ed rust. I can't re - mem - ber why I left or
what I hoped to find. I on - ly know that more and more I'm back there in my mind. A
fire - place, a gen - tle face, a warm and friend - ly glow. Please let it be the way it was, The
on - ly home I know. The on - ly home I know.

YOU'VE GOT TO BE CAREFULLY TAUGHT

from *South Pacific*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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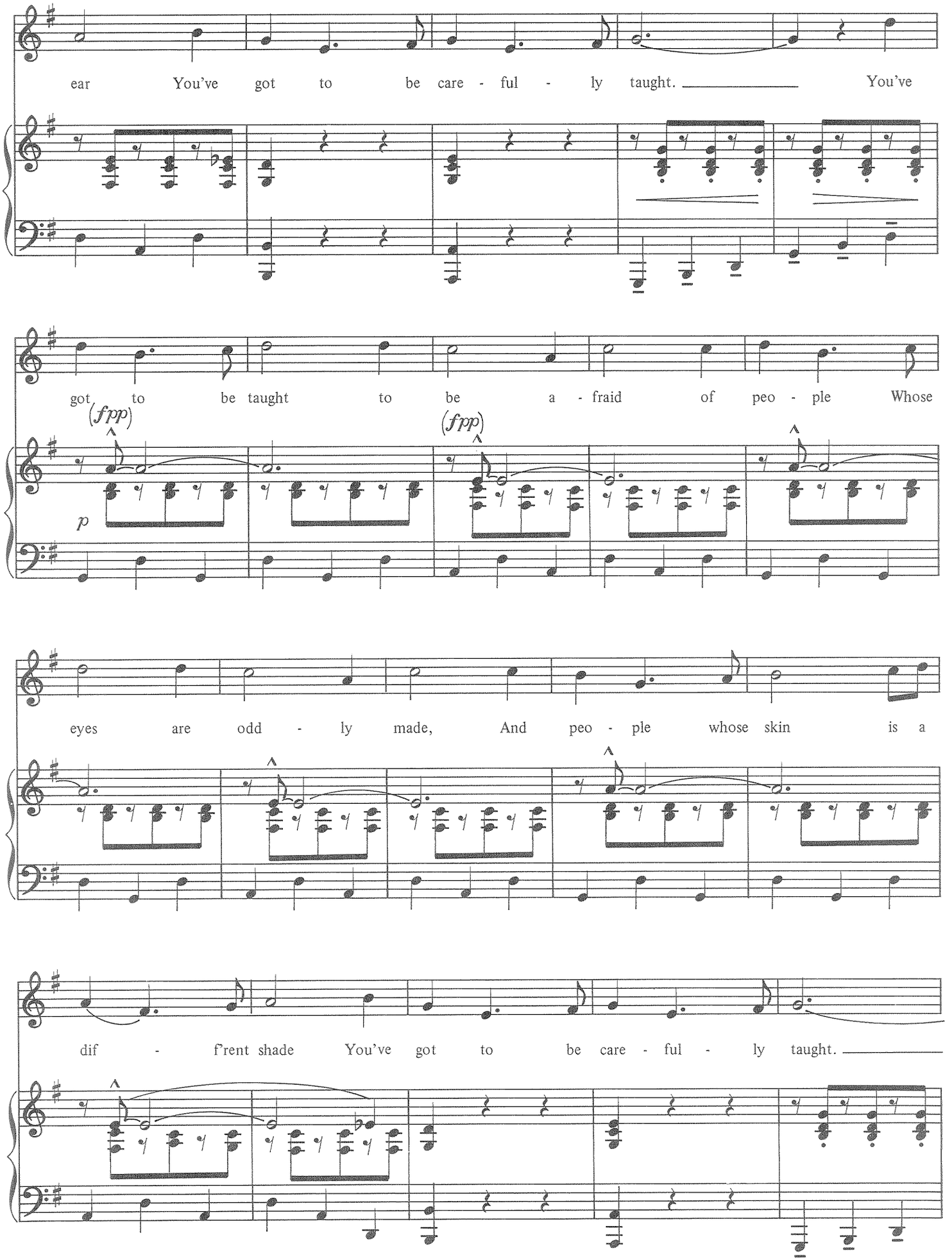
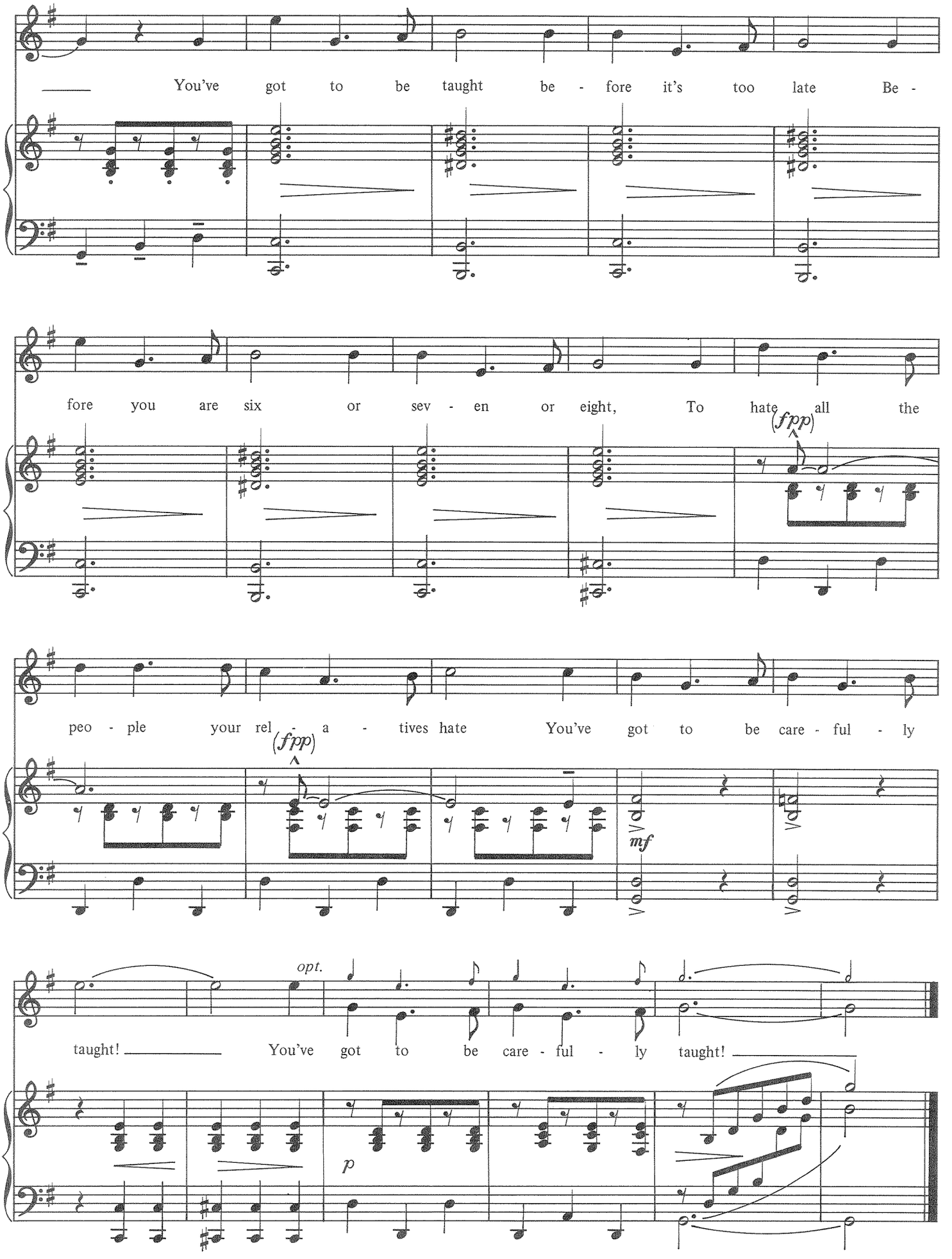
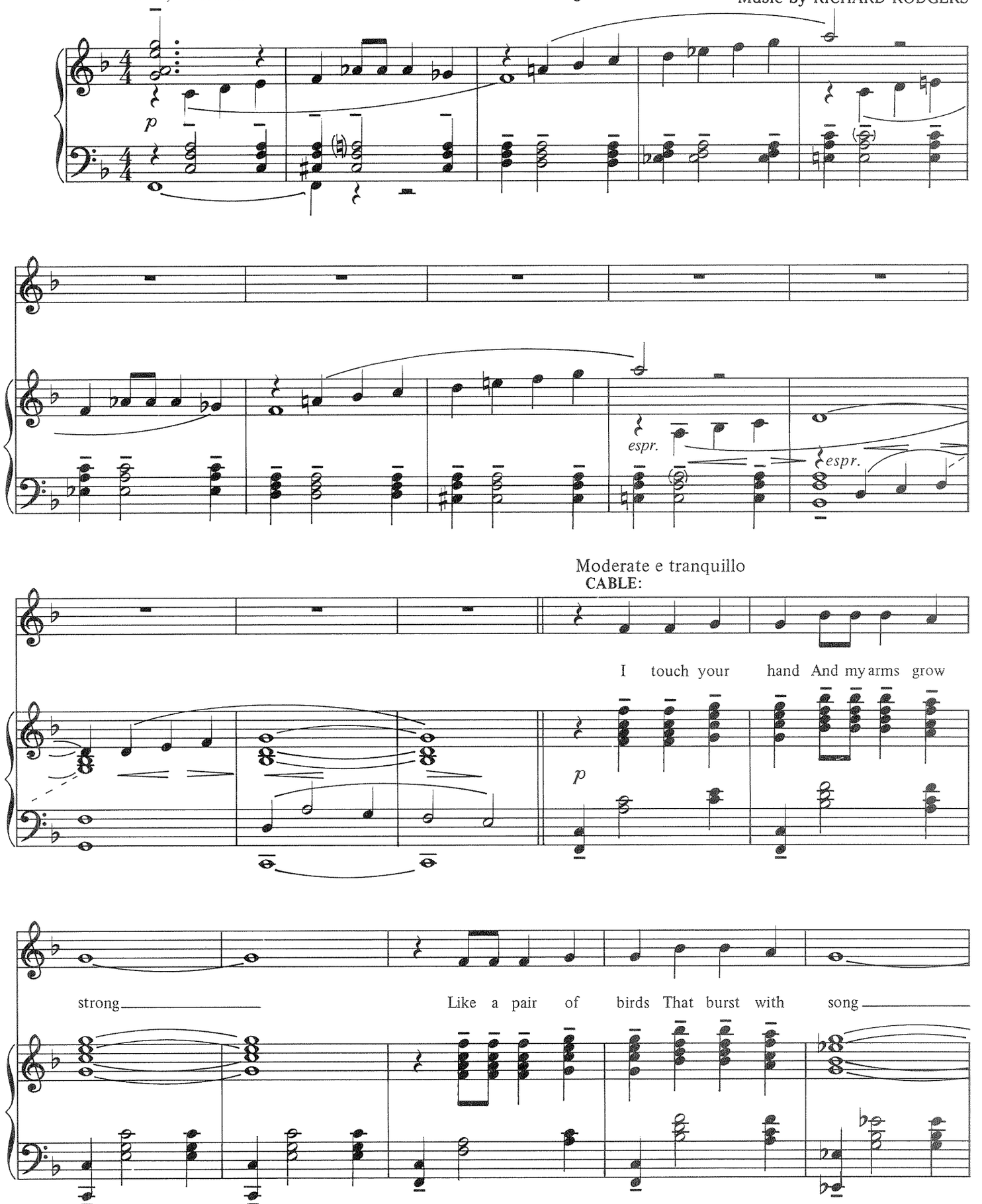

ear You've got to be care - ful - ly taught. You've
got to be taught to be a - fraid of peo - ple Whose
(fpp)
(fpp)
p
eyes are odd - ly made, And peo - ple whose skin is a
dif - f'rent shade You've got to be care - ful - ly taught.


You've got to be taught be - fore it's too late Be -
fore you are six or sev - en or eight, To hate all the
(fpp)
peo - ple your rel - a - tives hate You've got to be care - ful - ly
(fpp)
mf
opt.
taught! You've got to be care - ful - ly taught!
p

YOUNGER THAN SPRINGTIME

from *South Pacific*

Words by OSCAR HAMMERSTEIN II
Music by RICHARD RODGERS



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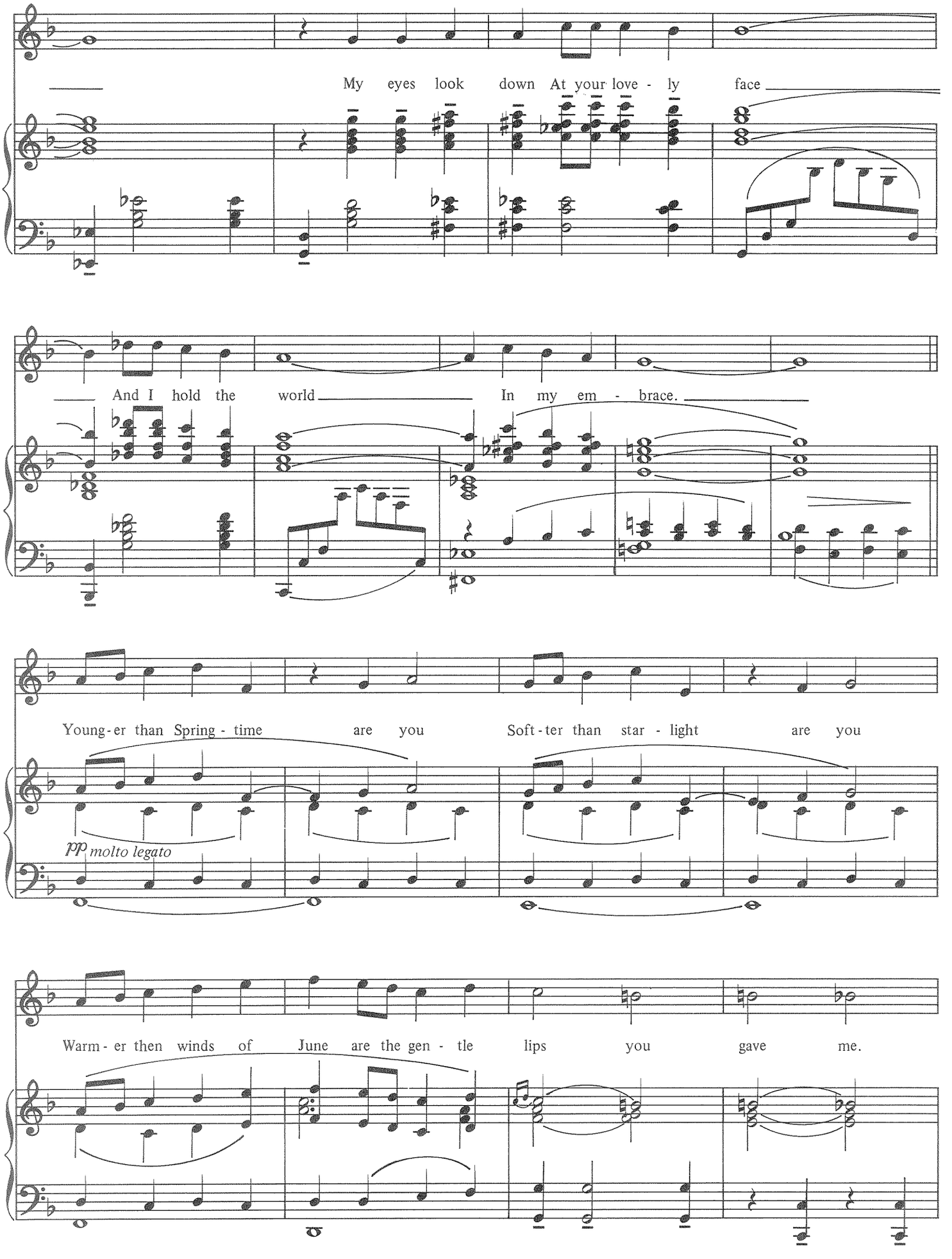
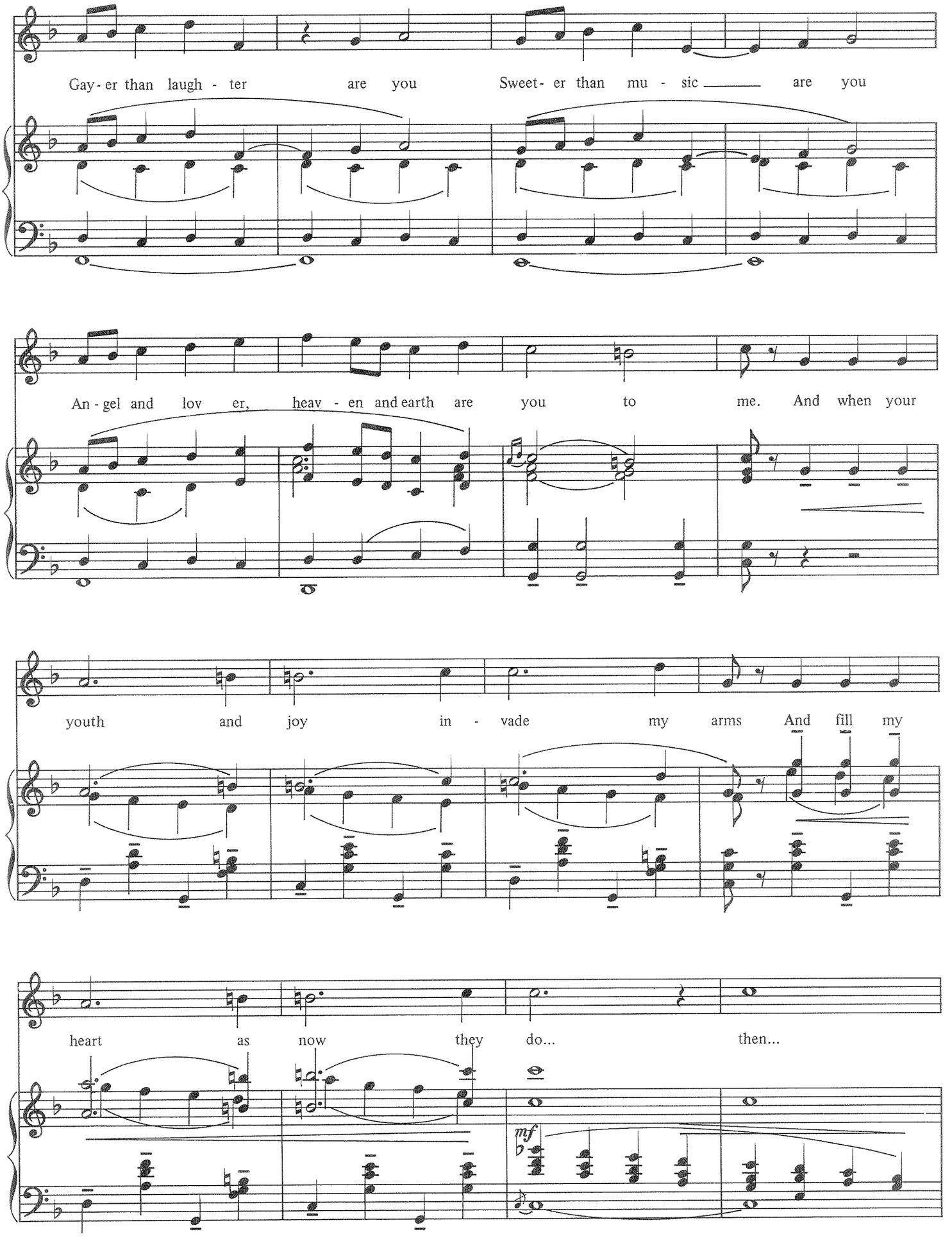
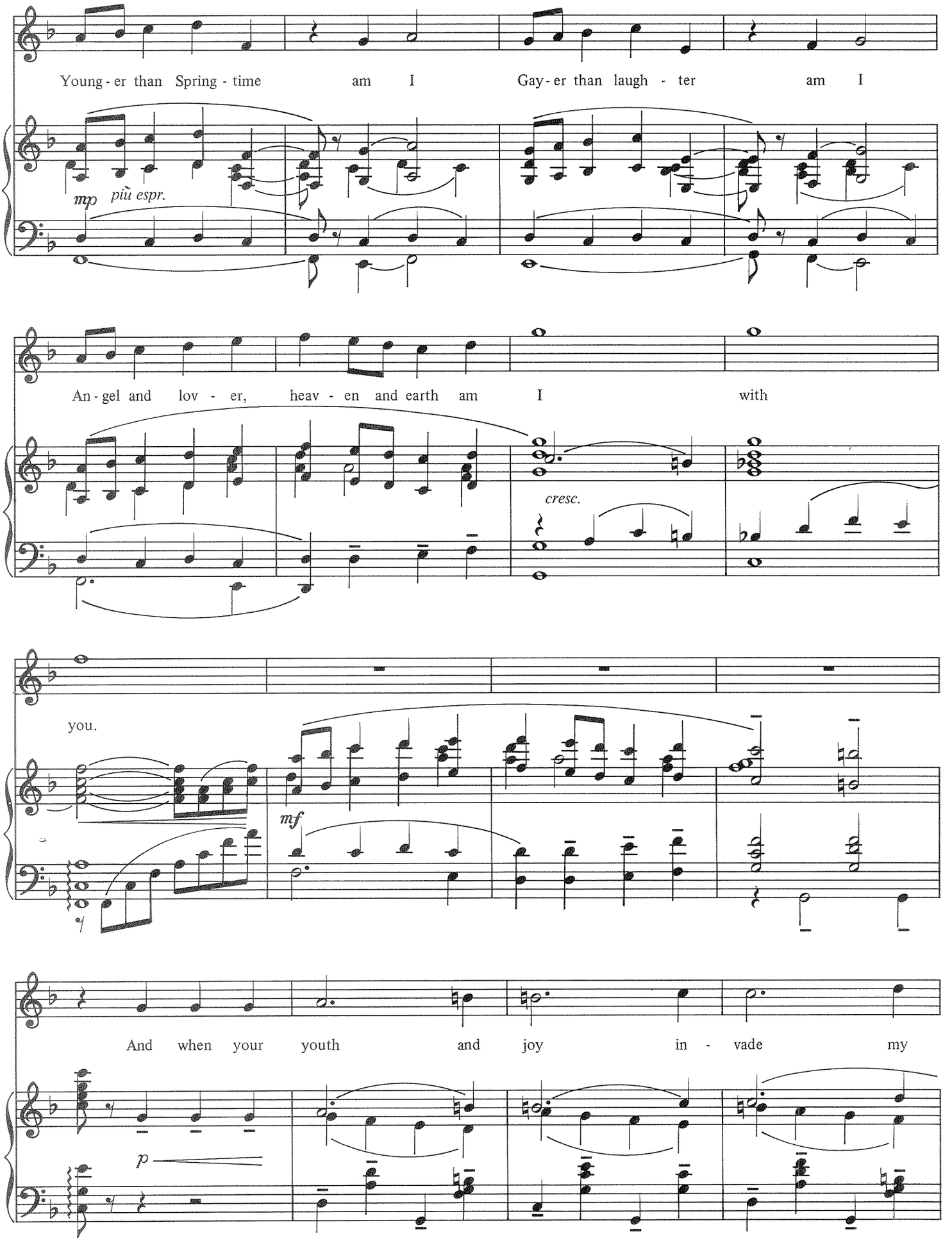
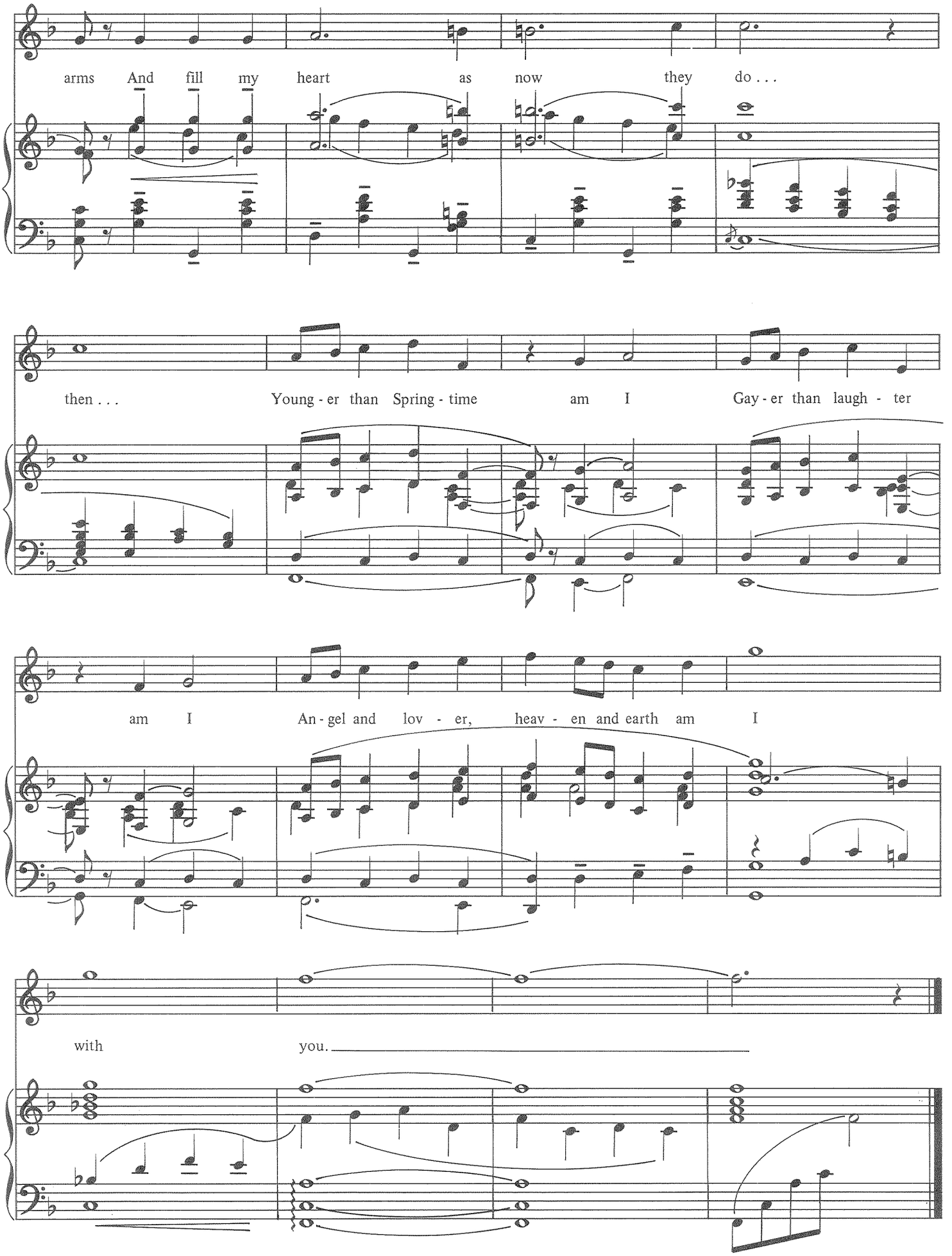

My eyes look down At your love - ly face
And I hold the world In my em - brace.
Young - er than Spring - time are you Soft - ter than star - light are you
pp molto legato
Warm - er then winds of June are the gen - tle lips you gave me.


Gay - er than laugh - ter are you Sweet - er than mu - sic ___ are you
An - gel and lov er, heav - en and earth are you to me. And when your
youth and joy in - vade my arms And fill my
heart as now they do... then...
mf

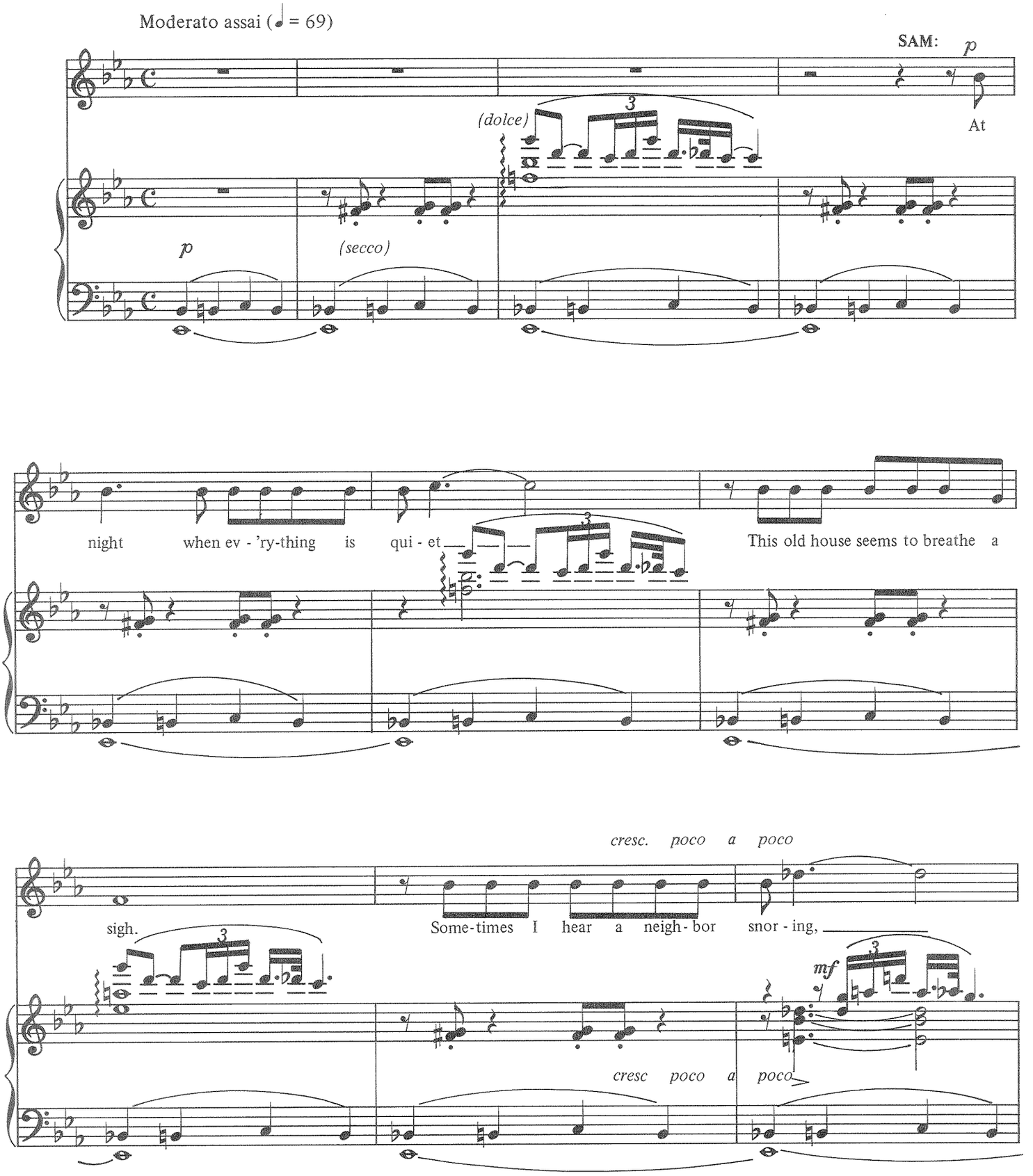

Young - er than Spring - time am I Gay - er than laugh - ter am I
mp più espr.
An - gel and lov - er, heav - en and earth am I with
cresc.
you.
mf
And when your youth and joy in - vade my
p


arms And fill my heart as now they do . . .
then . . . Young - er than Spring - time am I Gay - er than laugh - ter
am I An - gel and lov - er, heav - en and earth am I
with you.

LONELY HOUSE

from *Street Scene*

Words by LANGSTON HUGHES
Music by KURT WEILL



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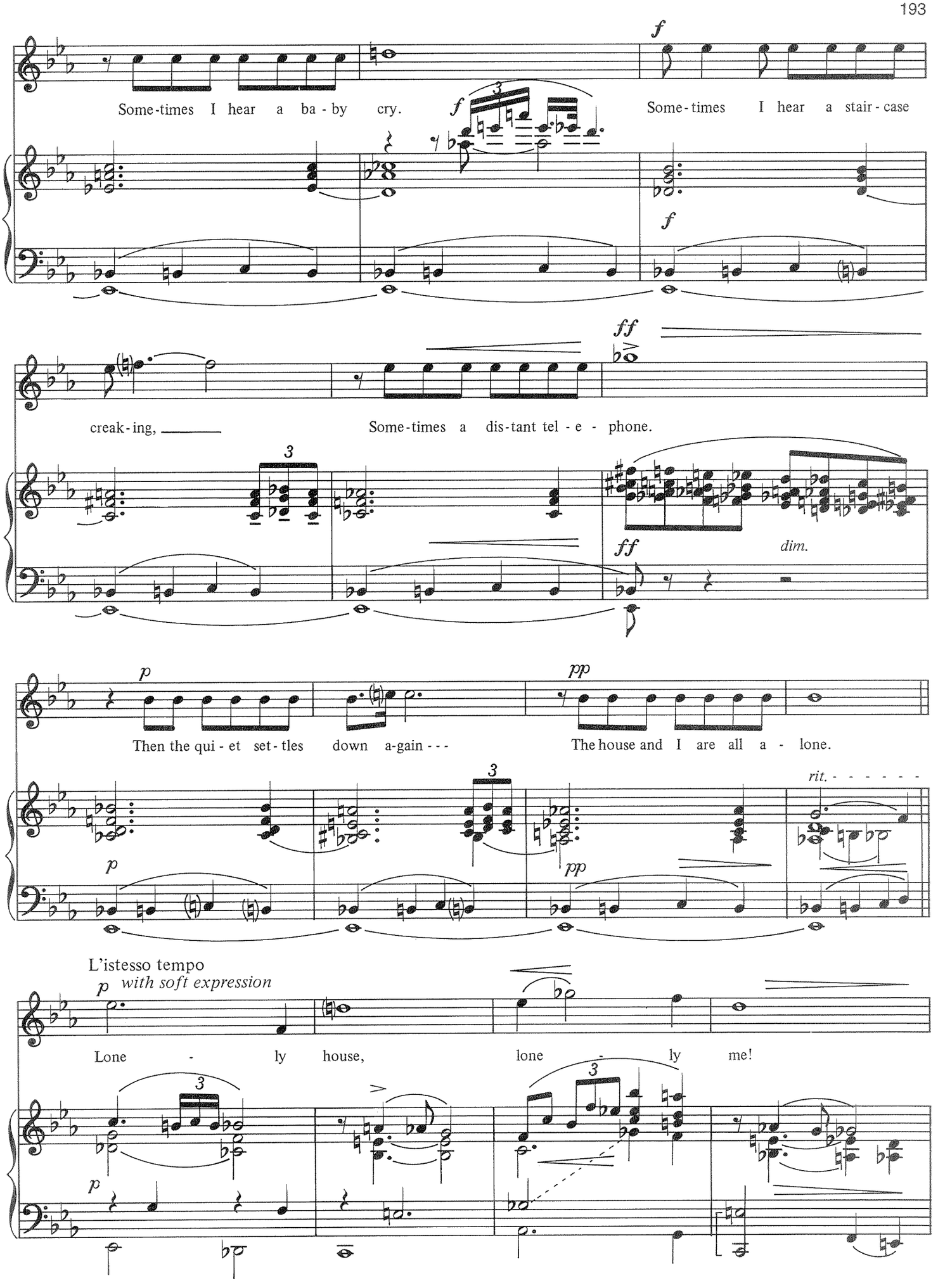
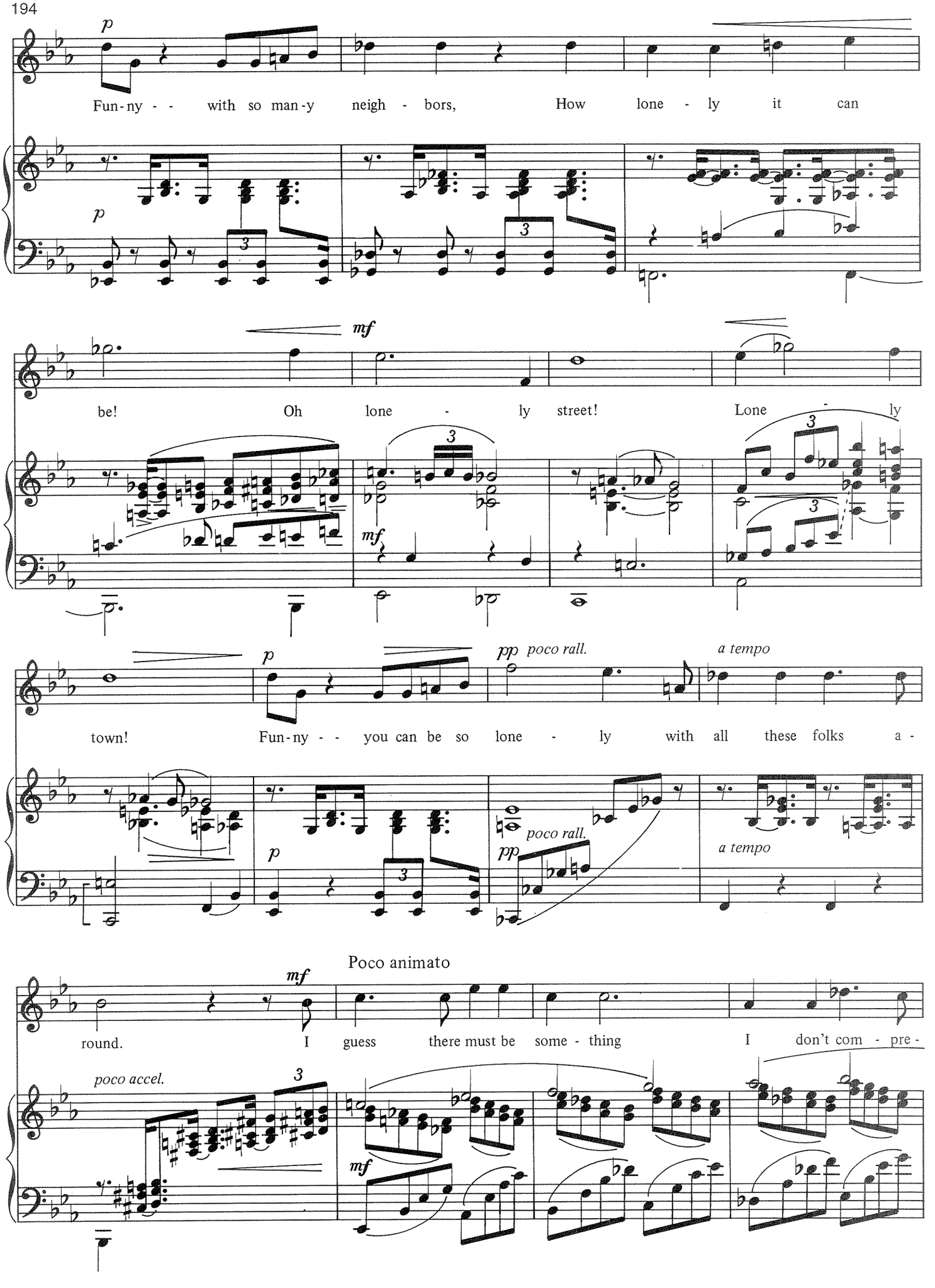
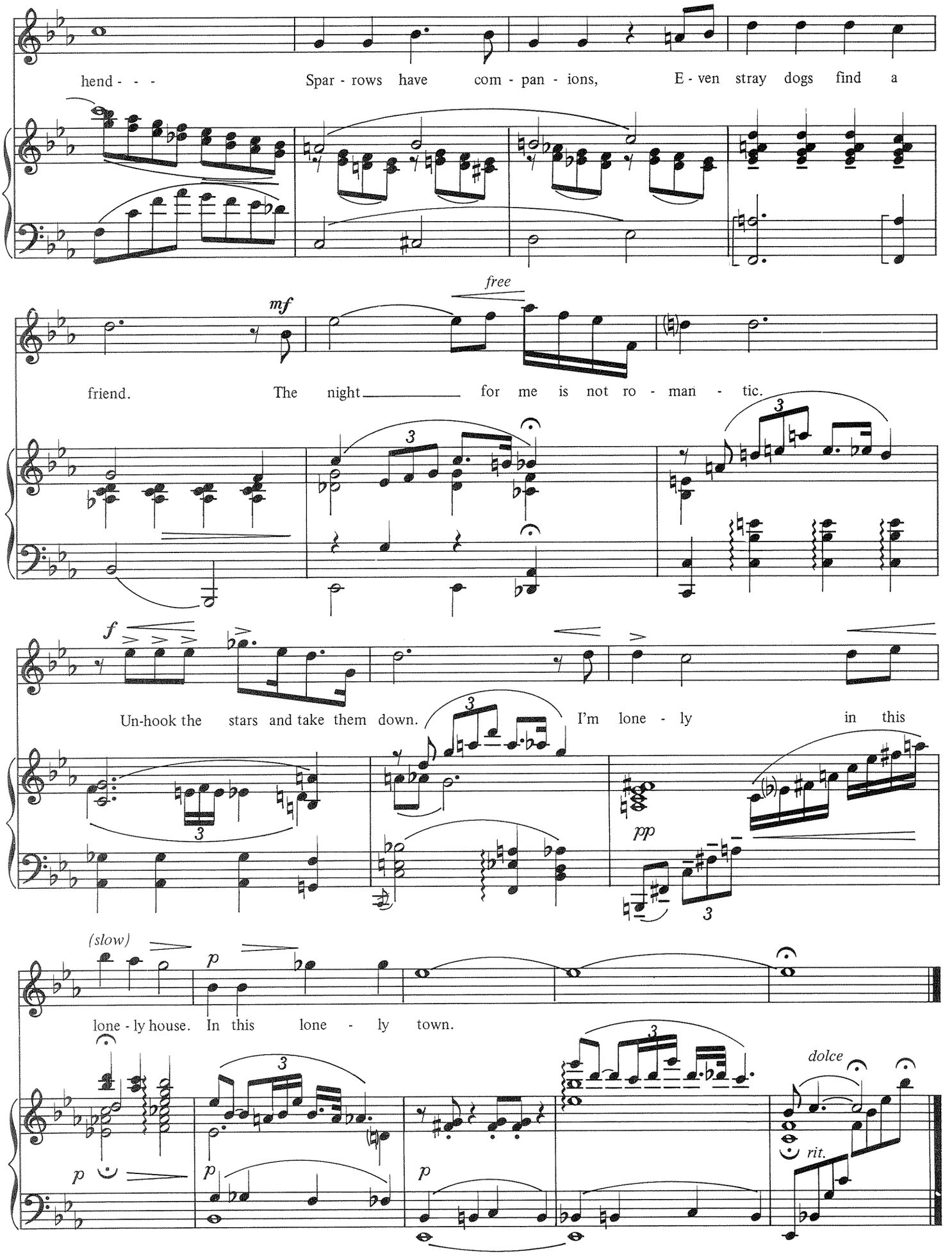

f
Some-times I hear a ba - by cry.
f
3
Some-times I hear a stair - case
f
ff
creak - ing,
Some-times a dis-tant tel - e - phone.
3
ff
dim.
p
Then the qui - et set - tles down a-gain - - -
pp
The house and I are all a - lone.
3
rit. - - - - - -
p
pp
L'istesso tempo
p with soft expression
Lone - ly house,
lone - ly me!
3
3
p

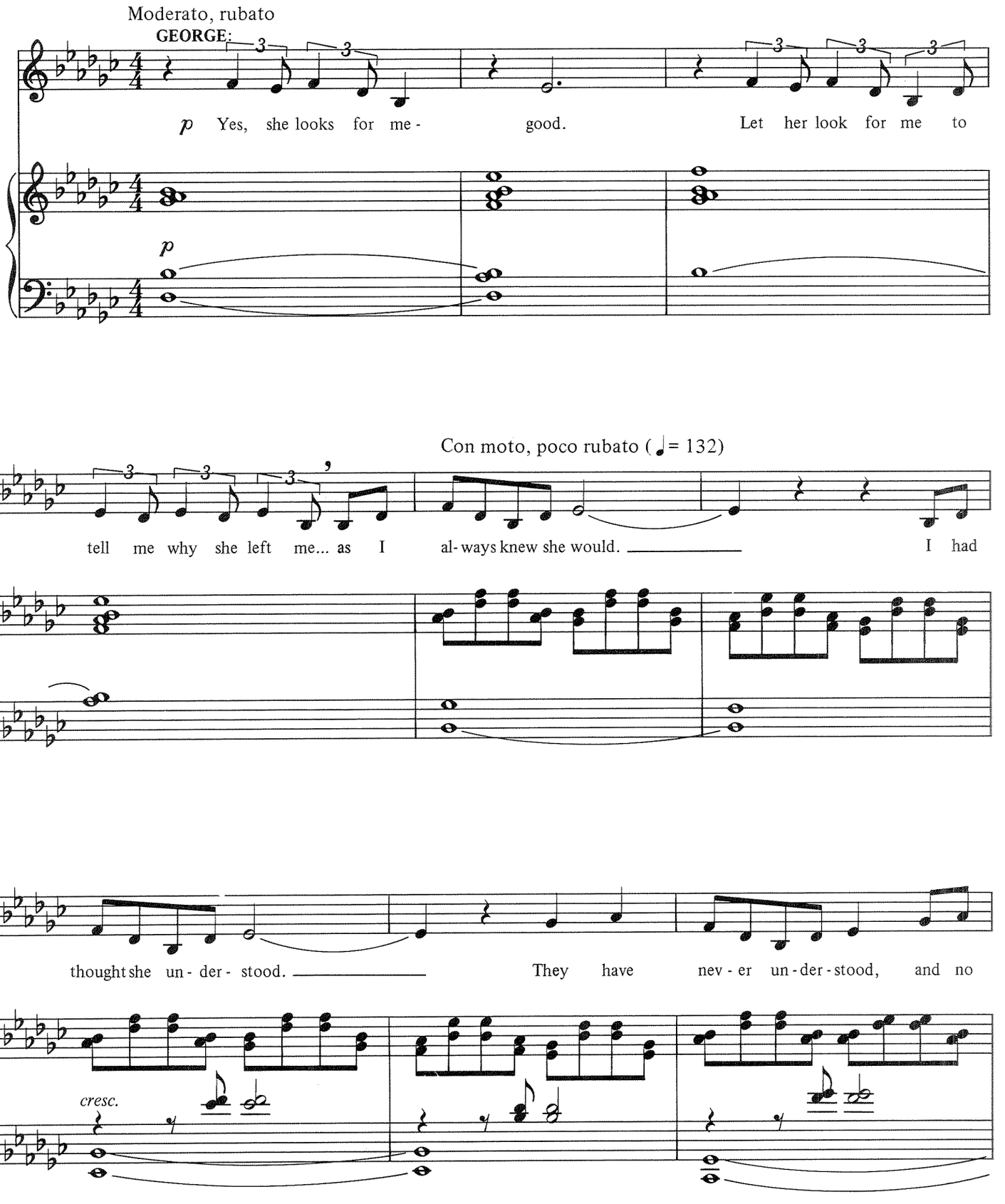

p
Fun-ny - - with so man-y neigh - bors, How lone - ly it can
p
mf
be! Oh lone - ly street! Lone - ly
mf
p
pp poco rall.
a tempo
town! Fun-ny - - you can be so lone - ly with all these folks a -
p
poco rall.
pp
a tempo
Poco animato
mf
round. I guess there must be some - thing I don't com - pre -
poco accel.
mf


hend - - -
Spar - rows have com - pan - ions,
E - ven stray dogs find a
mf
free
friend.
The night
for me is not ro - man - tic.
3
f
Un-hook the stars and take them down.
I'm lone - ly in this
pp
(slow)
p
lone - ly house.
In this lone - ly town.
dolce
rit.

FINISHING THE HAT

from *Sunday in the Park With George*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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poco rall. a tempo, non rubato

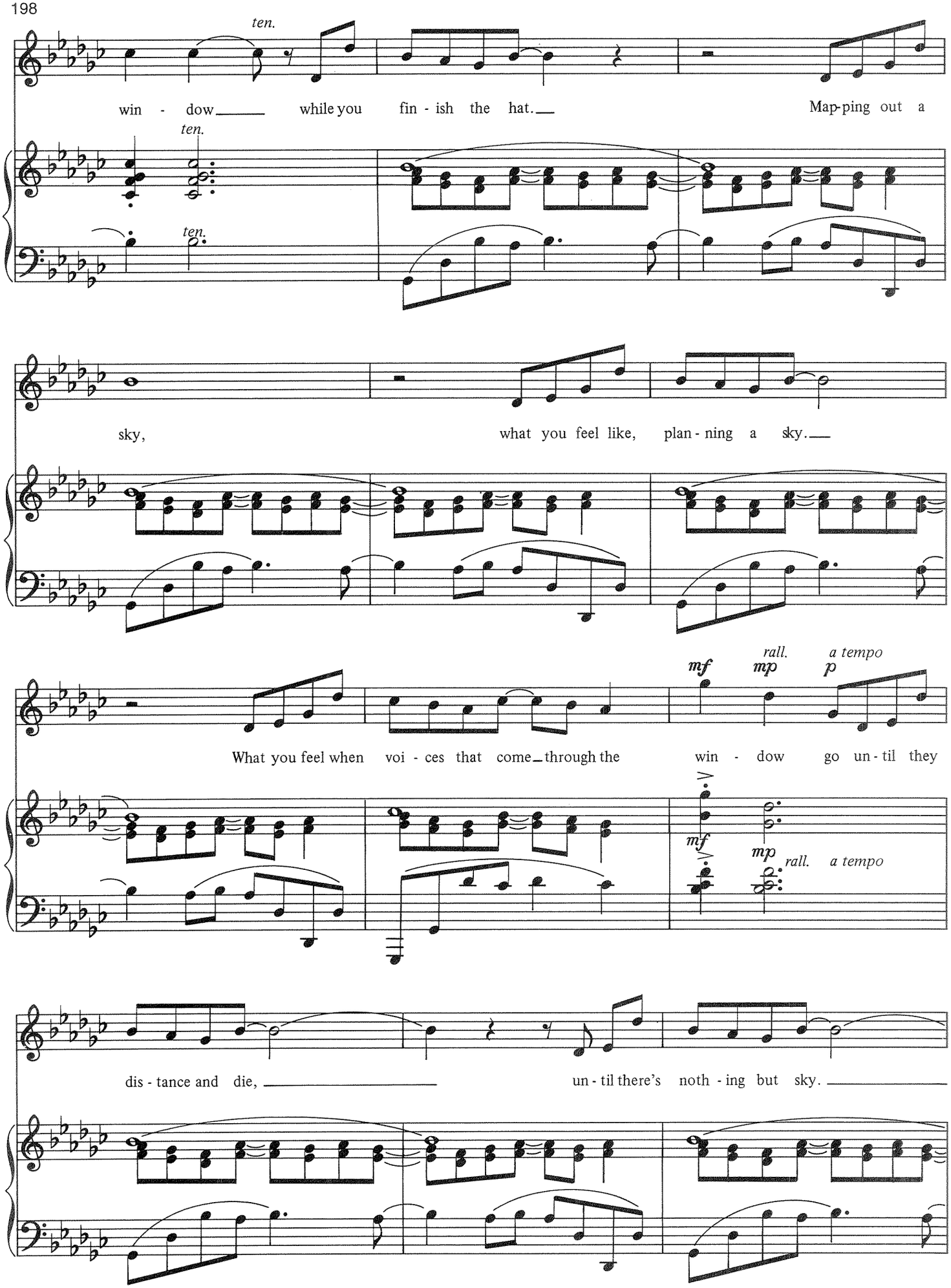
rea - son that they should ___ But if an - y - bod - y could... ___

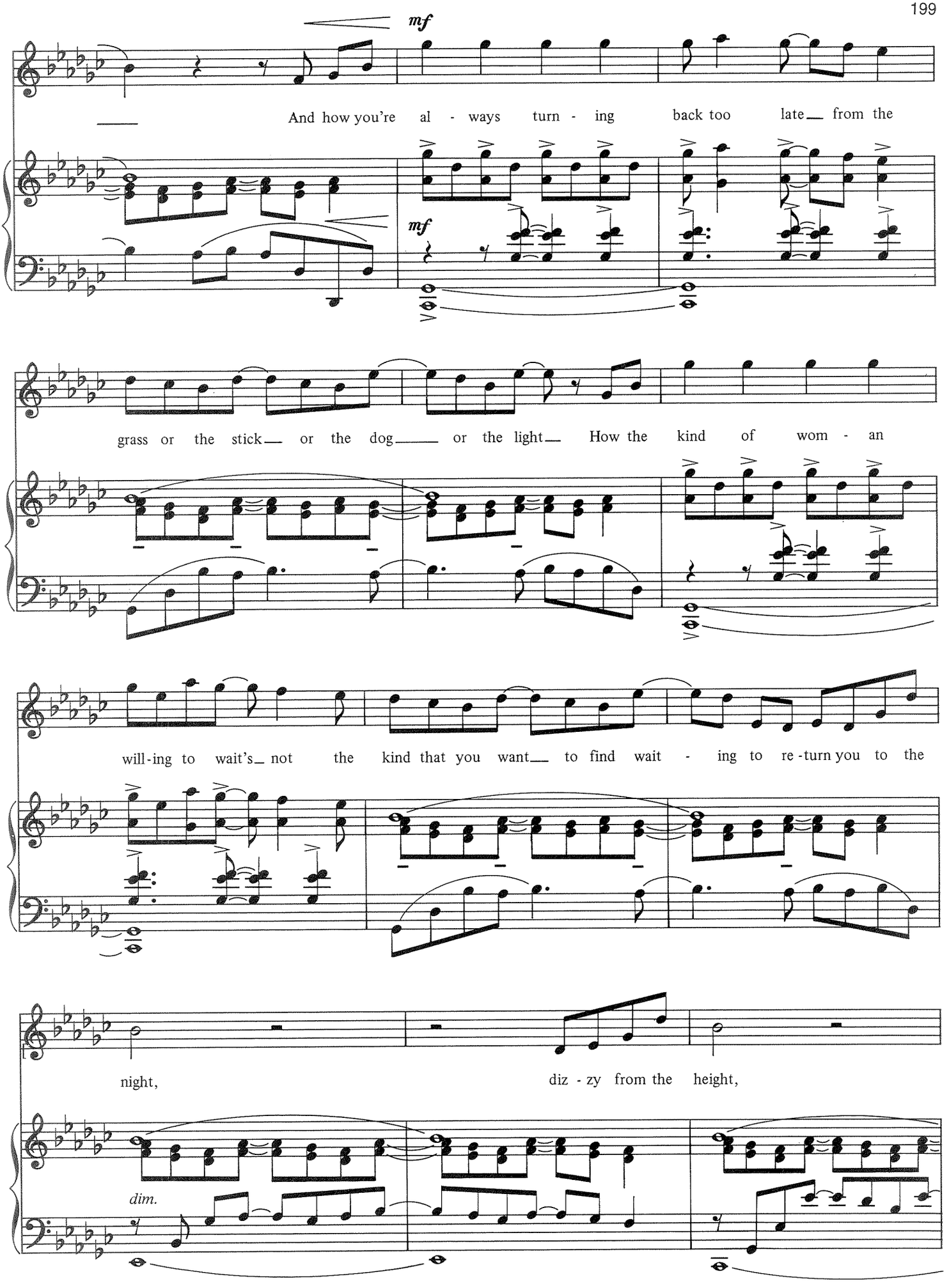
poco rall. dim. a tempo, non rubato p

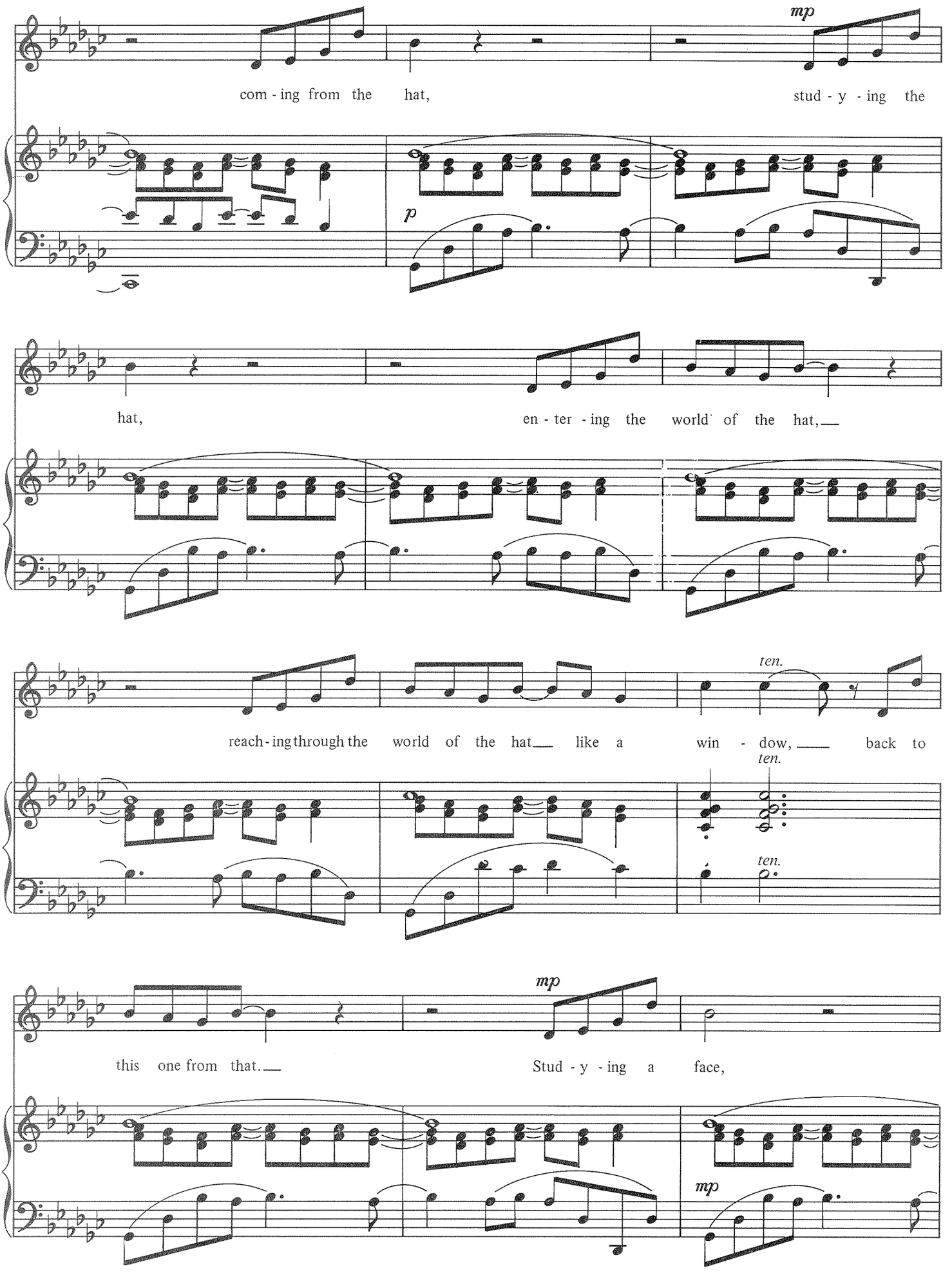
sempre legato

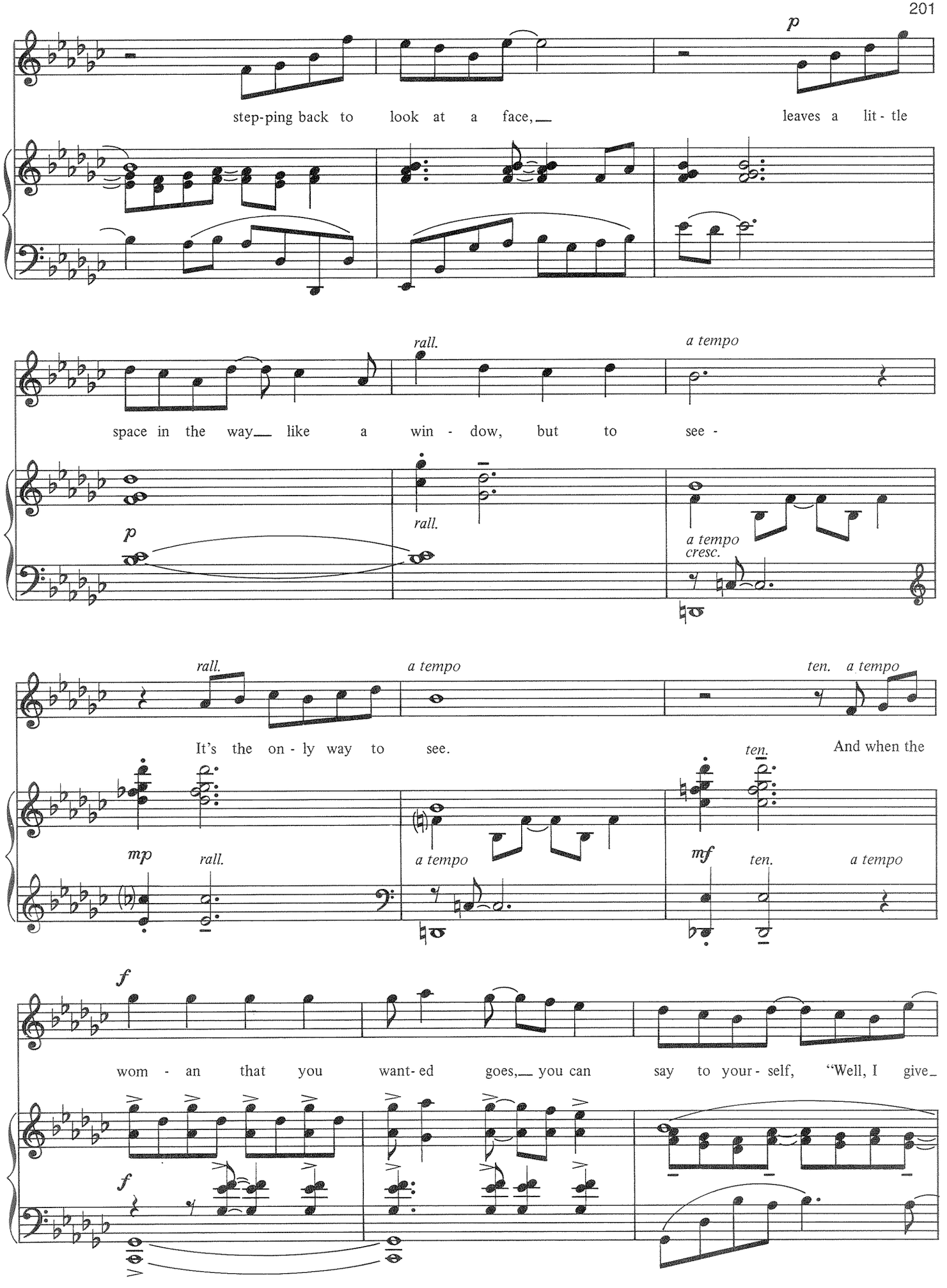
Fin - ish - ing the hat, how you have to

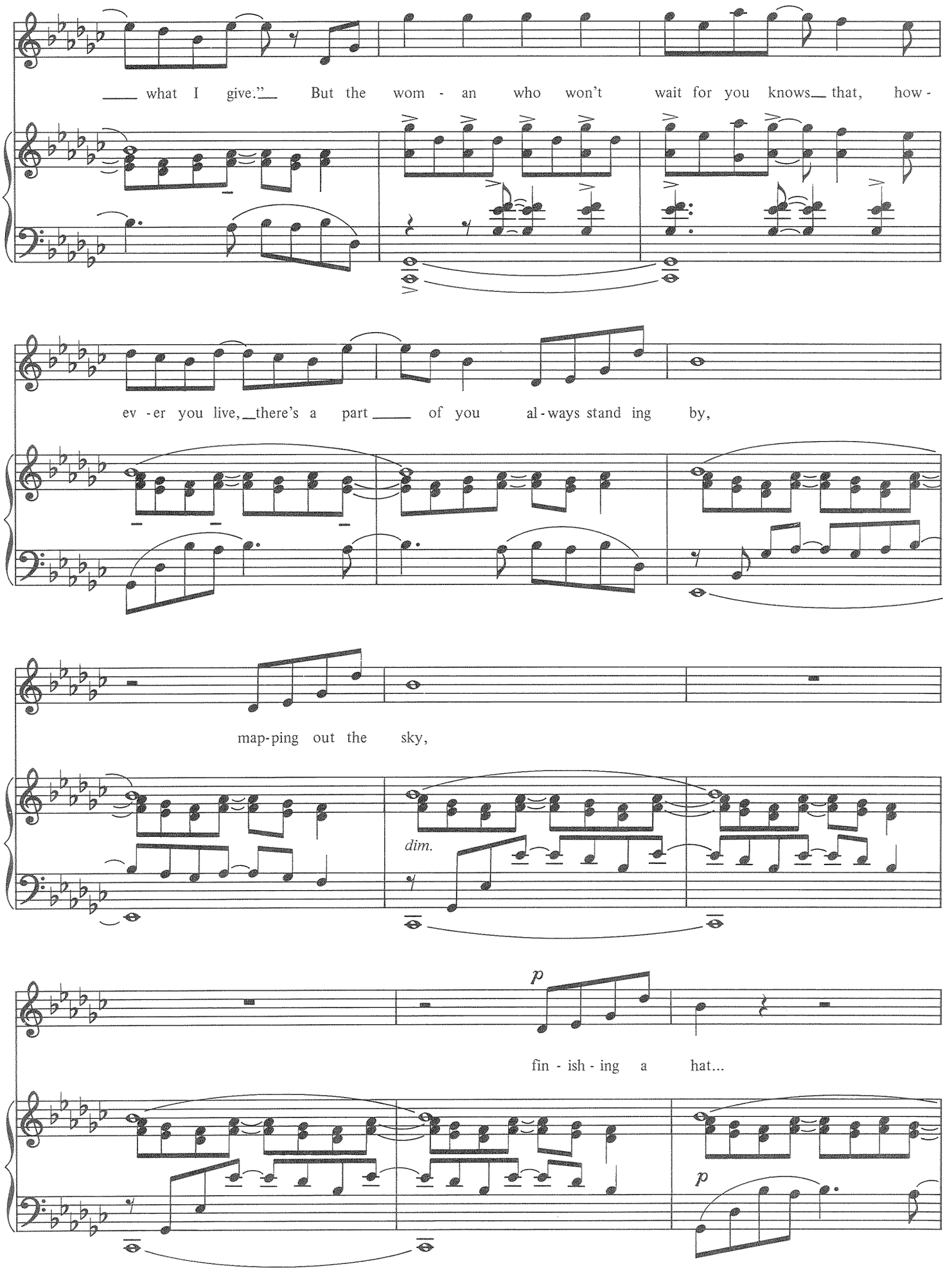
fin - ish the hat. ___ How you watch the rest of the world from a

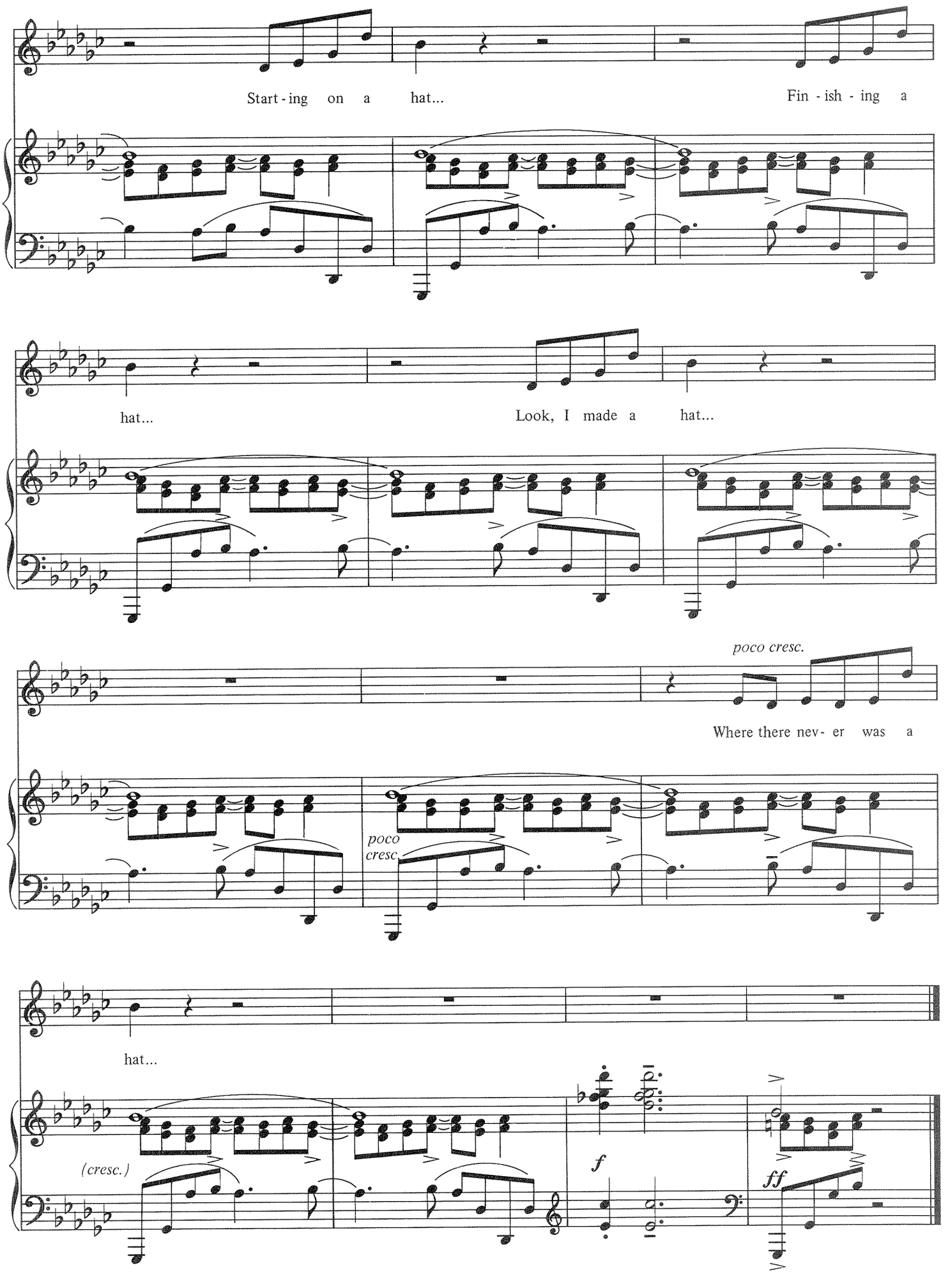

ten.
win - dow while you fin - ish the hat. Map-ping out a
ten.
ten.
sky, what you feel like, plan - ning a sky.
mf
rall.
mp
a tempo
p
What you feel when voi - ces that come through the win - dow go un - til they
mf
mp
rall.
a tempo
dis - tance and die, un - til there's noth - ing but sky.


mf
And how you're al - ways turn - ing back too late from the
mf
grass or the stick or the dog or the light How the kind of wom - an
will-ing to wait's not the kind that you want to find wait - ing to re-turn you to the
night,
diz - zy from the height,
dim.


mp
com - ing from the hat,
stud - y - ing the
p
hat,
en - ter - ing the world of the hat,
ten.
reach - ing through the world of the hat like a win - dow, back to
ten.
ten.
mp
this one from that.
Stud - y - ing a face,
mp

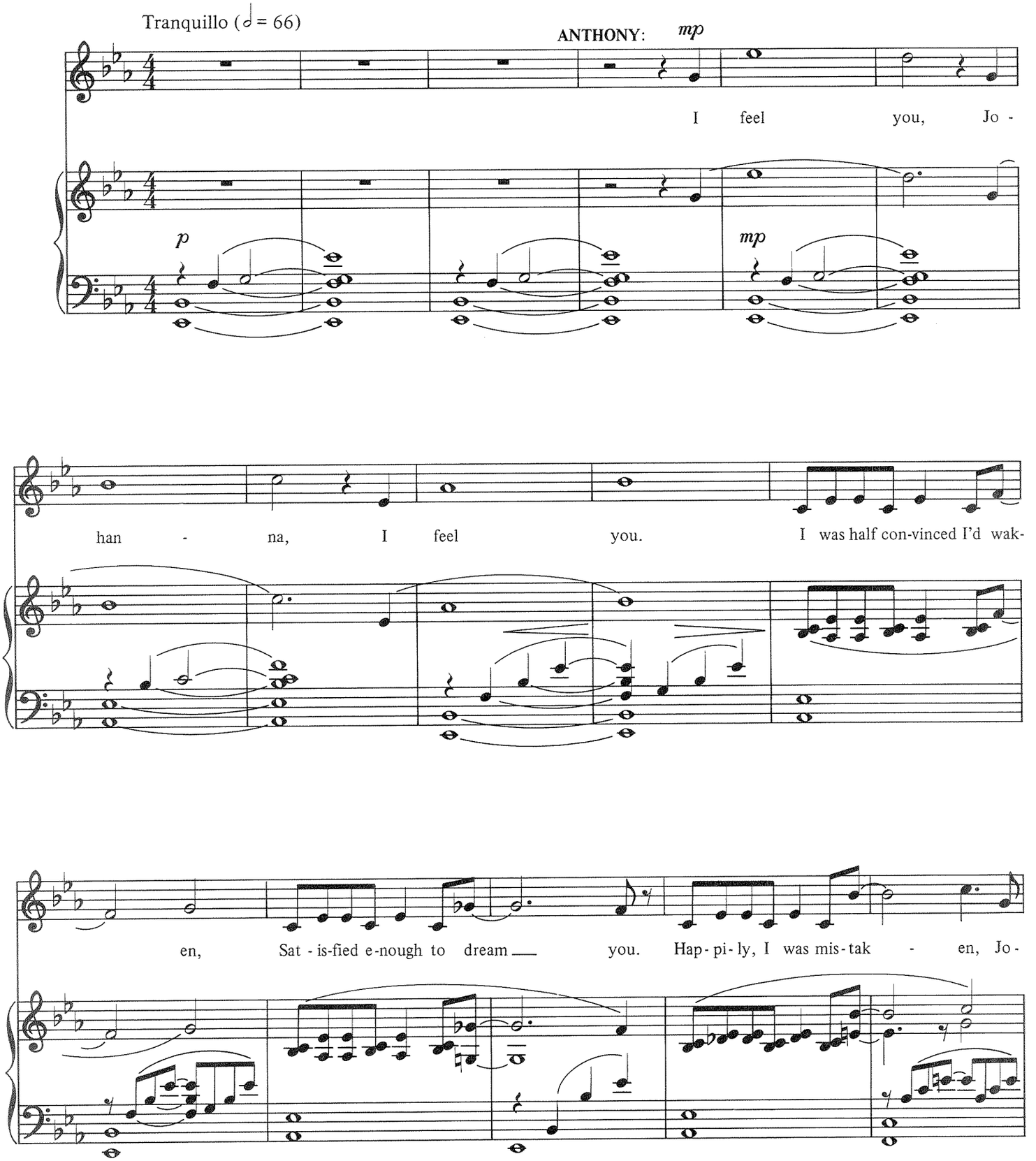

p
step-ping back to look at a face, leaves a lit - tle
rall.
a tempo
space in the way like a win - dow, but to see -
p
rall.
a tempo
cresc.
rall.
a tempo
ten. a tempo
It's the on - ly way to see.
And when the
ten.
mp
rall.
a tempo
mf
ten.
a tempo
f
wom - an that you want- ed goes, you can say to your - self, "Well, I give
f


what I give." But the wom - an who won't wait for you knows that, how -
ev - er you live, there's a part of you al - ways stand ing by,
map - ping out the sky,
dim.
p
fin - ish - ing a hat...
p


Start - ing on a hat...
Fin - ish - ing a
hat...
Look, I made a hat...
poco cresc.
Where there nev - er was a
poco
cresc.
hat...
(cresc.)
f
ff

JOHANNA
from *Sweeney Todd*

Lyric and Music by STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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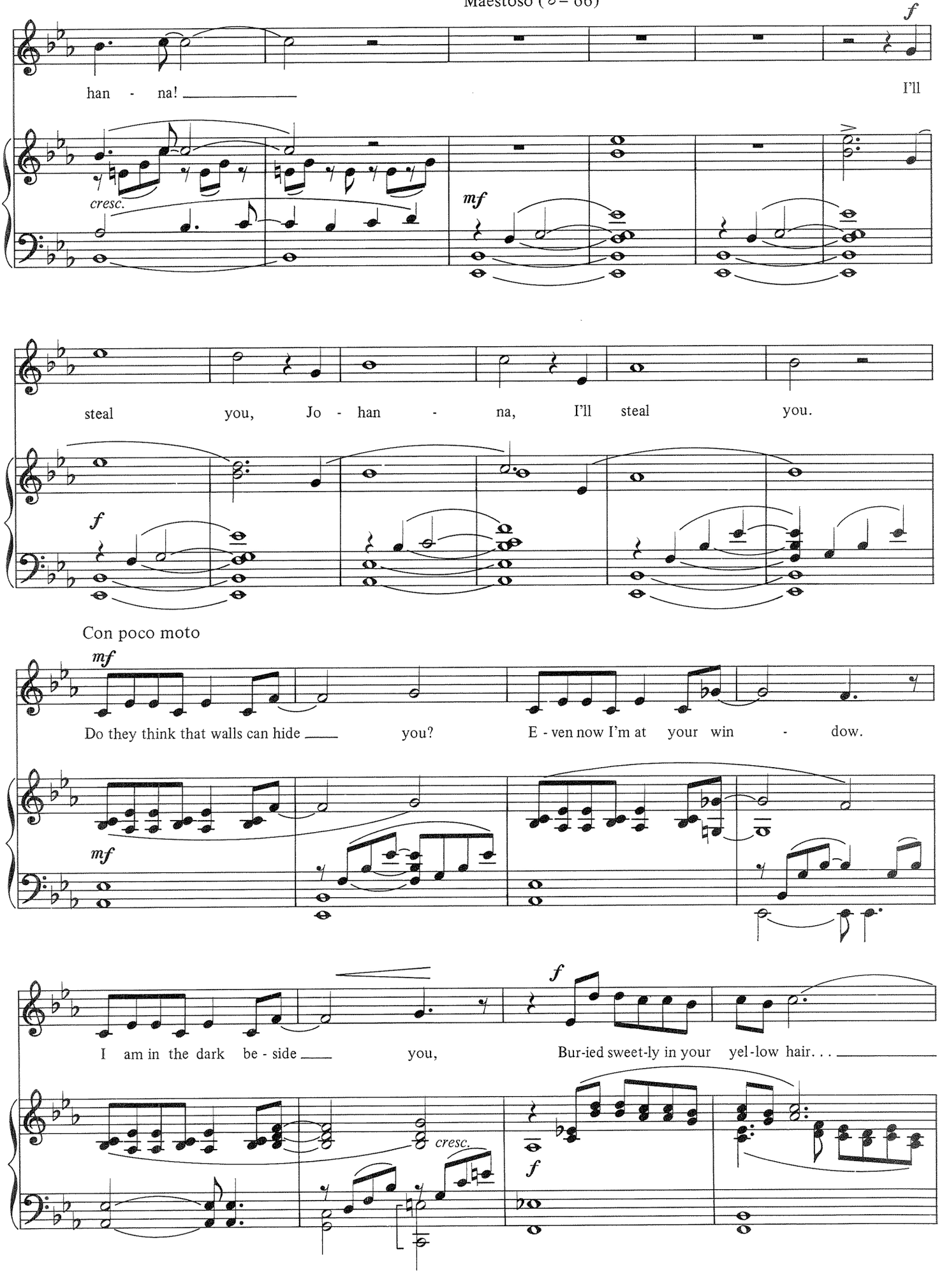
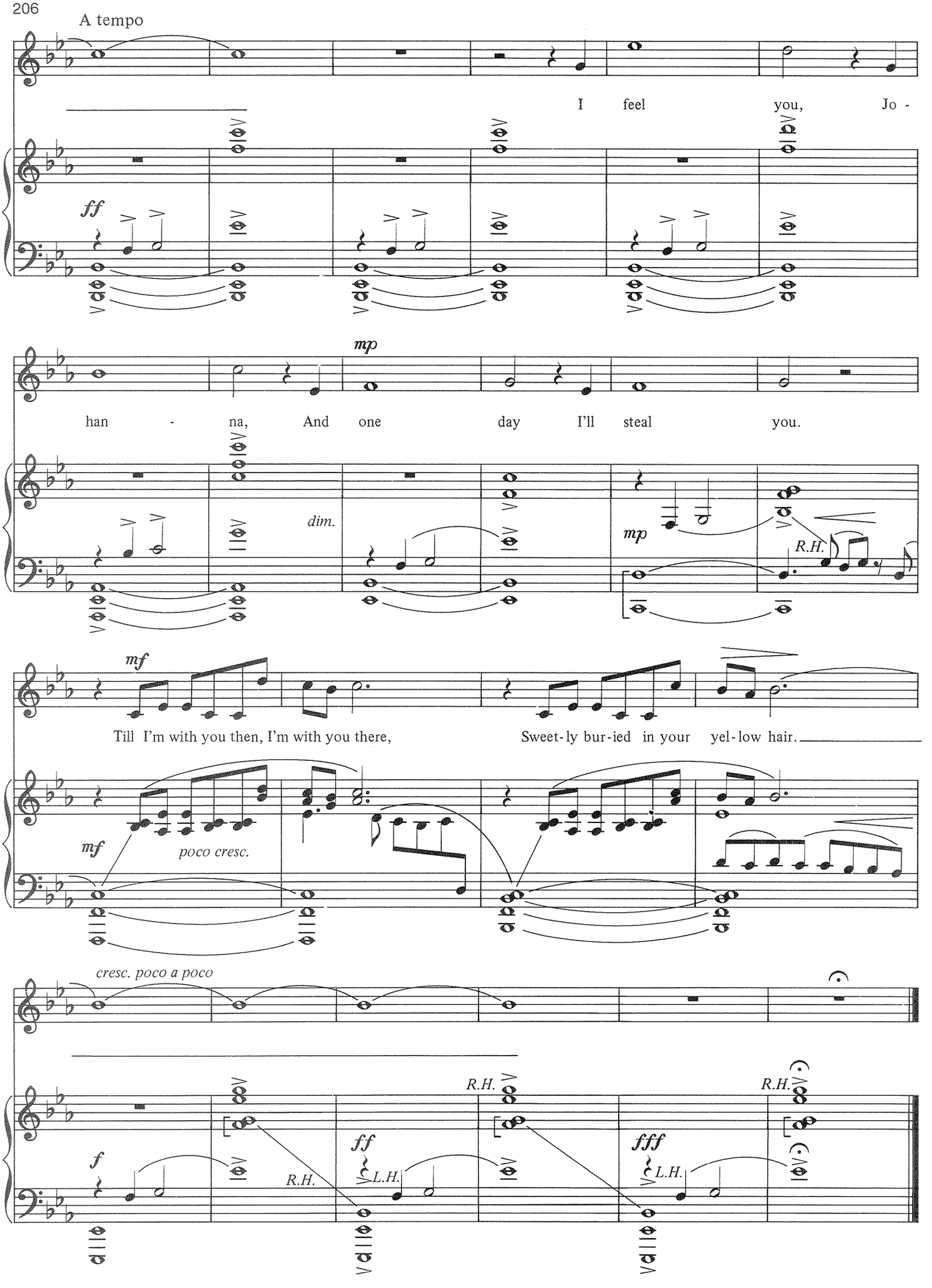
Maestoso (= 66)

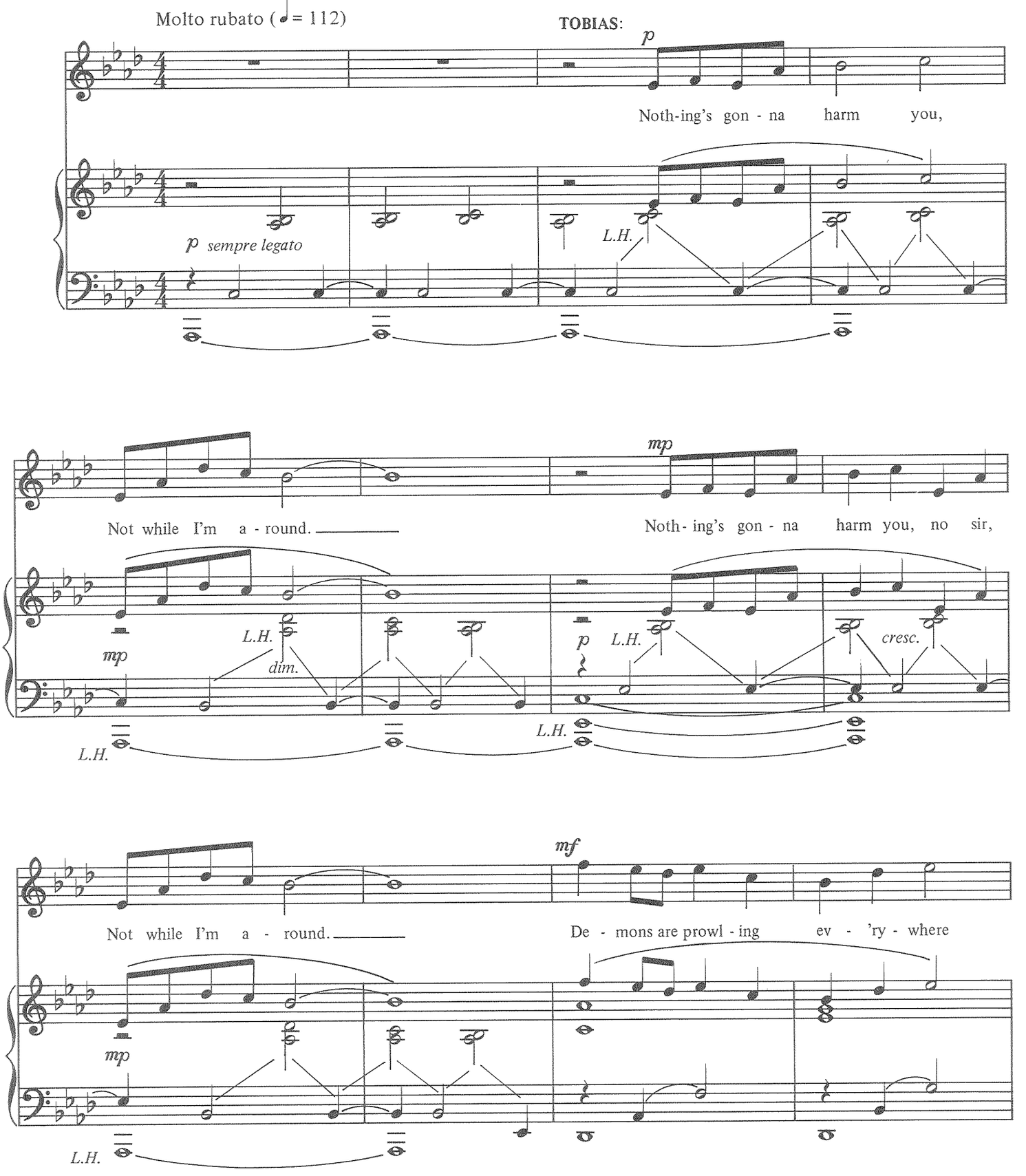

f
han - na!
I'll
cresc.
mf
steal you, Jo - han - na, I'll steal you.
f
Con poco moto
mf
Do they think that walls can hide you? E - ven now I'm at your win - dow.
mf
I am in the dark be - side you,
f
Bur-ied sweet-ly in your yel-low hair. . .
cresc.
f


A tempo
I feel you, Jo -
ff
mp
han - na, And one day I'll steal you.
dim.
mp
R.H.
mf
Till I'm with you then, I'm with you there, Sweet-ly bur-ied in your yel-low hair.
mf
poco cresc.
cresc. poco a poco
f
R.H.
ff
L.H.
R.H.
fff
L.H.
R.H.

NOT WHILE I'M AROUND

from *Sweeney Todd*

Words and Music by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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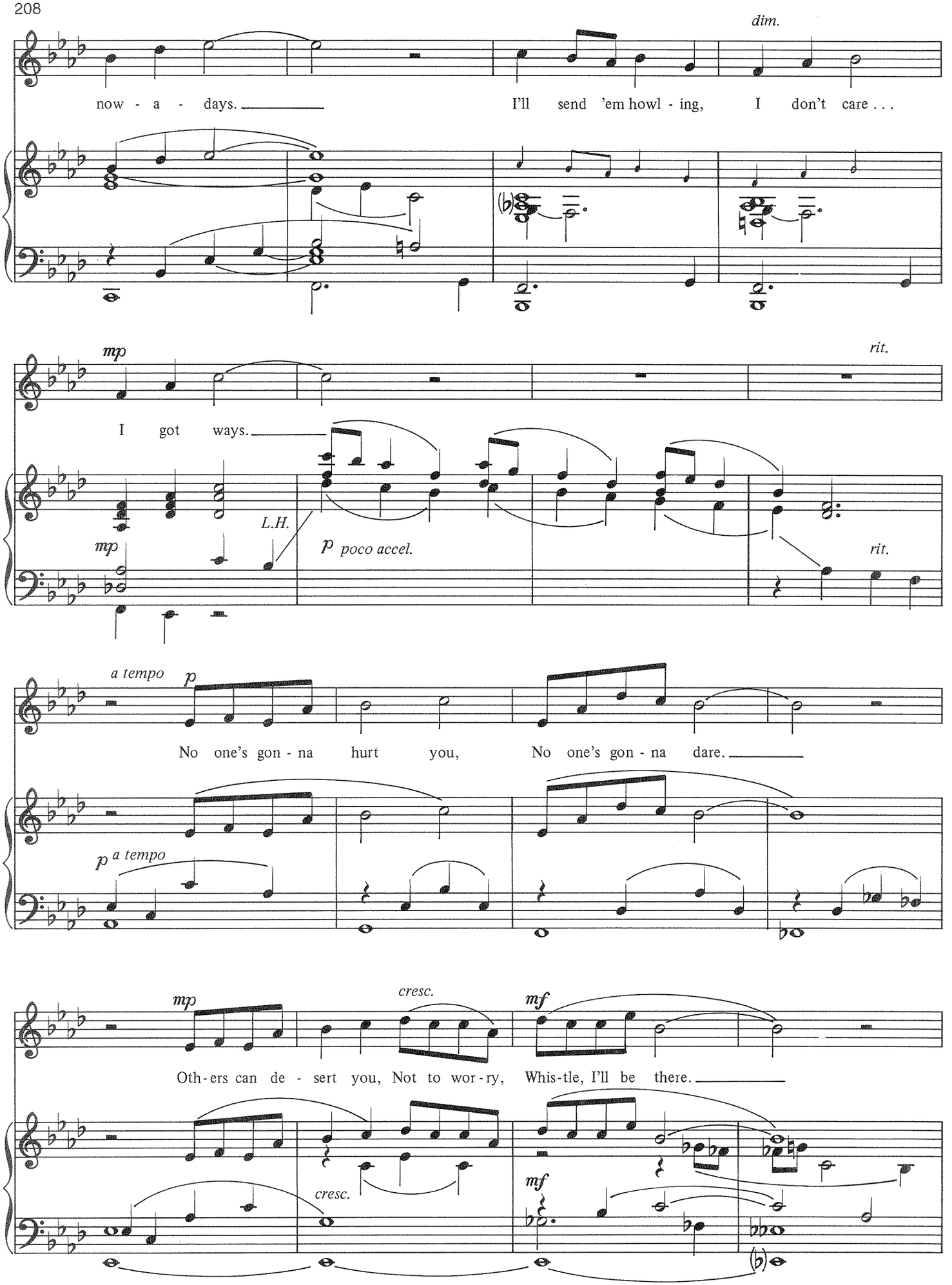
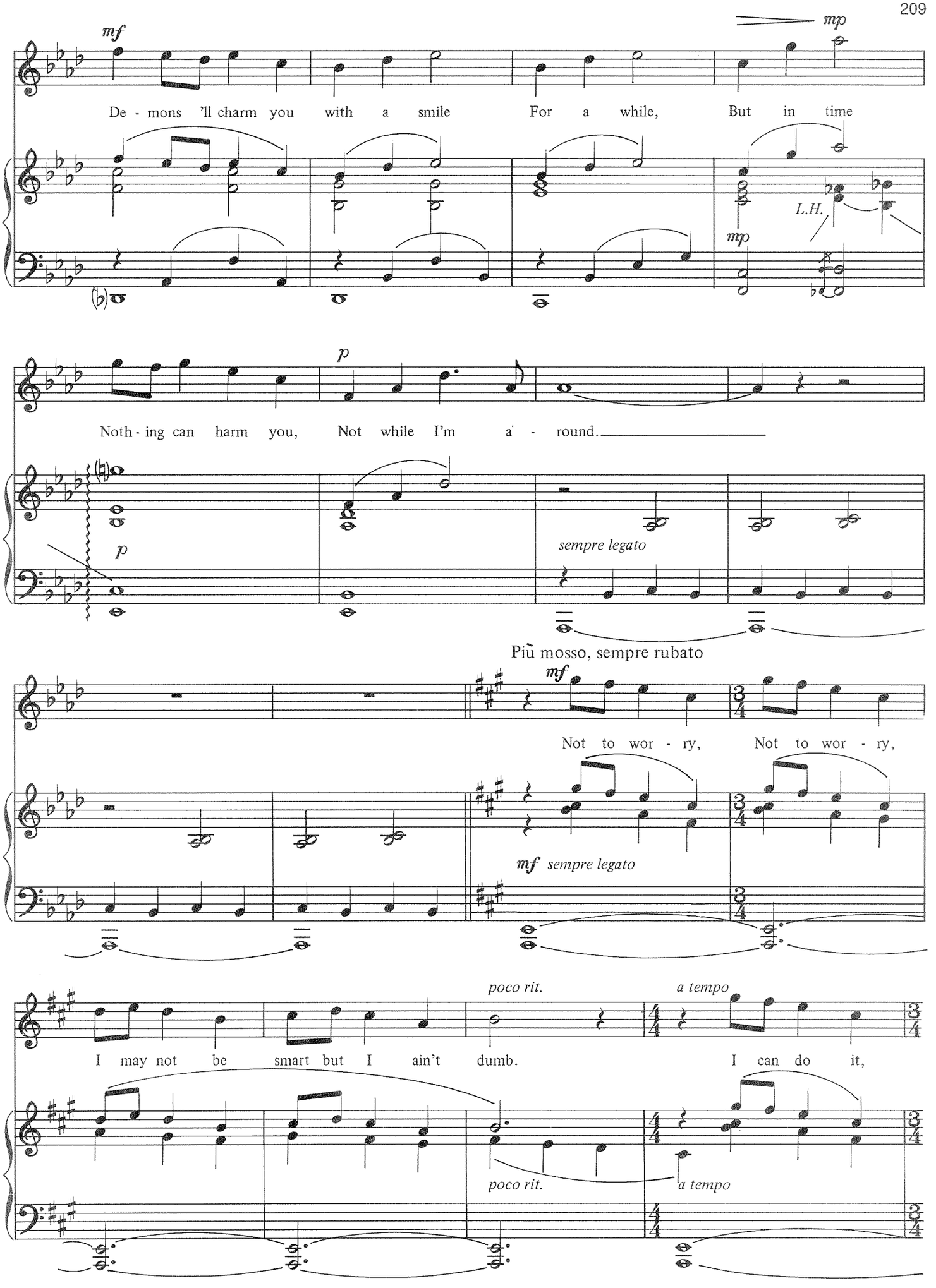
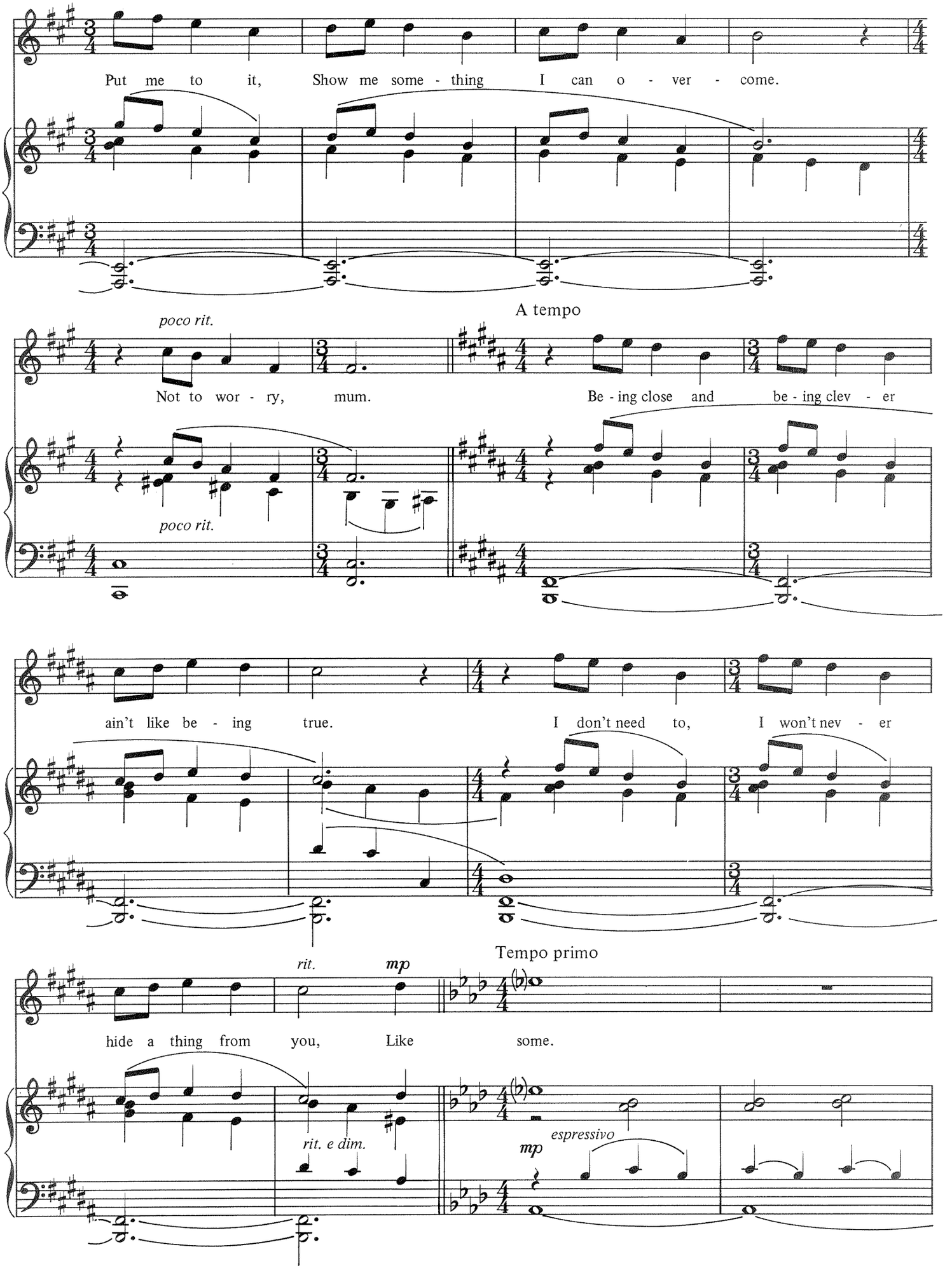
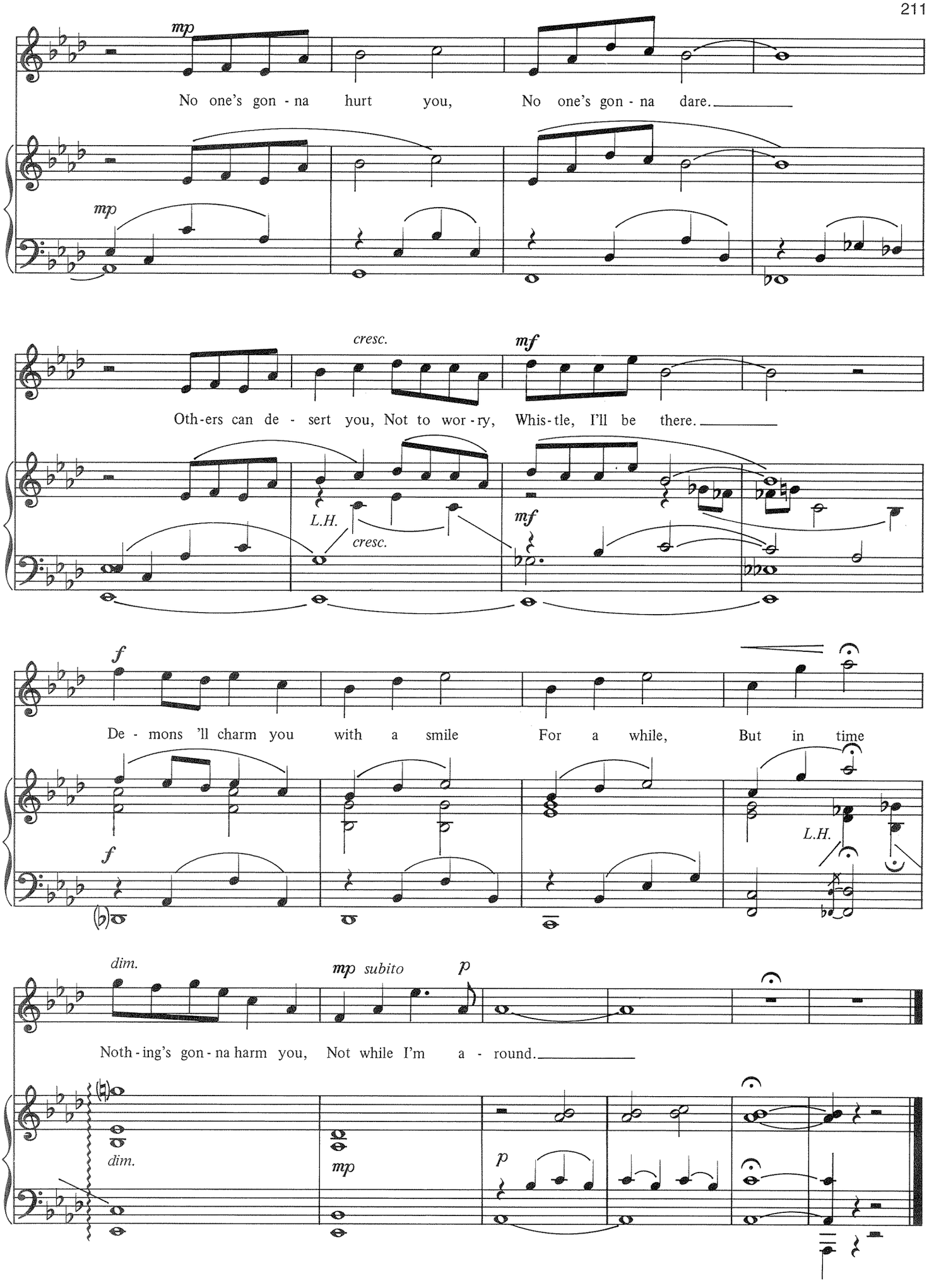

dim.
now - a - days.
I'll send 'em howl - ing, I don't care . . .
mp
rit.
I got ways.
L.H.
mp
p poco accel.
rit.
a tempo
p
No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare.
p a tempo
mp
cresc.
mf
Oth - ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry, Whis - tle, I'll be there.
cresc.
mf


mf
mp
De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time
L.H.
mp
p
Noth - ing can harm you, Not while I'm a' - round.
p
sempre legato
Più mosso, sempre rubato
mf
Not to wor - ry, Not to wor - ry,
mf sempre legato
poco rit.
a tempo
I may not be smart but I ain't dumb. I can do it,
poco rit.
a tempo

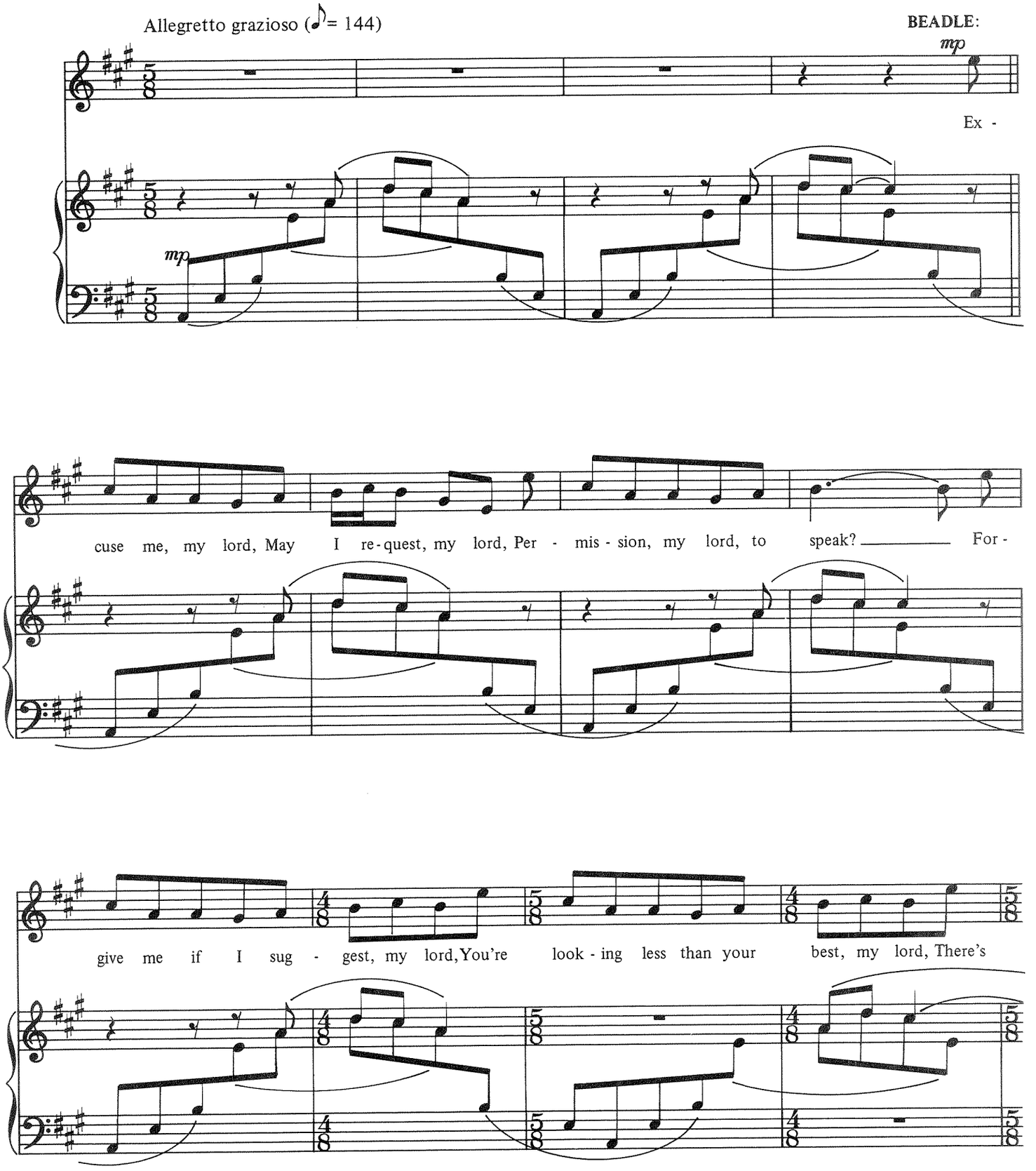

Put me to it, Show me some - thing I can o - ver - come.
A tempo
poco rit.
Not to wor - ry, mum.
Be - ing close and be - ing clev - er
poco rit.
ain't like be - ing true.
I don't need to, I won't nev - er
Tempo primo
rit.
mp
hide a thing from you, Like some.
rit. e dim.
mp
espressivo


mp
No one's gon - na hurt you, No one's gon - na dare.
mp
cresc.
mf
Oth-ers can de - sert you, Not to wor - ry, Whis-tle, I'll be there.
L.H.
cresc.
mf
f
De - mons 'll charm you with a smile For a while, But in time
f
L.H.
dim.
mp subito
p
Noth - ing's gon - na harm you, Not while I'm a - round.
dim.
mp
p

LADIES IN THEIR SENSITIVITIES

from *Sweeney Todd*

Music and Words by
STEPHEN SONDHEIM



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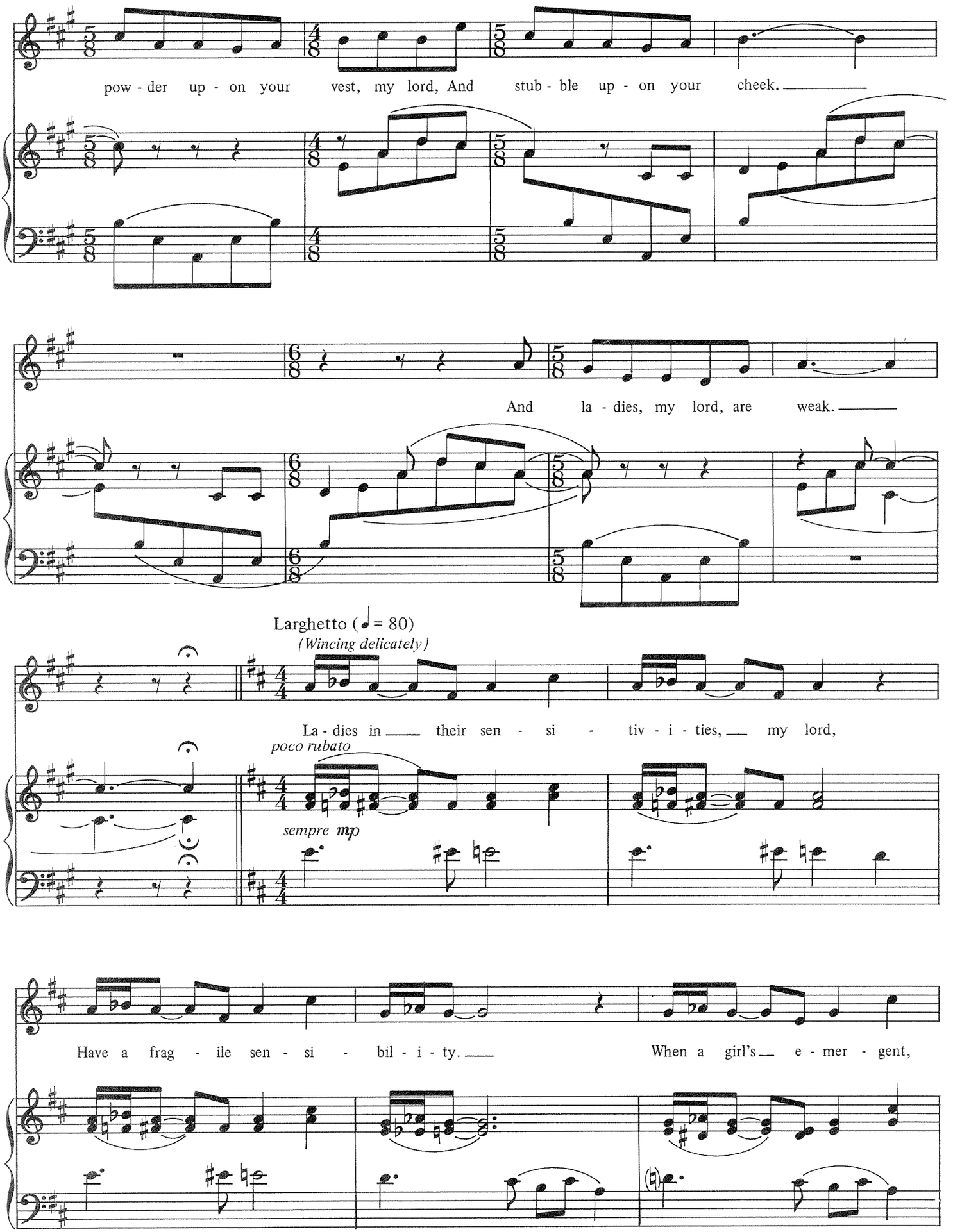
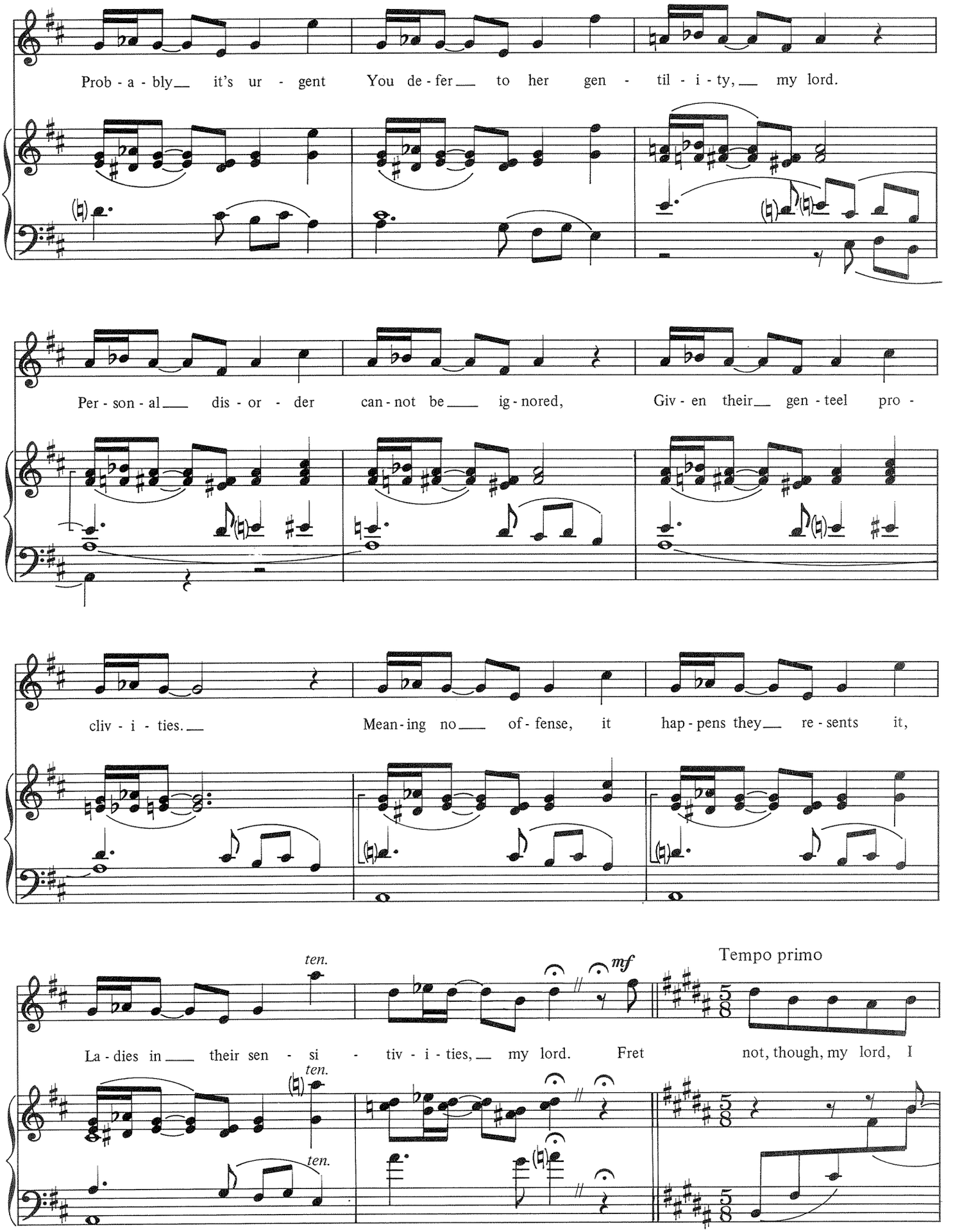
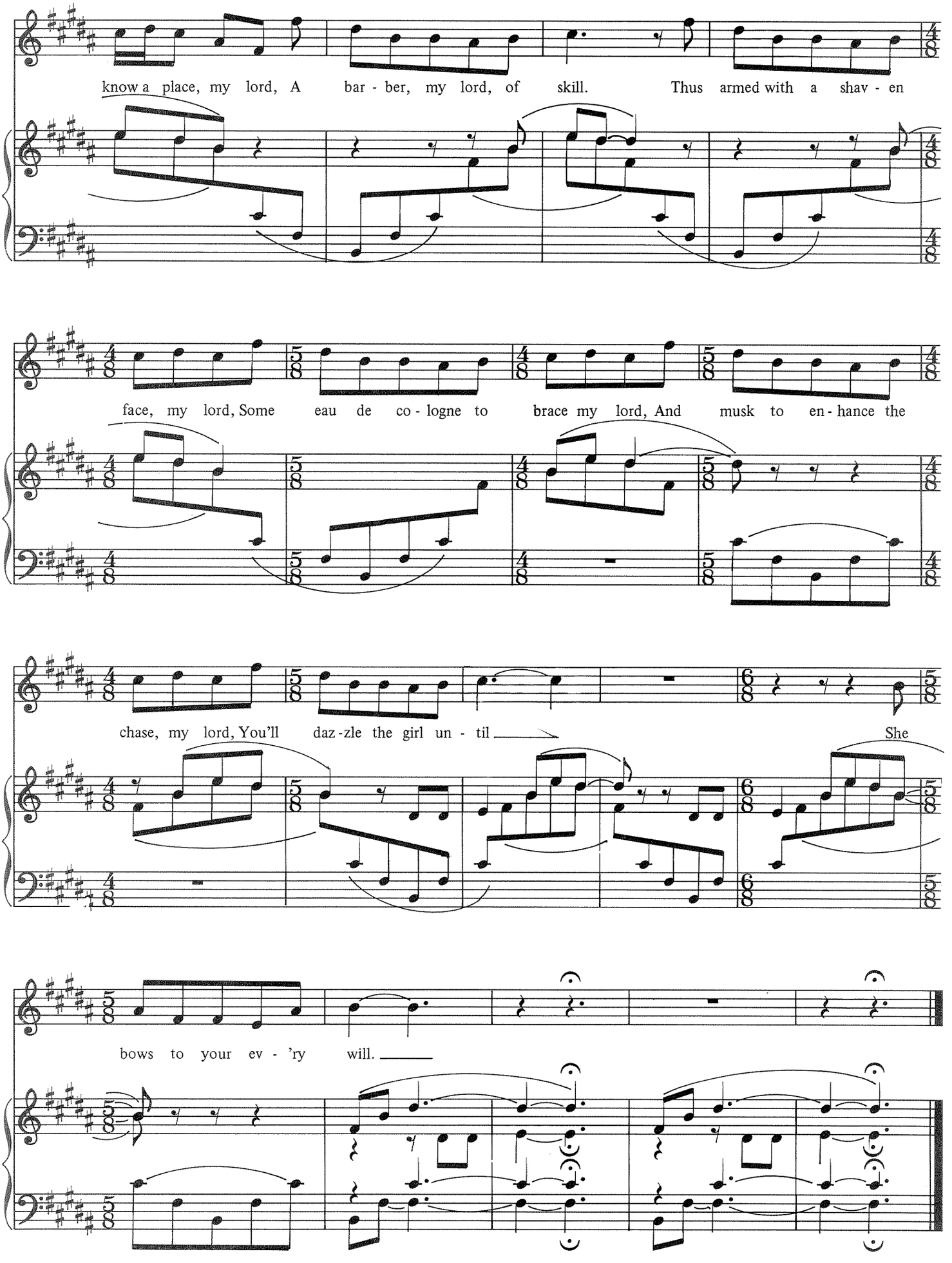

pow - der up - on your vest, my lord, And stub - ble up - on your cheek.
And la - dies, my lord, are weak.
Larghetto (♩= 80)
(Wincing delicately)
La - dies in their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, my lord,
poco rubato
sempre mp
Have a frag - ile sen - si - bil - i - ty.
When a girl's e - mer - gent,

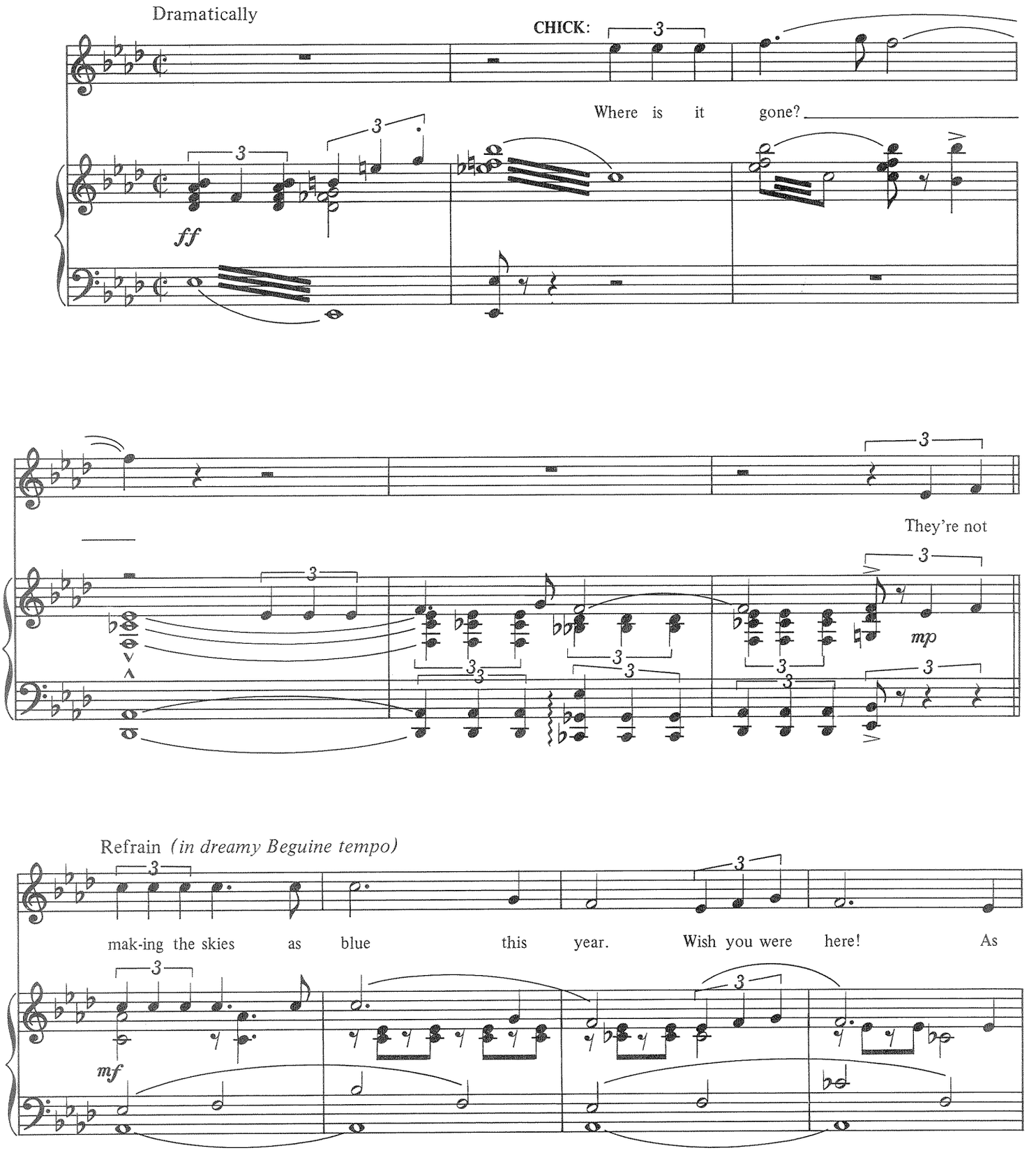

Prob - a - bly it's ur - gent You de - fer to her gen - til - i - ty, my lord.
Per - son - al dis - or - der can - not be ig - nored, Giv - en their gen - teel pro -
cliv - i - ties. Mean - ing no of - fense, it hap - pens they re - sents it,
ten.
mf
Tempo primo
La - dies in their sen - si - tiv - i - ties, my lord. Fret not, though, my lord, I
ten.
ten.


know a place, my lord, A bar - ber, my lord, of skill. Thus armed with a shav - en
face, my lord, Some eau de co - logne to brace my lord, And musk to en - hance the
chase, my lord, You'll daz - zle the girl un - til
She
bows to your ev - 'ry will.

WISH YOU WERE HERE

from *Wish You Were Here*

Words and Music by
HAROLD ROME



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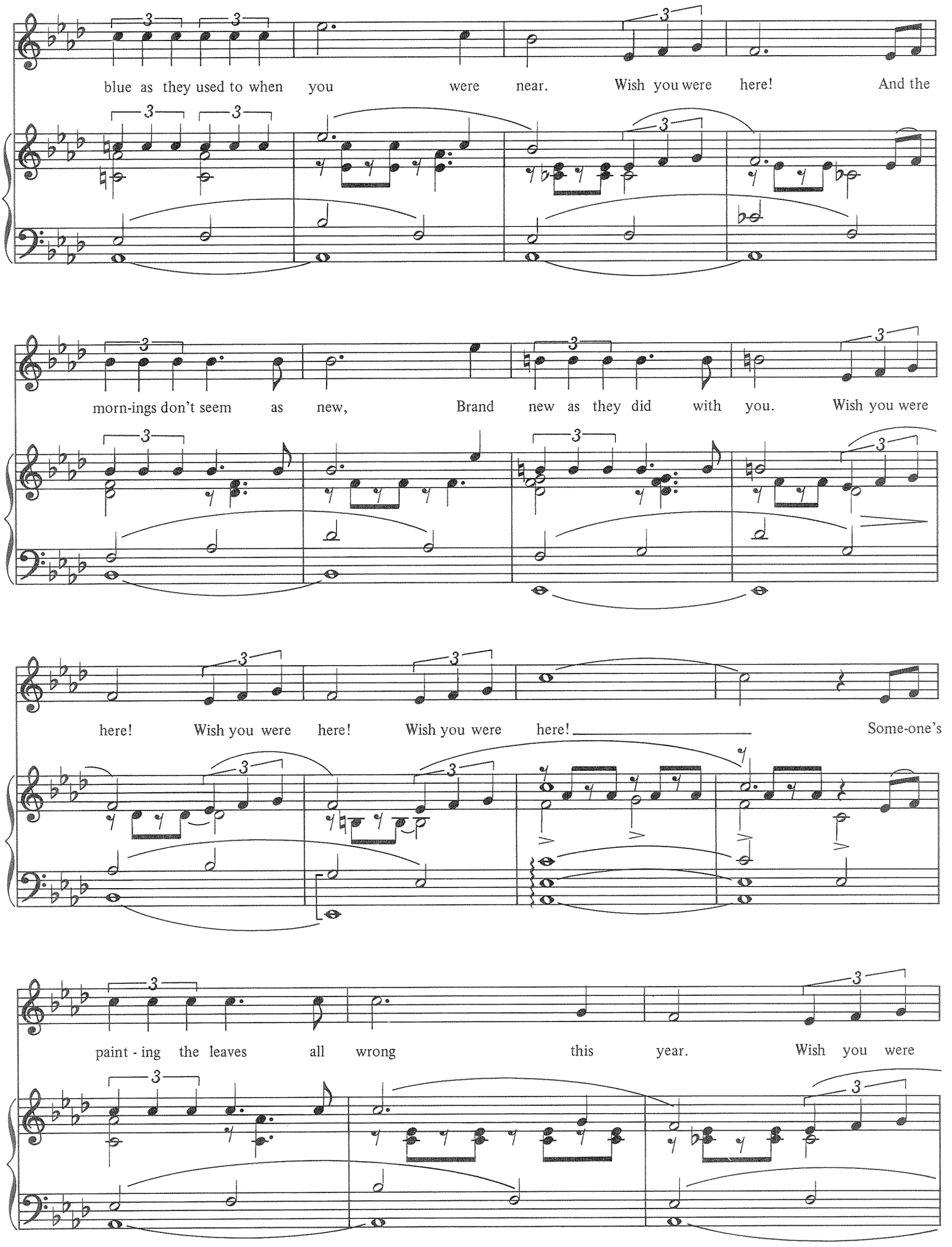
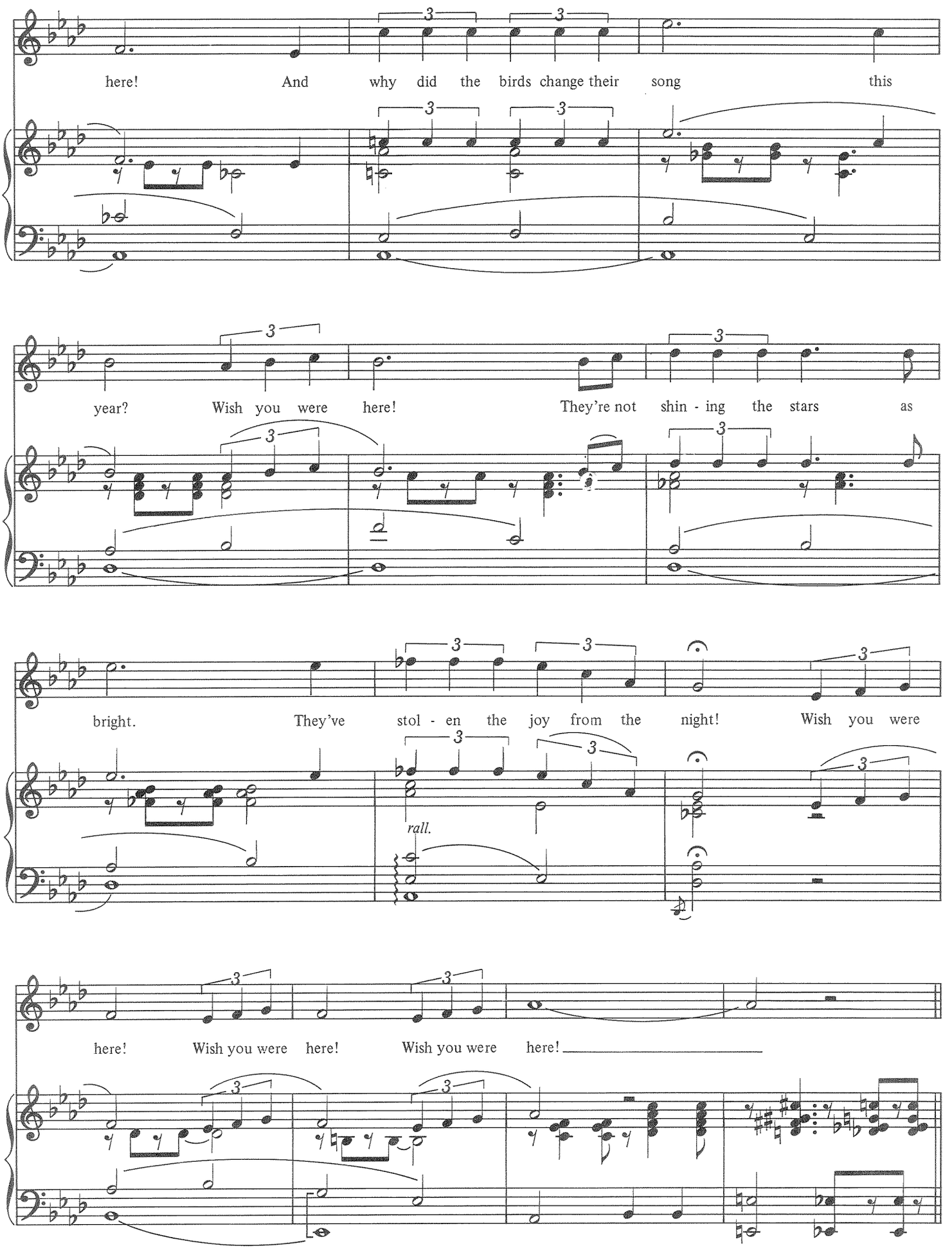
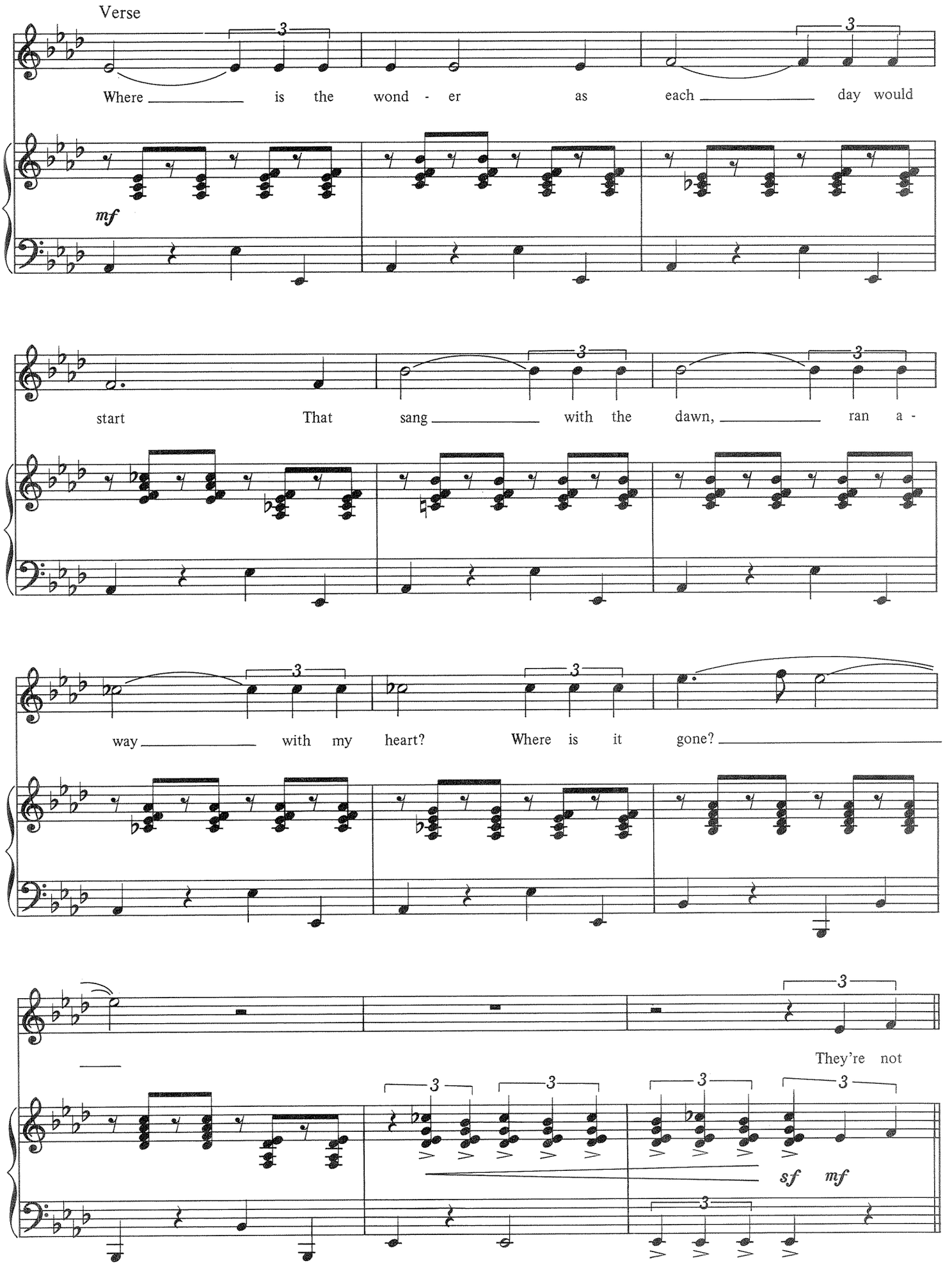
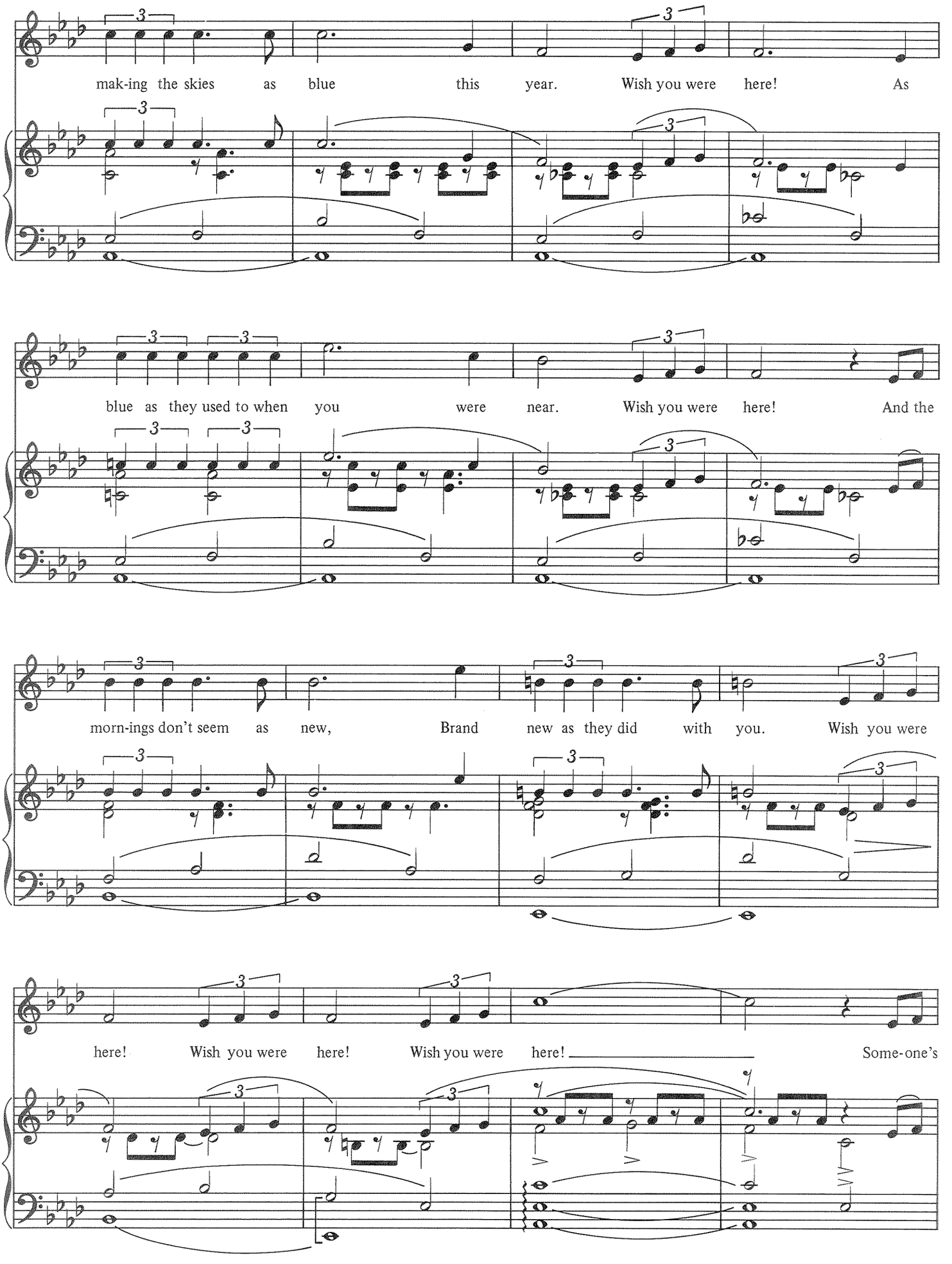
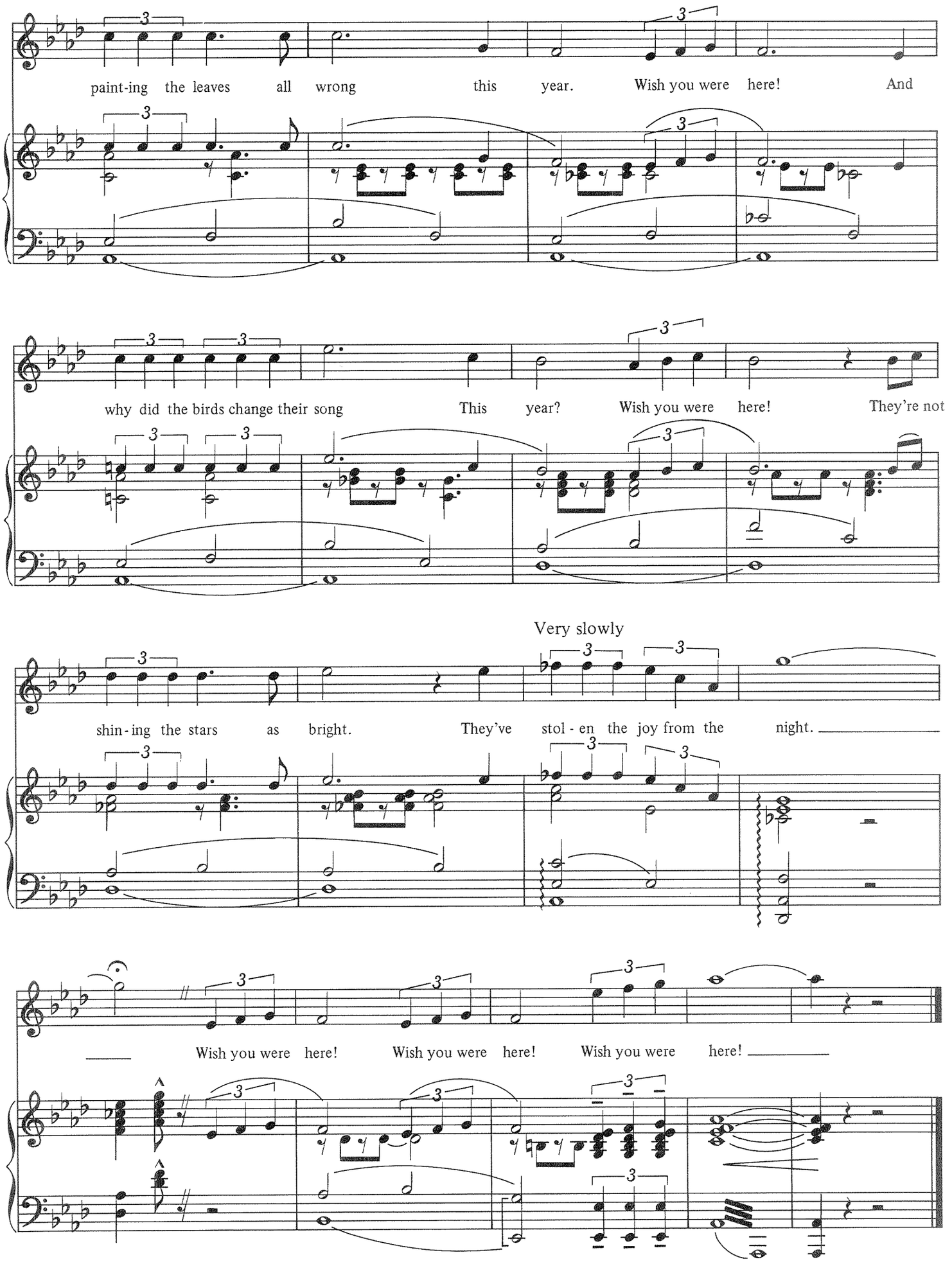

blue as they used to when you were near. Wish you were here! And the
morn-ings don't seem as new, Brand new as they did with you. Wish you were
here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Some-one's
paint - ing the leaves all wrong this year. Wish you were


here! And why did the birds change their song this
year? Wish you were here! They're not shin - ing the stars as
bright. They've stol - en the joy from the night! Wish you were
rall.
here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here!


Verse
Where is the wond - er as each day would
mf
start That sang with the dawn, ran a -
way with my heart? Where is it gone?
They're not
sf mf


mak-ing the skies as blue this year. Wish you were here! As
blue as they used to when you were near. Wish you were here! And the
morn-ings don't seem as new, Brand new as they did with you. Wish you were
here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Some-one's


paint-ing the leaves all wrong this year. Wish you were here! And
why did the birds change their song This year? Wish you were here! They're not
Very slowly
shin-ing the stars as bright. They've stol-en the joy from the night.
Wish you were here! Wish you were here! Wish you were here!

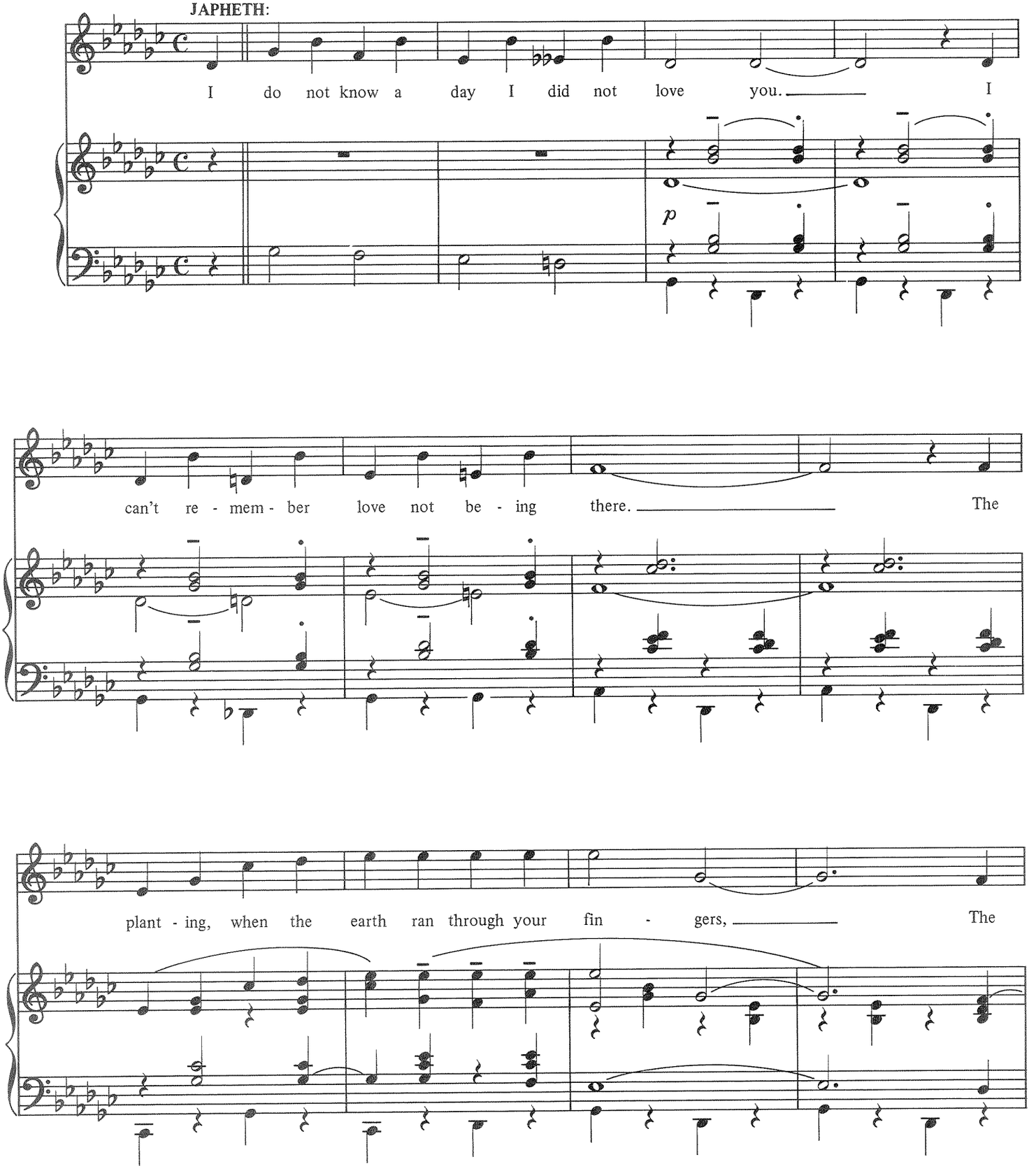
I DO NOT KNOW A DAY I DID NOT LOVE YOU

from *Two by Two*

Words by MARTIN CHARNIN
Music by RICHARD RODGERS

Moderately slow

JAPHETH:



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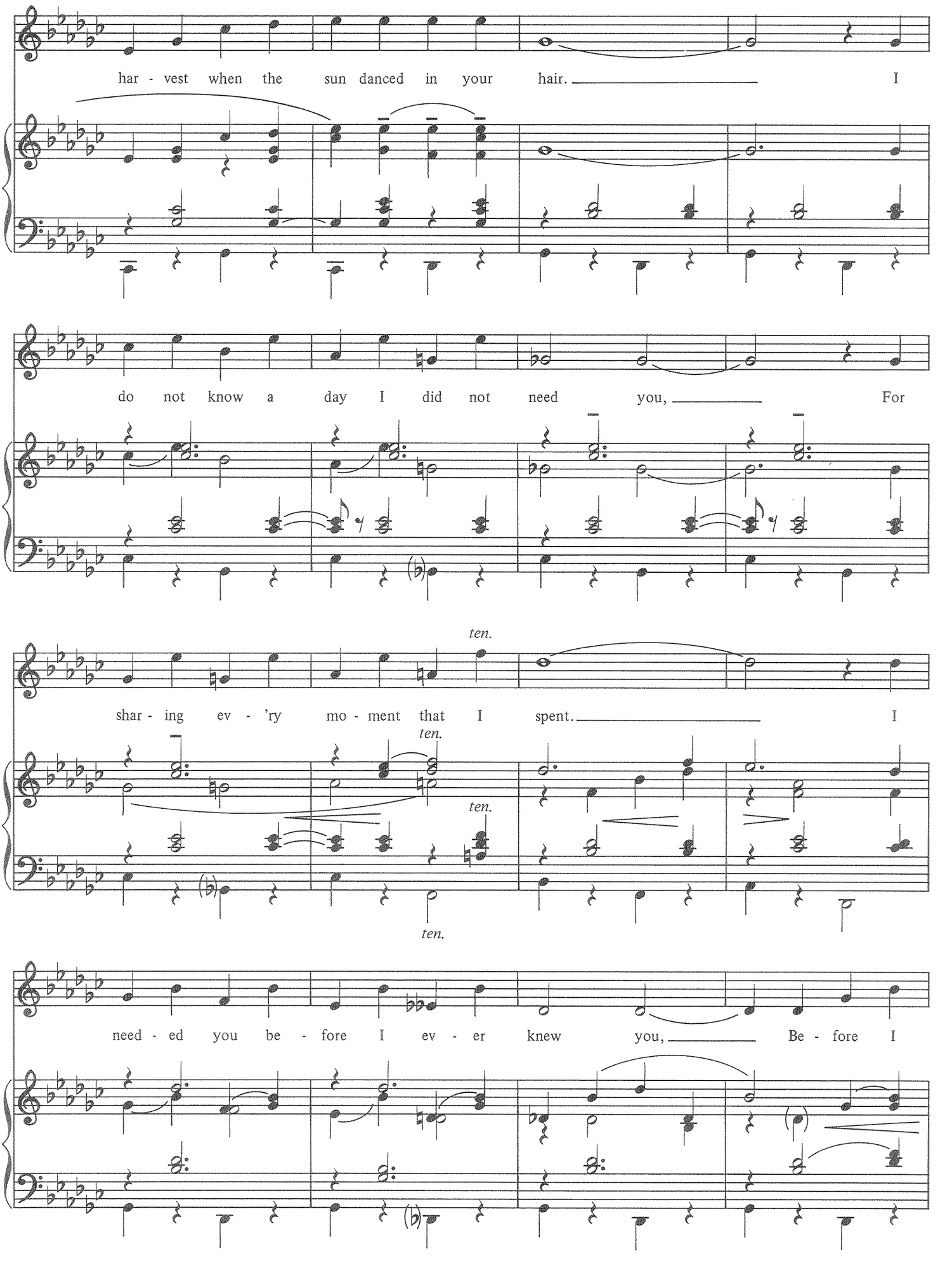
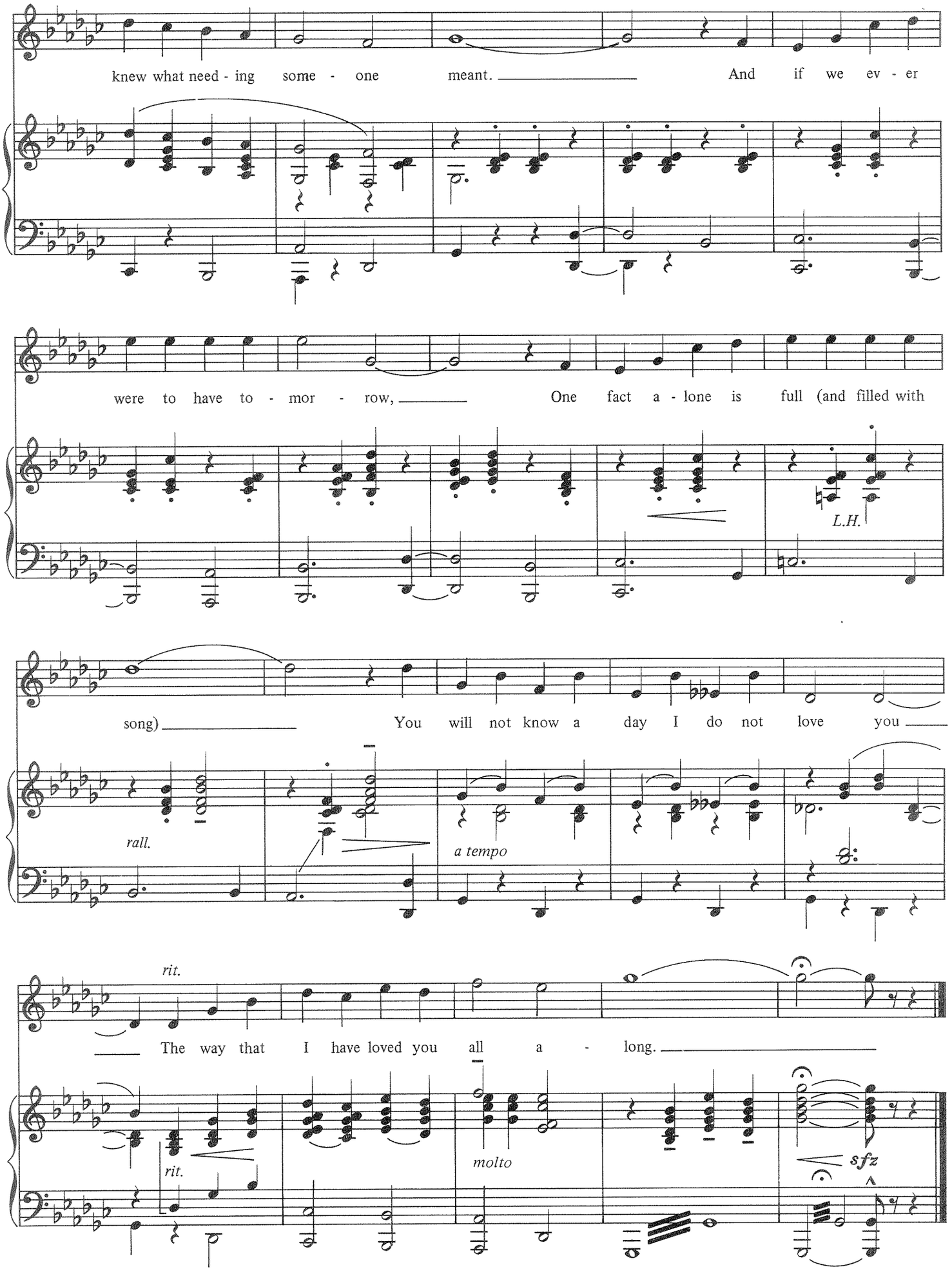

har - vest when the sun danced in your hair. I
do not know a day I did not need you, For
ten.
shar - ing ev - 'ry mo - ment that I spent. I
ten.
ten.
ten.
need - ed you be - fore I ev - er knew you, Be - fore I


knew what need - ing some - one meant. And if we ev - er
were to have to - mor - row, One fact a - lone is full (and filled with
L.H.
song) You will not know a day I do not love you
rall.
a tempo
rit.
The way that I have loved you all a - long.
rit.
molto
sfz